LONG ISLAND'S STORY

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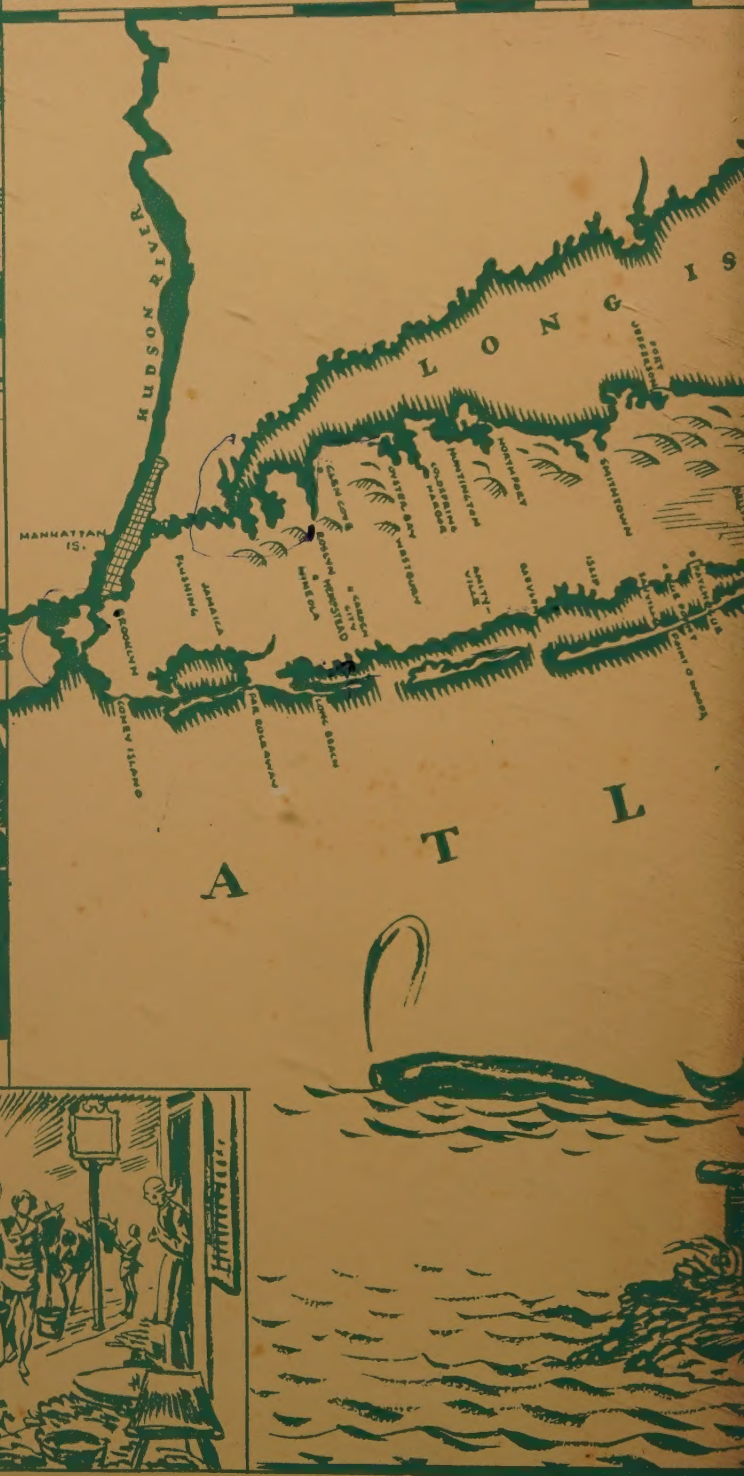
THE DUTCH



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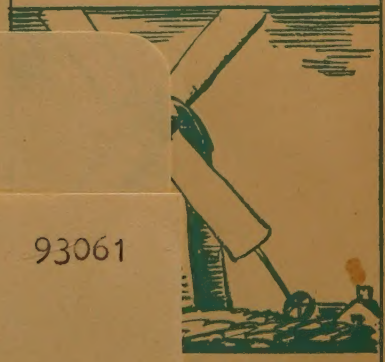

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LONG ISLAND'S STORY

LONG ISLAND'S STORY

LONG ISLAND'S STORY

BY JACQUELINE OVERTON

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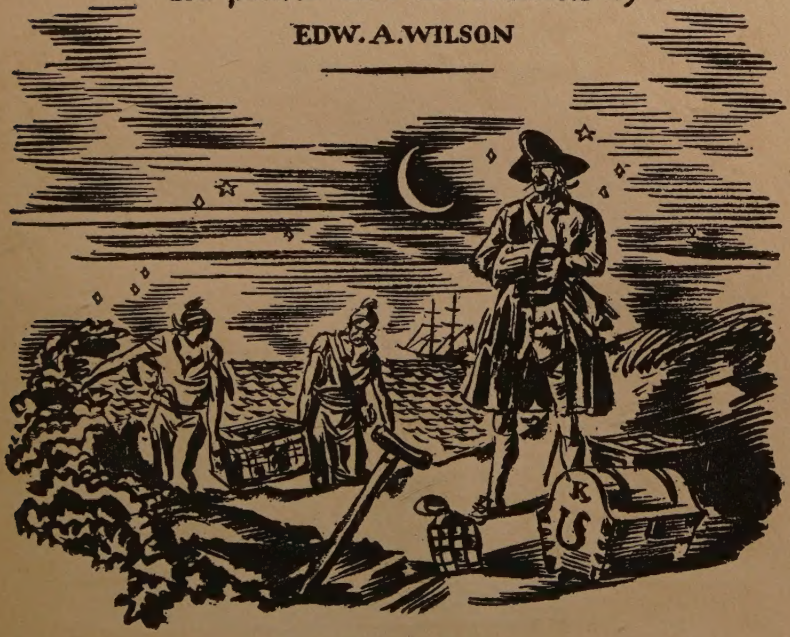

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TO THE MEMORY OF THE LITTLE BOY
WHO DROVE TOM PONY
DOWN BELLPORT LANE

THIS book probably never would have been started had not Long Island boys and girls asked for it themselves. It certainly never would have been accomplished without the help of all those who shared their books and pictures and gave their advice and understanding criticism and encouragement and sustained a lively interest in its progress. Thanks are especially due to Morton Pennypacker for his unfailing generosity and invaluable criticism, to Henry Hicks, Dr. Eugene Swope, Harry Page, Gordon Grant, Mrs. Robert Bacon, and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt.

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
CHAPTER 1.	Henry Hudson and Indian Long Island	1
CHAPTER 2.	The Lay of the Land—a Wind-blown Island from Coney to Montauk Point.	13
CHAPTER 3.	PART 1 Under Dutch Governors: Beginnings of New Amsterdam, The Five Dutch Towns, Long Island's First Land Boom, English Settlements to the East.	21
CHAPTER 3.	PART 2 In Stuyvesant's Day.	40
CHAPTER 4.	PART 1 Early Colonial Governors and Colonial Life, 1664–1683.	61
CHAPTER 4.	PART 2 Later Colonial Governors, Smugglers, Pirates, and War a-Brewing 1685–1754	87
CHAPTER 5.	War and Rumors of War, 1754–1775.	105
CHAPTER 6.	Revolution.	117
CHAPTER 7.	Occupied by the Enemy, 1776–1783.	133
CHAPTER 8.	Long Island Quakers.	156
CHAPTER 9.	Planting and Building after the War.	170

PAGE

CHAPTER 10. Another War with England, the War of 1812. 191

CHAPTER 11. Brooklyn Village and Brooklyn City, How One of the Five Dutch Towns Grew up. 198

CHAPTER 12. Whalers, Fishermen, Shipbuilders, and Wrecks Offshore. 211

CHAPTER 13. The Long Island Railroad and Greater Brooklyn 230

CHAPTER 14. Long Island During the Civil War. 244

CHAPTER 15. Truck Farms, Windmills, and a Big Bridge. 255

CHAPTER 16. Of Horses and Many Things. 264

CHAPTER 17. Birds and Wild Flowers. 286

CHAPTER 18. Brooklyn Becomes New York and Montauk Point Becomes a Hospital Camp. 296

CHAPTER 19. From 1898 to 1918 and Beyond. 302

CHAPTER 20. New Roads Back to Old Towns. 311

BIBLIOGRAPHY 323

APPENDIX 327

INDEX 331

ILLUSTRATIONS

FULL PAGE

	FACING PAGE
Old toll-gate at Jamaica	Frontispiece
Maps of Long Island	20
Old Dutch church	36
Peter Stuyvesant	37
Dutch colonial house	100
English colonial house	100
Fireplace in Captain Hewlitt's house in Woodbury	101
William Floyd	116
The Battle of Long Island	117
"Little Raynham," the old Townsend house in Oyster Bay	148
A group of Friends around the Hicksite meeting-house in Westbury, 1865	164
A manumission record	165
An old road that leads to Oyster Bay	180
An old Long Island hay barn	181
Type of ship used during the War of 1812	196
Guy's snow scene. Brooklyn in 1820	197
The crew of a whale boat in action	212
Sending the "Life Car," first experiment made in 1849	213
A View of New York from Brooklyn Heights, 1837	244
The first fighters of the turret	245

FACING PAGE

Flora Temple on the Union Course 276

A great race of long ago 277

Theodore Roosevelt 292

No one could tell Long Island's story and forget the wild flowers and the birds 293

Airplane flying over Hempstead Plains, between Garden City and Westbury 308

Brooklyn Bridge 309

LINE DRAWINGS

PAGE

Indian picture writing, taken from a stone found on Long Island 12

Letter sent to Rachel Hicks before the day of postage stamps 100

Banjo Billy, from an old silhouette 148

Inscription of Nathaniel Sylvester 160

Polo sketch by Paul Brown 285

LONG ISLAND'S STORY

LONG ISLAND'S STORY

CHAPTER 1

HENRY HUDSON AND INDIAN LONG ISLAND

"I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of the bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the region of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.
'Gitchi Manito' the Mighty,
The great spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with a message."
Longfellow: SONG OF HIAWATHA.

LIKE a huge fish Long Island lies, "with its blunt head at New York Bay and the two flukes of its tail stretching east to Orient Point on the north and Montauk Point on the south."

Its history begins for us on the September day in 1609 when Henry Hudson and his men on the *Half Moon* were cruising about the Narrows and the Lower Bay and landed on the stretch of beach we now know as Coney Island.

"Our boate went on land with our net to fish," writes Hudson in his journal, "and caught ten great mullets,

of a foote and a halfe long a Piece, and a ray as great as foure men could hale into the ship." Later we read in Jasper Danckaert's *Journal*, "We found good oysters in the creek outside (Coney Island) and ate some of them." At another time Danckaert "went oystering at Gowanus"; so early was Long Island's reputation as a fishing ground established.

The Indians who greeted them must have been of the Canarsie tribe. "They came aboored of us," writes Hudson, "seeming very glad of our comming, and brought greene tobacco, and gave us of it for knives and beads.

"They goe in deere skins loose, well dressed. They have yellow copper . . . and a great store of maize or Indian wheate whereof they make good bread.

"They grease their bodies and hair very often, and paint their faces with several colours, as black, white, red, yellow, blue, etc., which they take great pride in, everyone being painted in a several manner.

"We saw a great quantity of snipe and other birds. The country is full of great and tall oakes and an abundance of blue plums . . . poplar and linden trees and various kinds of wood useful in ship building."

But Hudson had no interest just then in this new land as a place to start a colony. He was sailing under the Dutch East India Company with his heart set on finding a short passage to India. So he soon sailed away again and left the Indians in sole possession for another five years.

The Long Island Indians were Delawares of the Algonquin branch. Thirteen small tribes or families of

them were scattered the length of the Island. Each had its own name and chief or sachem; each had its own territory. A trail or a stream or stones set up marked the bounds of a territory and no neighboring tribe passed over that boundary to hunt or fish. This was an unwritten law among them. If later the white man had been equally careful to respect this same law, trouble might have been saved.

All the land that was later Kings County and a part of the present town of Jamaica belonged to the Canarsie tribe.

On the southwest side of the Island in what is now Queens County lived the Rockaways, the Meracocks, and the Massapeagues.

On the north side the Matinecocks.

Tribes living farther east were the Nissaquogues, Setaukets, Corchaugs, Secatogues, Shinecocs, Patchogues, and Montauks.

Offshore on Shelter Island, Ram Island, and Hog Island lived the Manhanset tribe.

The Montauks were the largest tribe and greatly respected by the others. They not only inhabited the Point but Gardiner's Island as well.

Their sachem was chief of all the tribes. "Grand Sachem of Paumanacke" was his high-sounding title, Paumanacke being the Indian name for Long Island.

Legends were told about these sachems.

Mongotucksee, once chief of the Montauks, a giant in size, dug a canal from Shinnecock Bay to Peconic Bay that their canoes might pass through. The canal is deep and wide now, wide enough for good-size boats, but the name "Canoe Place" still remains and legend says that

the winds that blow around Montauk Point still sing the praises of the giant sachem.

Not far from Sag Harbor, in the woods by the roadside, for many years was a shallow hole which the Indians used to keep clean. No one of them passed without stopping to pick out stray leaves or twigs or stones that might have fallen in. Once, they said, a Montauk chief died at Shinecoc and the Indians carried him to Amagansett to be buried. During the journey they stopped to rest and placed the body on the ground in this spot which thereafter was looked upon as sacred ground.

The owl and the hawk were the totems of the Long Island Indians and were treated with much reverence. If the Great White Owl lighted near a village in the evening and hooted it was a sign that he was displeased and the sachem at once assembled his headmen in council to decide the offering that must be made to appease him. Blood and wampum were believed to be the most acceptable gifts.

An Indian never complained or spoke ill of the elements. "The severest storms of winter, snow, frost, or hail, were treated with the greatest respect. They would endure great heat or cold without complaining. To complain of the heat or the glare of the sun would subject them to blindness. They never murmured of the clouds or the stormy weather lest they might be shut up in caves in the mountains where no light can enter."

Wyandanch was perhaps the most famous Montauk sachem.

A later account than Hudson's tells that the Indians lived in small tents "which they remove two or three times a year, having their principal quarters where they plant

their corn or have their hunting and fishing quarters."[1]

They dug their canoes out of tree trunks, made arrows and bows with sinew strings, fish hooks from bone, rope from filaments of bark, and hammers and mauls out of stones.

Their tobacco was good and they smoked it in copper pipes. "Ate fish, fowl and venison, likewise polecats, skunks and racoons, 'possum, turtles and the like."

In common with all other Indians they let their women do the hard work: tilling the ground, planting the corn, etc.

Beautiful blankets, pottery, and beadwork were made by the Indians of the West and the North but not by the Long Island Indians. They excelled in only one thing—making wampum.

Out of the sea came great quantities of quahaug and periwinkle shells and their deft fingers minted it into Indian money, called "sewan" by some and by others "wampum"; a precious medium of exchange both to Indian and white man in a land where there was no gold or silver and furs were not always plentiful. In fact, wampum was so precious that after the settlers came its value was regulated by law.

Skill was needed to turn clam shells into wampum with only the rudest tools to work with. It was done "by clipping the shells to the proper size, drilling a hole through the middle and then rubbing them smooth upon a large stone, after which they were placed upon strings or sinews of small animals, the white and the black sometimes interwoven and made into belts."

---

[1]Daniel Denton's *History of New York*, published in 1670. The first known written description of the new country in English.

Black was considered the more valuable of the two. "A black bead the size of a straw, about one third of an inch long, bored longitudinally and well polished, was the gold of the Indians." Do you wonder?

"An Indian chief to whom the value of a rix dollar was explained laughed exceedingly to think the Dutch should set so high a price upon 'a piece of iron,' as he termed it."

"Early Dutch and English settlers sold for sewan, their knives, combs, scissors, needles, awls, looking-glasses, hatchets, hoes, guns, black cloth and other articles the Indians wanted; and with the sewan bought furs, corn and venison of the Indians upon the seaboard, who in turn with their shell money bought like articles from tribes living in the interior of the country.

"In the form of belts it was sent with all public messages and was preserved as a record of important transactions between nations. If a message was sent without a belt it was considered an *empty word*, unworthy of rememberance. If the belt was returned it was a sign that the word was not acceptable.

"It was a tribute from the weaker to the powerful, the conquered to the conqueror. It ratified treaties, confirmed alliances, sealed friendships, cemented peace and atoned for all sorts of crime, even murder, for a wampum belt washed away the memories of all blood that had been shed, and every injury that had been inflicted.

"Cockleshells had indeed more virtue among the Indians, than either pearls, gold or silver among the Europeans."

The Iroquois or the Five Nations, who lived in the upper part of New York State, claimed the Indians of

Long Island had once belonged to them, and at stated times demanded a tribute of wampum. This was promptly paid because the Long Island Indians feared their powerful neighbors on the mainland.

Only once in 1655 was the tribute held back through the mistaken advice of the Dutch, and the Iroquois promptly took revenge. "They swept east down the Island working great havoc and almost entirely destroyed the Canarsie tribe." The Dutch learned one lesson that time and thereafter the Dutch church at Albany acted as agent and was very careful to see the tribute was regularly paid.

Besides being used as money wampum was worn as an ornament of dress, "belts, girdles and tablets were made of it, borders for women's hair, bracelets, necklaces and links to hang in the ears."

"King Philip coming to Boston had a coat and buskin set thick with these beads in pleasant wild works, and a broad belt of the same."

Sewan was made in other places but nowhere in such quantity and variety as on the shores of Long Island. Indeed an early Dutch name for the Island was Seawanhakie, meaning "Island of Shells." Remains of great shell heaps may still be found in parts of the Island and many a boy digs in them hoping to find flint arrowheads or stone axes.

As Long Island's story goes on you will find the Indians play little or no part in making its history after the coming of the Dutch and the English.

For the most part they submitted meekly enough to the strangers. Once only was there a period of serious

trouble at the western end of the Island and Governor Kieft was to blame for that. He was stupid, harsh, and unfair in his dealings with them. They took their revenge and the colonists of course were the ones to suffer.

Protests to the governor did no good, so in despair they went over his head and made a strong appeal directly to the States General in Holland, begging for help and relief.

"Our fields lie fallow and waste. Our dwellings and other buildings are burnt; not a handful can either be planted or sown this autumn on the deserted places, the crops which God permitted to come forth during the past summer remain in the fields standing and rotting . . . we have no means to provide necessaries for wives and children . . . all through the foolish hankering for war. For all right thinking men here know that these Indians have lived as lambs among us until a few years ago; injuring no man; affording every assistance to our nation; and in Director Van Twiller's time (when supplies were not sent out for several months) furnishing provisions to the Company's servants until they received supplies. These hath the Director (Kieft) by various uncalled for proceedings, from time to time, so estranged from us and so embittered against the Necherlands nation, that we do not believe that anything will bring them and peace back, unless the Lord who bends all men's hearts to His will propitiate these people."

After a whole year, help did come in the form of a new governor; Peter Stuyvesant may have had his faults but he did know how to be just to the Indians.

From that time on there are scattered records of stockades being built and colonists banding together for protection against the Indians, but on the whole there was

never any suffering on Long Island to be compared with the mainland.

"The only battle which the English settlers upon Long Island had with the Indians was in 1653, in the storming of the Indian fort upon Fort Neck in Queens County. The Massapeague tribe had for some time previous shown a very unfriendly disposition toward the English settlers in that part of the Island; at last they garrisoned this fort upon Fort Neck from which at times they issued forth in parties, destroying the crops of the colonists and driving off their cattle and horses, and eventually killed some two or three of the settlers. The colonists at once assembled, and all of them being armed, they put themselves under the command of Captain John Underhill; who at once stormed the Indian fort, and in doing which destroyed so many of their people that the Indians were very peaceful toward the English colonists on Long Island ever after."

Missonaries and teachers worked hard with the Indians. They sincerely thought their own way of living was the only right way, but the result was bewildering and oftentimes discouraging to everybody concerned, though they both accomplished more than many histories would lead us to think.

The Indian, the missionaries discovered, simply could not think and live as they did, his nature was entirely different; the white man's civilization fitted him no better than the white man's clothes.

He was shiftless and lazy but contented and happy in his own way. He had none of the luxuries of life from our point of view and made no struggle to get them. "His wants were few and simple and were all supplied

by nature, his greatest anxiety seems to have been for his next dinner. Yet many times he did not make an effort to plan that far ahead."

"The Indian," says an old record, "would not steal unless pinched by hunger, at which crisis he had no conception of its being wrong to help himself out of anybody's corncrib or smoke house, when hungry, and according to Indian ethic it was no wrong. He would help himself to poultry, sheep and pig and any kind of vegetable upon which he could lay hands."

"Under our law it was necessary to punish him for this offense and he always felt wronged and complained bitterly of the injustice; yet, unless it was suggested to him by the white man, he never complained of being cheated out of his hunting ground (which was a far more grievous wrong)."

While someone worked with him he did fairly well, but left to himself he fell behind and seemed totally unable to pass on to his children what he had learned of good, so that the following generation was weaker rather than stronger.

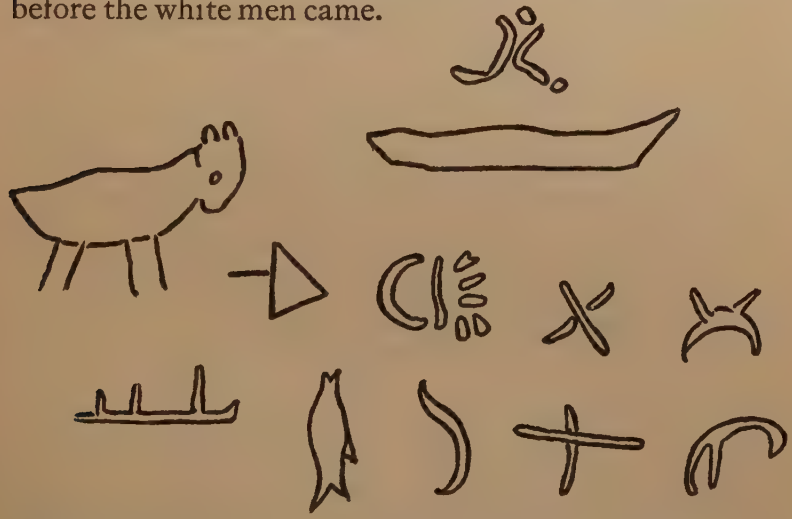
For one cause of this the colonists were to blame. They brought strong drink with them as a matter of course, it was a part of their food; they little dreamed the havoc it would work among these primitive people. The white man might know how to use it prudently but the Indian could only abuse it and sickness and trouble of all kinds followed in its wake.

Never a sturdy race, smallpox at different times spread among them with fatal results and fifty years after the first white settler came more than a third of the Indian population had died.

By 1761 they had almost vanished from some parts of the Island and even the once-powerful Montauks numbered only 162.

The Montauk chiefs probably realized what was coming when on November 3, 1669, they acknowledged the governor of New York "their chiefest sachem."

Having no written language they have left no story behind them of the generations of their people on the Island before the white men came.



Picture writing on an inscribed tablet from Long Island translated by Daniel G. Brinton.

Used through the courtesy of Morton Pennypacker

Having no written language the Indians often told stories or made records by means of pictures scratched on stones.

Here we see at the top the symbol for a man, below him a canoe, then the outline of a rude quadruped, probably a deer; a bow and arrow, the foot-print of a bear; the sign for fire followed by two unknown figures. Then a fish and eel; some vague lines ending with the symbol for a wigwam.—The record of a hunting trip or fishing excursion.

Nothing has been left to tell of the Indians' feeble struggle to hold their own against a stronger race. How puzzled they must have been sometimes at the strange and dominant ways of these people who like themselves worshipped a Great Spirit and yet were so different that their paths could never meet.

Only one trace of the Indian remains on Long Island to-day—his names. Villages, towns, coves, bays, hills, roads, and streams still carry them on. There are scores of them. Names like Hauppaug, Shinnecock, and Montauk, Amagansett, Quogue, or Setauket,[1] that never sound queer because we are so used to them and they are so much a part of our own language we are apt to forget that they are also part of our Long Island heritage from a vanished people.

> Keep evermore the Indian name
> So long ago possessed, that tongue
> And time which gave alike are gone,
> Their history never told or sung.[2]

[1] *Indian Place Names on Long Island*, by William Wallace Tooker, gives the old names and their significance and makes a plea for the preservation of them.

[2] From a poem called "Hauppaug Sweet Waters," by Ellen Mowbray.

CHAPTER 2

THE LAY OF THE LAND—A WIND-BLOWN ISLAND FROM CONEY TO MONTAUK POINT

"Though civilized men have lived upon the island for nearly three hundred years, the wind still drives the dunes, the streams still carry the hills to the sea, and the ocean still carves and remakes the shore at will."
—Ralph Henry Gabriel: EVOLUTION OF LONG ISLAND.

BACK to the new land in 1614 came five ships. Two of them were the *Tiger* and the *Fortune*. The *Tiger* was commanded by Adrian Block and the *Fortune* by Hendrick Corstiaensen.

They sailed by order of the great West India Company under the charter of the High and Mighty Lords, the States General of the United Belgic Provinces. A high-sounding title!

Business was in their eye: they came to establish a fur-trading post with the Indians on Manhattan Island and the North River and thereby to lay the foundation of one of the greatest cities in the world. On the tip end of Manhattan Island New York City began with a fort and a few small houses surrounded by a palisade.

If you want to know where Adrian Block's house stood go down Broadway to No. 41 and on the big office building you will find a tablet that "marks the site of

the first habitations of the white men on the Island of Manhattan." And it adds:

> Adrian Block commander of the "Tiger" erected here four houses or huts after his vessel was burned.
>
> He built the "Restless," the first vessel made by Europeans in this country. The "Restless" was launched in the spring of 1614.

As the tablet reads, soon after their arrival the *Tiger* burned at her dock, but nothing daunted, Adrian Block built another ship, a yacht forty-five feet long and eleven wide and named it the *Restless*, for himself perhaps, since he was a born explorer and nothing could hold him long in one place.

Through the East River and up the Sound he cruised to Cape Cod; gave his name to a fog-swept island he found on the way, and returned to the trading post with the news that Long Island was indeed an island and the largest one he had seen on his travels.

Also, not very long after leaving the trading post, while he was still in the East River, he had come upon a terrible whirlpool of water running between a narrow strait. It was so awful he had promptly called it the Hellegat or Hellgate. He claimed he was the first white man to have sailed through it and he probably was.

From that time on all sorts of wild tales about the Hellegat were told to frighten mariners.

"Hellegat is as dangerous as a Norway Maelstrom. . . . In this narrow passage runneth a rapid, violent stream both upon flood and ebb; and in the middle lieth some islands of rocks upon which the current sets so violently that it threateneth present shipwreck; and

upon the flood is a large whirlpool, which sends forth a continual hideous roaring."

The devil was there, it was said, "sitting astride a rock called the Hog Back and playing on a fiddle." One rock was called the Devil's Frying Pan—"he broiled fish there before a storm"; another was the Devil's Gridiron.

Washington Irving loved to poke sly fun at the stolid old Dutch settlers and navigators, and in his *Knickerbocker's History of New York* the story of Hell Gate goes that Oloffe Van Kortlandt, sometimes called Oloffe the Dreamer, in the jolly-boat of the *Goede Vrouw* and a squadron of three canoes made an exploring trip around Manhattan Island. "In the whirlpool called the Pot they spun about in a giddy maze and when the Commander and his crew came to their senses they found themselves stranded on the Long Island shore, and Oloffe used to relate many wonderful stories of his adventures in this time of peril; how that he saw spectres flung in the air, and heard the yelling of hobgoblins, and put his hand into the Pot when they were whirled around and found the water scalding hot."

To prove that he really sailed around Long Island Adrian Block drew a map of it.

Wind and wave and tide have broken and rebuilt the very bones of Long Island many times since Adrian Block went a-voyaging round its shores. Wind and wave and tide are very part of its history, and you must understand the lay of the land to appreciate how it has affected the lives of the people here from the earliest times. No born Long Islander is ever very far away

from the sound of the sea nor the tang of the salt marshes.

If the Island is shaped like a fish the fish has a good stout backbone, a ridge of rocky hills that run along its northern side almost its entire length of a hundred and twenty miles. Geologists say that in ages long past the Island was undoubtedly built by the wind and the waves piling the sand on this ridge. Certainly the soil of the Island is very sandy everywhere. "There is not a stone larger than your fist, if so large, in all Hempstead," we read in an old letter; and the same might be said of many other places.

Here and there in level stretches inland may still be found "old sand dunes caught and held by the roots of vegetation," while the flat sandy stretches along the south side shift and change continually. Such glorified old sand dunes are the Shinnecock Hills rolling down to the sea covered with bayberry, beach plum, and dwarfed red cedars.

Lie on your back on the beach some windy day and watch the sand blow as the spray does from off the top of the breakers that pound the beach. Then you will not wonder that in winter storm and gale beach hills shift and shore lines alter and Island people during their lifetime have noted great changes. Some tell of cutting firewood in a place that is now far offshore.

The long narrow strip of broken beaches stretching from Southampton to Coney Island has been made by endless waves and currents beating against Montauk Peninsula and carrying fragments westward. It has taken ages to do it, of course, but that is how they have grown. They form a barrier between the mainland and

the Atlantic Ocean, and between them and the mainland lie the waters of the Great South Bay, Moriches Bay, and Shinnecock Bay.

Fire Island has the longest beach; almost forty-five miles from Southampton to the Fire Island Inlet. West of Fire Island Inlet is Oak Island, then Short Beach, Long Beach, Rockaway Beach, and Coney Island.

Inlets have broken through these beaches at various times and then been filled again by sand so that Fire Island Inlet has remained since 1690 the main cut to the Atlantic west of Southampton. A winter storm is said to have made this "convenient gaten" (gate), as the Dutch call an inlet.

There is an old story of a boy who went with some grown people to the south side of the Island after a very heavy storm to see one of these inlets that had broken through. "When they came to the spot it was low water, and where the sand was washed away they discovered meadow soil many feet below high-water mark, and which had apparently been covered by beach sands for many ages. The strangest fact connected with it was, that on this meadow soil they found the tracks of cloven footed animals, which it was impossible could have been made after the inlet was washed through, for they could not by any means get there, and which they supposed at the time to be buffalo tracks. So the expanse of water between the outer beach and the main land must once have been a meadow."

Oystermen in Blue Point Bay often drew up bits of decayed wood in their rakes, for the Bay "was once a swamp where wild allspice grew."

Great vessels now pass through Buttermilk Channel, which separates Long Island from Governor's Island, yet once upon a time an Indian squaw waded from one island to the other with her papoose on her back, and Wouter Van Twiller's cattle forded it at low tide.[1]

Along the backbone on the north shore the coast is rocky in some places and wooded in others. Particularly toward the western end it is cut in by deep coves and bays like Hempstead Harbor, Huntington Bay, and Cold Spring Harbor. At Huntington and North Hempstead are high hills that may be seen out at sea.

The tides of Long Island Sound have played their tricks with the shore line here, too. For instance, Huntington Harbor is made by Lloyd's Neck and Eaton's Neck inclosing it. But before the sand washed in Lloyd's Neck was an island and Eaton's Neck a group of four little islands.

The Indians had an amusing story to account for there being so few large rocks on Long Island and so many in Connecticut.

Once they said it was quite the other way and that was the time the devil wanted Connecticut for his own.

Over he went to take possession, but the Indians refused to leave and drove him back to Throg's Point. The tide was out so the Old Boy beat his retreat over the Sound by stepping from rock to rock.

He sat himself down in the middle of the Island at Coram to sulk over his defeat and plan revenge. Presently up he rose and gathering all the rocks he could find piled them up in a heap at Cold Spring and amused

[1]Wouter Van Twiller while Director General (Governor) of New Netherlands laid out a farm on Nutten Island and changed its name to Governor's Island.

himself by hurling them across the Sound onto the green fields of Connecticut.

The Indians were not only willing to vouch for this story but offered to show the spot where the devil stood and left his hoofprints behind him.

The devil seems to have left hoofmarks in various parts of Long Island. Off Orient Point is a bowlder known as Devil's Rock. On top is a huge footprint. One winter, so they say, long before white men came, there was an unusually heavy snowfall and added to that a strange disease broke out among the Indians. As their medicine man could not cure it, it was natural to suppose that the Evil One was in their midst bringing trouble. They held a powwow and decided to drive him out. In the forest they found his great shadow lurking and with a mighty yell drove it before them to the water's edge. For one moment the devil poised upon the rock and then his huge form darkened the sky as he sprang across the Sound.

Lake Ronkonkoma, in the center of the Island, the Indians named for its glittering white sand. It had no bottom, so they said, and was fed by magical hidden springs that no one might locate. Certainly rainfall never affected the rise and fall of the lake, so for many, many years the Indians' story of a bottomless lake was accepted.

The north shore of Long Island drops abruptly, with a rocky coast line, but through its center the Island is quite flat. Toward the east early settlers found a wilderness of big trees where to-day much of natural growth is scrub oak, and the seventeen thousand acres of plains at Hempstead were common pasture ground up to the

end of the Eighteenth Century. "There is neither stick nor stone," says an old description of Hempstead Plains, "and it produceth a very fine grass which makes exceedingly good hay which is no small benefit to the town that owns it."

The Little Plains adjoining were such tempting sporting ground that Governor Nicolls established his New Market Race Course there in 1665.

Ralph Henry Gabriel has written a fascinating book called *The Evolution of Long Island, a Story of Land and Sea.* In it he shows how the Island has grown and changed and how this has affected the lives of those who have lived here. Why some became "baymen" and "scallopers" and others farmers and sheep raisers and why whaling flourished at one time and shipbuilding at another.

But the part taken in making the Island by the wind and the waves he calls "An Unfinished Play" and says the curtain never has been rung down on it.

"Though civilized men have lived upon the island for nearly three hundred years," he says, "the wind still drives the dunes, the streams still carry the hills to the sea, and the ocean still carves and remakes the shore at will. It has not been given to man to control the elements. His task has been to take things as he found them, the changing hills and plains and shores, and adapt himself as best he could to them."

GEORGE ANNAND
NEW JERSEY
NEW YORK
CONNECTICUT
Long
HELL GATE
LONG IS. CITY
FLUSHING
GLEN COVE
OYSTER BAY
HUNTINGTON
NORTHPORT
EATON NECK
SMITHTOWN BAY
COLD SPRING HARBOR
ROSLYN
JERICHO
MINEOLA
WESTBURY
SMITHTOWN
BROOKLYN
JAMAICA
GARDEN CITY
HEMPSTEAD
BRENTWOOD
RONKONKOMA
STATEN Island
FREEPORT
AMITYVILLE
BAYSHORE
PATCHOGUE
CONEY IS.
ROCKAWAY BEACH
LONG BEACH
GREAT SOUTH BAY
POINT O'WOODS
FIRE ISLAND
NEW JERSEY
NEW YORK
CONNECTICUT
Long
HELL GATE
The FISHES' BACKBONE
STATEN Island
HEMPSTEAD PLAINS
CONEY ISLAND
GREAT SOUTH
FIRE IS. INLET

Island Sound
ORIENT POINT
SHELTER ISLAND
GARDINERS ISLAND
SOUTHOLD
MATTITUCK
WADING RIVER
RIVERHEAD
MANORVILLE
GREAT PECONIC BAY
SAG HARBOR
BRIDGEHAMPTON
EASTHAMPTON
MONTAUK
MONTAUK POINT
MORICHES
EASTPORT
WEST HAMPTON
SOUTHAMPTON
SHINNECOCK BAY
MORICHES BAY
Long Island
Sound
ORIENT POINT
SHELTER ISLAND
GARDINERS ISLAND
SOUTHOLD
SIXD DUKES
EASTHAMPTON
MONTAUK POINT
SHINNECOCK HILLS
SOUTHAMPTON
ATLANTIC OCEAN

CHAPTER 3

Part One

UNDER DUTCH GOVERNORS

Beginnings of New Amsterdam, the Five Dutch Towns, Long Island's First Land Boom, English Settlements to the East

"Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!"
Walt Whitman.

ALMOST twenty-five years passed from the time Adrian Block sailed around Long Island before settlements were made here. This was because the Dutch continued to be more interested in trading than planting colonies as the English were doing all up along the coast of the mainland.

Meanwhile the little fur-trading post with its wonderful natural harbor at the tip end of Manhattan Island had grown from a collection of rude huts surrounded by a stockade into a prosperous settlement: a town of "straw roofs, wooden chimneys, and windmills." It was called New Amsterdam for the love of the old Amsterdam left behind in Holland and it now had a mayor of its own called the Governor General. All the Dutch holdings on Manhattan Island and up the Hudson River were known as New Netherlands.

THE FIVE DUTCH TOWNS AND THE BEGINNING OF BROOKLYN

Some prosperous merchants and their *goede vrouws*, never happy long without their wide lands, turnip patches, and tulip fields, obtained grants of land across the East River on the western end of Long Island and proceeded to cultivate "bouweries," as they called farms.

Others, instead of buying land outright or paying rent, received land as a "free loan" and became owner after ten years, paying a tenth of the product of their land to the West India Company. They called the colony Bruijkleen because that means "free loan" in Dutch.

Through the Bruijkleen Colony ran an Indian trail. As settlements sprang up along its side it was widened and became known as the Ferry Road. Bruijkleen Veer, or Ferry, was at the landing place; then there was Midwout (Flatbush), Amersfoort (Flatlands), Breukelen, New Utrecht, and Bushwick, five Dutch towns, the first white settlement on the Island and the beginning of the city of Brooklyn.

There is room here only to tell a bit about the Five Dutch Towns. When thirty families came to live in Breukelen it had its first church and a minister of its own. Previously they held services in a barn and Dominie Polhemus came over from Flatbush to preach. (Flatbush had had a church for some time.) The dominie, however, was growing old and the road between the two villages was rocky, hilly, and dangerous to travel, so in 1666 they built their own church. It was in Fulton

Street near Lawrence, "a small ugly little church standing in the middle of the street."

Curious-looking buildings they must have been, those first Dutch churches; "eight sided with a high roof like a pyramid topped off with a belfry and weathervane. Usually the windows were so small and the glass so opaque that the church was very dark. A few of the churches were poorly heated with high stoves perched upon pillars . . . but all the women carried foot stoves, and some of the men carried muffs."[1]

The land about Amersfoort must have been dear to the Dutch heart; flat and fertile and close to the sea it was like home. They soon had rich crops flourishing and even tried the experiment of building dikes in the salt marshes along Jamaica Bay.

In 1656 Skipper Jan Martinse Schenck built a house in Amersfoort for his young bride with lumber and bricks brought from Holland. Schenck was said to be a pirate and all sorts of weird tales were told about his house built so close to the ocean that the salt spray and sand beat against its shingles. The ghost of one of Henry Hudson's sailors, it was said, appeared and forbade Schenck to build the house. Another romantic touch was added in 1791 when a pot of gold was found buried in a sand dune near by. Despite ghosts and winter gales, however, the old house weathered the wear and tear of years and was still standing up to a short time ago.

Nicasius de Sille built the first house in New Utrecht, a fine old Dutch Colonial house. He built it so well that

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[1]Alice Morse Earle, *Home Life in Colonial Days*, p. 386.

it was still standing in 1850. De Sille certainly was an accomplished person. Not only was he Fiscal Schout of the town (which means attorney general and sheriff) but he was a historian, a Doctor of Laws, and a poet. Between keeping town records he wrote verses.

Once some missionaries came to visit him (before the house was finished we hope, since they were made to sleep in the barn). Apparently from their diary it must have been an uncomfortable night: "We went to sleep upon some straw spread with sheep skins in the midst of the continuous grunting of hogs, squealing of pigs, bleating and coughing of sheep, barking of dogs, crowing of cocks, cackling of hens, and especially a good quantity of fleas and vermin, of no small part of which we were participants, and all with an open barn-door through which a fresh north wind was blowing." The last discomfort no doubt annoyed the good man more than all the rest since in those times fresh air at night was considered positively poisonous.

Midwout we now call Flatbush, and there was built the first Dutch church on the Island. For a time, as I told you, they shared their minister with Amersfoort and Breukelen, both helping to pay his salary. After a while Breukelen objected to paying because "his sermons were too short." Flatbush was the original seat of justice for Kings County. Court was held there from 1658 to 1668, then the courthouse was moved to Gravesend.

To-day Flatbush Avenue isn't very pretty. Yet it was once an "Indian trail over the hills of Prospect Park down to the wooded plains at the south." Then it was widened into a "cart road that ran from the old Ferry

through Amersfoort and New Utrecht and Gravesend." On either side in those days were great oaks and chestnuts and tulip trees and sweet gum and black walnut and sycamore.

Famous people were to ride over that road in years to come and stop at the lovely old broad-roofed, dormer-windowed houses by the way, and Flatbush kept its character as a Dutch town long after the English conquest. There was Melrose Hall and the Vanderveer House where the flag was made that flew from the liberty pole when the British evacuated Long Island, these and many other homes that have long since disappeared. The Lefferts House, one of the oldest and most charming of them all, is still standing. The original house was built in 1661 but was destroyed by fire and the present house was erected on the old foundations in 1730. "In the hey-day of old Flatbush this beautiful homestead was the center of social life and one of the most delightful homes in the village."

"8 fathoms of wampum, 8 fathoms of duffel (cloth), 12 kettles, 8 axes," was the price paid to the Indians for Bushwick, and the first settlers were Norwegians and Frenchmen. Bushwick was one of Stuyvesant's pet colonies.

The mother of John Moore of Newtown is said to have been the first white woman to ride between Newtown and Brooklyn. "She came with her husband on horseback riding on a pillion behind him (as was then the custom) . . . and at that time the journey was considered a very arduous undertaking and her friends wondered much that she should have the courage to think of it."

BROOKLYN'S FIRST FERRY

Did you want to cross over to market or visit in New Amsterdam in the days when Bruijkleen Colony was new, you went to where Cornelis Dircksen's garden sloped down to the river (it is the foot of Fulton Street to-day) and blew on a conch-shell horn that hung on an old tree. Probably the ferryman had to leave his plow in the field to come and collect your fare, "three stuyvers in wampum," and row you across in a rude little boat he kept hidden away in the bushes.

By and by they had a real ferry house which was also used as a tavern and other ferry lines started. The men who built the ferry houses were paid "550 guilders [about $220] one third in beavers, one third in good merchantable wampum, one third in silver coin and free passage over the ferry while the work lasted. Small beer furnished free."

It was quite necessary to have the ferry house equipped as a tavern since, in the early days, coming to the ferry did not always mean getting across, passengers were at the mercy of the wind and tide. "At slack water (low tide) the ferryman had an easy time and passengers made a quick and comfortable trip. But let the tide be turning and the boatman could make little headway and the trip was slow and tedious and often dangerous. Sometimes a favorable breeze enabled the sailboats to cross without difficulty, again baffled by the wind and tide they brought up near Governor's Island, or as far out of the way in the opposite direction." Long Island farmers ferrying cattle over had a lively time indeed.

The colonists soon outgrew Cornelis Dircksen's row-

boats and he sold out; "Cornelis Dircksen sells to William Tomassen his house and garden together with all that is fastened by earth and nail, situate on Long Island, and 17 morgens of land adjoining, together with the ferry."

The scale of ferry charges in 1653 was:

For a wagon and two horses	20 stuyvers
For a wagon and one horse	16 stuyvers
For an Indian	6 stuyvers
For a person	3 stuyvers

There were other rules and regulations: "The ferry man cannot be compelled to ferry anything over before he is paid."

"The hours of the ferry shall be from 5 o'clock A.M. to 8 P.M. in summer, provided the windmill (on the battery of Manhattan) hath not taken in its sails; after the last mentioned hour double the ferrage. In winter from 7 o'clock A.M. to 5 P.M. but he is not to be obliged to ferry during a tempest, or when the windmill hath lowered its sails in consequence of storm or otherwise." (Evidently the windmill on the battery was New York's first weather bureau.)

At one time ferry charges for a single person read, "8 stuyvers in wampum or a silver twopence. For people in company half that amount. After sunset double the price. For each horse or beast, one shilling if alone, ninepence in company."

Another type of ferry boat was a barge rowed by four men and holding eight or ten people. Sailboats with deep bottoms were likewise used. A trip from New Amsterdam in those days must have been something in the

nature of a risk for "they had no regular steersman and the *first passenger to arrive took the helm.*" Horses and wagons were in the bottom of the sailboat exposed to all kinds of weather like the passengers.

Horseboats were the next improvement. They were propelled by "continually driving two or four horses around a pole in the hold of the boat. The horses were attached to this pole and the latter was connected by a gear improvement which rotated the paddle wheels."

By the time Fulton's steam ferryboat arrived the Five Dutch Towns with others added to them had become Brooklyn, and New Amsterdam was New York.

Oloffe Van Kortlandt's dream[1] of "palaces and domes and lofty spires" rising up on Manhattan Island has come true, but never in his wildest dreams did he see three great beautiful bridges bringing the two islands together, much less trains driven by magic power running to and fro far down beneath the water.

LONG ISLAND'S FIRST LAND BOOM

Land booms have been many on Long Island. The first real one came in 1638 when William Kieft was governor of New Amsterdam.

Up to that time the Dutch had been contented with the Bruijkleen Colony and the English had been too busy along the New England coast to pay much attention to Long Island, although they claimed it as part of their own by right of Sebastian Cabot's discoveries years before, and in 1635 Charles I had granted the

[1]Washington Irving, *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, ed. by Anne Carroll Moore, Illus. by James Daugherty.—Doubleday.

whole Island to the Earl of Sterling and made James Farret his agent here.

When the Dutch learned the English were beginning to "have a hankering for the land" and were about to make good their claim, they likewise bestirred themselves, and the year 1638 found both countries offering inducements to families and groups of friends as well as individuals to open up the new territory.

The Dutch offered transportation to all mechanics and farmers who could prove their ability to earn a living here. "They shall receive free passage for themselves, their wives and children; provided whenever they wish to return here, they shall pay double fare." Canny Dutch West India Co.!

One advance agent for Long Island real estate drew up a remarkable circular advertising the "commodities" to be found here. It might have led one to think he was coming to a Garden of Eden had he not made allowances for the agent's lively imagination. Here are a few of the commodities advertised.

"First there grow naturally a store of Black wild Vines which make verie good Vinnager for to use with meate or to dress Sturgeon, but for the Frenchmen's art being boyld and ordered is good wine, and remains for three months and no longer.

"There is also a great store of deere there and of three soarts, the highest, sixteen hands, and there is also Buffaloes *which maybe ridden and brout to draw the plow.* There are fayre Turkeys far greater than heere, 500 in a flock, with infinite stores of Berries, Chesnuts, Beechnuts and Mast which they feed on.

"Whole groves of Wallnut Trees to make Wallnut

Oyle or milke, in France worth 20£ a tonne. Groves of Mulberries trees for silke worms which in Italy are let there as houses are heare for rent, at 6/s the leaves of one tree by the year.

"There are Ponds of fresh Water three or four miles in compass and Clay Cleefs likely for Iron Mines. There is infinite store of Fowle and egs of all sorts and sea and shell fish in abundance, and 1000 loads of oyster shells in a heape to make lime of.

"*The spring waters there are as good as small beere here.*"

ENGLISH SETTLEMENTS TO THE EAST

The English were interested in the east end of Long Island across from Connecticut and the Dutch in the west end under the protection of New Amsterdam, so in the beginning they really did not interfere with one another.

In 1639 the Earl of Sterling made his first sale of land to Lion Gardiner, "an officer and a gentleman," who had come to this country some time before to engineer the building of a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut River.

It was a lovely island off the east end and Gardiner named it the Isle of Wight; later it was called by the family name. Here on the 14th of September, 1641, his daughter Elizabeth was born. She was the first English child to be born in New Netherlands.

By terms of the grant Gardiner's Island was an "entirely separate and distinct plantation" and its owner might make what laws he chose provided he observed the forms "agreeable to God, the King and the practice of the country."

A wise, generous, and open-minded man was Lion Gardiner. Though freedom was given him he respected the claims of those who had been before him in the country and paid the Indians for the land which had been given him. Tradition says he paid for Monchonock (as the Indians called his island) "one large black dog, one gun, some powder and shot and a few blankets."

Before settling on the Island he likewise made friends with Wyandanch, chief of the Montauks. It was a friendship that lasted the rest of their lifetime and bridged over many threatened disagreements between Indian and white man. The early settlers of eastern Long Island had Lion Gardiner to thank for their freedom from trouble with the savages. So great was the Montauk chief's gratitude and confidence that when he came to die he appointed his white friend guardian of his son, Weoncombone, until he should come of age.

"Although nominally joined to the township of Easthampton Gardiner's Island was held as an entailed and independent barony through eight generations of unbroken descent. In 1788 it was annexed to the state by an act of legislature."

Around the coast from Massachusetts and Connecticut small English vessels soon began to come bringing men, women, and children to try their luck in a new land.

The sea was their only means of communication with the old country and the New England recently left behind, so they made their first settlements on the sea side of the Island and called them Southampton and Maidstone (afterward East Hampton). Another settle-

ment was started in a sheltered cove on the north shore and called Southold. More soon sprang up.

"Behind them lay the ocean over which they had come; before them as far back from the shore as they could see stretched an unbroken forest. From this they must wrest their living by force and cunning."[1]

As they unloaded their scanty household goods, tools, and farming implements it must have seemed mighty small equipment to start life in a wilderness that required a man "to be a soldier, a hunter, a fisherman and a farmer all at one time."

How substantial and well established the raw young colonies in Connecticut and Massachusetts must have seemed by comparison! How dismayed and homesick many of these early Long Islanders must have been!

Farmers and cattle raisers they were obliged to be first of all, if they would feed and clothe their children. So with ax and grubbing hook they cut down trees and dug out the roots, using oxen instead of horses, since they could work longer and forage for their own food.

Close to each settlement a "common" or grazing ground was set aside and the guardian cow keeper was an important member of the community, since sheep and cows were precious and wolves and wildcats only too plentiful. Pigs were the only livestock that flourished in spite of everything, and many a family blessed the pig that provided such good food for them and could be exchanged for more valuable cattle.

Fish of all kinds was to be had in abundance, clams for the digging, and cod off the banks at Montauk; and when the gray winter seas began tumbling on the beach

[1]Ralph Henry Gabriel, *Evolution of Long Island.* Yale University Press.

they often brought in a drift whale that had been caught in the shallow water.

What fun and excitement the boys must have had watching the men land a whale and standing by while it was cut up! Southampton divided the villagers into four groups, each group to take charge of all the drift whales cast ashore in its ward. Whenever one was washed up lots were promptly cast and two persons from each group selected to cut it up.

In East Hampton overseers were appointed by the town meeting to see that each man did his work and that "all be cut soe near as may be." When the work was done the watchful Indians by right of treaty were allowed to carry off the "fynnes and tails." It was also ordered that "a reward of five shillings be paid to any person who shall discover and give information of a whale cast on shore. But it expressly added, "if any whale be found on the Lord's Day the above five shillings shall not be due or payable." Part of every overseer's duty was to "prevent strangers coming in to dig, rake or gather clams that rightfully belong to the people of that town."

As the demand for whale oil grew and its value increased, the townsfolk no longer waited for whales to drift ashore; they went out to get them. On the top of the highest sand dune the men of the Hamptons took turn acting as "whale watch." "When the black, spouting mass was discerned in the gray offshore waters, the watch would sing out the alarm. It must have been a strange sight to see a quiet little village of cabins tucked up for the winter . . . suddenly rouse itself to energy and excitement. At the sound of the familiar

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call, the street would suddenly be filled with men, women, and children running for the path that led to the water. Crude harpoons would clatter on the bottom of the small boats into each of which six men would clamber and seize the oars. The breathless watchers on the shore could see a small fleet of these hovering, like kingbirds above a hawk, about the swashing whale."[1]

First came the cutting up, then the oil was tried out. There was no fun or excitement in that part, but "oyle" was in great demand and could be exchanged at the rate of one pound ten shillings a barrel, which helped to make even so smelly and unpleasant a business bearable.

However, there must have been some who objected, for on March 4, 1669, Southampton issued an order: "Whereas the trying of oyle so near the street and houses, is soe extreme noysome to all passers by, especially to those not accustomed to the sent thereof, and is considered hurtful to the health of people—and . . . is very dangerous (if oyle should fire) for firing houses or hay stacks, the cort doth order that noe person after this present yeare, shall try any oyle in this towne nearer than 25 poles from the main street of the towne, under penalty of paying 5 shillings fine."

Remote from civilization, dependent on one another for strength and protection, facing in common a stern struggle to exist, the eastern Long Islanders pulled together in harmony with very little time or thought for petty differences. All laws were made by the town meeting, their only general court, and by a smaller court called the "court of three men." The executive officer

[1]Ralph Henry Gabriel, *Evolution of Long Island.*

was the constable who presided at the meetings, the other officers were called freemen; they must vote and attend meetings or be fined. People were called together by "ye beating of ye drum," for which a charge was made against the town and was often paid in tobacco.

Town meeting was a most important institution and had the ordering of many things. It chose the whale watch, decided how lands were divided, commons inclosed, fences and roads built, and children educated.

Perhaps Brookhaven made the first speed law on Long Island when its freemen declared: "Whosoever shall run a race, or run otherwise a horseback in the streets or within the town plot shall forfeit ten shillings to the use of the town."

There was no nonsense about the orders issued at town meeting, I can tell you. "Wherefore as it has been too common in this town for men and maids to be out of their father's and mother's house at unseasonable times of night; it is therefore ordered that whosoever of the younger sort shall be out of their father's or mother's house past nine of the clock shall be summoned in to the next court."

If you were over fourteen and told lies you were punished by "a fine of five shillings or five hours in the stocks."

"It is ordered that from time to time the Meeting House shall be sweeped upon the last day of every week by each family by turns upon notice given by those who swept it last."

"Leave is granted Thomas Terry and Samuel Dearing, planters, to settle within certain limits, but the Town Book says, They are to bring in no Quakers, nor such

like opinionists, nor are they to let their cattle come on the Great Plains and spoil our corn."

There was much discussion about the "rights of common," the "building of gates," "keeping the fences," "hiring the cowherd," etc., in those early town meetings, because the care of the cattle was so important. If anyone opened the town gates and forgot to shut them or put up the bars, he was "fined for such defect five shillings, the halfe to be given to the informer."

"Ye people shall be ready at ye sounding of ye horn to send out their cowes and ye Cowe Keeper shall be ready by ye time ye sun is halfe an hower above the horizon to drive them oute and . . . before ye sun setting to bring them in. Ye Cowe Keeper's wages shall be a pound of butter for each cowe in the hearde, at 6 pieces the pound and the remaining shall be in sufficient wampum or otherwise in coin. Ye Cowe Keeper last day of keeping cowes shall bee Wednesday ye 23rd. of October."

Every man was obliged to brand his cattle with an earmark to identify them and these marks were clearly entered in the Town Book something like this: "Samuel Hewlett, his earmark is a slip under the near ear, a flower-de-luce on the foreside of the ear and a halfpenny under it."

Southold differed from the other settlements in that it was to begin with entirely a religious colony. All government was to be in the church and none were admitted to the privileges of freemen but church members. Rev. John Youngs was pastor and leader of the colony.

OLD DUTCH CHURCH

Curious looking buildings they must have been those first Dutch churches; eightsided, with a high roof like a pyramid, topped off with a belfry and a weathervane.

"In the proud days of Peter Stuyvesant . . . the good old Dutch aristocracy loomed out in all its grandeur."

The founders of Southold chose a sheltered spot for their village protected from the winter winds by bluffs on the north and open to the south breezes in the summer. Here was built the first meeting-house on Long Island in 1642 and thither came many French Huguenots who had left their own country because of religious persecution.

Many settlements in the beginning were lax about keeping public records. Southold not only was careful to make such records but preserved them as well and soon after the colony was established made definite arrangements for their children's education. "All parents and masters were instructed to see that their children and apprentices as they grow capable, might through God's blessing attain at least so much as to be able duly to read the Scriptures, and other good and profitable books in the English tongue."

Speaking of records, in Hempstead there are now five volumes of town records covering the years from 1657 to 1784. Of the first three books only scattered leaves remained until they were carefully collected, mended, and mounted by Henry Onderdonk, who should be gratefully remembered for the work. An earlier volume was entirely destroyed and is referred to as the "mouse eaten book."

Smithtown, although not one of the earliest settlements, was among the first and its beginning was quite romantic. All the tract of land we now know by that name was given to Lion Gardiner by the Montauk sachem, Wyandanch, in gratitude for Gardiner having at one time rescued the sachem's daughter. (Legend says

she was kidnapped on the eve of her marriage and carried over to Connecticut whence Lion Gardiner brought her back.)

Gardiner held the land until 1663, when he sold it to Richard Smith, once a soldier in Cromwell's army. Smith is a common name in most parts of the country, but the family of Richard Smith was so large and as years went by there were so many Smiths on Long Island that nicknames were given to different branches of the family to distinguish them.

Richard Smith's branch were the Bull Smiths because the doughty old Cromwellian trained a bull for a riding horse. Then there were the Blue Smiths, Rock Smiths, Weight Smiths (the latter was said to own the only set of weights in the neighborhood), and the Tangier Smiths, whose founder, Colonel William Smith, had once been English governor of Tangier in Africa.

Richard Smith's wife Martha, better known as "Col. Smith's Lady," must have had considerable influence in town affairs, for she was given a seat "at the table" in the meeting-house, a position usually occupied only by men of the congregation. From all accounts it is certain the "Colonel's Lady" knew how to drive a sharp bargain when it came to getting her share of drift whales.

Where Horserace Lane joins the Nessaquogue Road in Smithtown is the place where Richard Smith built his first house, and on the hill above he is buried under an old cedar tree. If you are lucky enough to know which Smith has it you may still see his favorite musket "Old Crib," which he carried with Cromwell at Naseby and Marston Moors.

Colonel William (Tangier) Smith was a great friend

of Governor Dongan. Through the governor's influence Smith acquired Little Neck on the south shore as well as a considerable area of near-by land. From this beginning he made many successive purchases from the Indians and others until St. George's Manor, as he called his estate, stretched clear across the Island.

CHAPTER 3

Part Two

IN STUYVESANT'S DAY

"In the proud days of Peter Stuyvesant . . . the good old Dutch aristocracy loomed out in all its grandeur. The burly burgher, in round-crowned flaundrish hat with brim of vast circumference, in portly gabardine and bulbous multiplicity of breeches, sat on his 'stoep', and smoked his pipe in lordly silence; nor did it ever enter his brain that the active, restless Yankee, whom he saw through his half-shut eyes . . . ever intent on the main chance, was one day to usurp control over the goodly Dutch domains."—Washington Irving: KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

LIFE was hard and lonely and dangerous down on the eastern end of the Island, but people were happy in their independence, which is more than can be said of those at the west under the too protecting wing of the Dutch government. Between Their High and Mightinesses, the Lords States General in Holland, and the Governor of New Amsterdam they had no chance to call their souls their own. Occasionally, as in Kieft's administration, when things became unbearable they rose in a body and protested.

The officers of the Dutch West India Company considered themselves all-powerful in matters relating to the colonies. They ordered the building of fortifications, administered justice, declared war, made peace, ap-

pointed the governor and all other officers who in turn were bound to swear allegiance to the Company. The governor in turn was supreme. He made himself head of the church, claiming sole right to license the preachers.

People in the villages of Hempstead, Flushing, Newtown, and Gravesend particularly resented having their liberties curtailed, though the latter suffered least of all. These settlements had been made by Englishmen who bought and paid for their land from the Indians and the Dutch.

A woman helped to settle Gravesend, and she was such an extraordinary woman for the day in which she lived that I must tell you about her. Lady Deborah Moody was her name, a kinswoman of Oliver Cromwell, and she came of a wealthy family of Berkshire, England, who were strong for political and religious freedom. Not being able to enjoy either in her native land, in 1640 she came to the colony of Massachusetts with many others who "longed for a place of repose and religious peace."

She had two children, a boy and a girl, but she seems to have sailed without either of them, "a harassed and lonely widow, voluntarily exiling herself for conscience' sake." First she lived in Salem and joined the Salem church, but apparently she did not find the religious peace she had traveled three thousand miles to get. When she expressed her disapproval of certain practices of the church "she was delt with by many of the elders and others and admonished by the church of Salem; but persisting still and to avoid further trouble etc. she removed to the Dutch against the advice of her friends." However, when she boarded the trading vessel bound for

New Amsterdam in the summer of 1643 she took a number of sympathizers with her and later was joined by others.

There is a letter in the Massachusetts records written in March, 1643, saying: "The Rev. Mr. Walton of Marblehead is for Long Island shortly there to set down with Lady Moody from under civill and church watch among the Dutch."

In 1645 Governor Kieft granted Lady Deborah and others a tract of land at Gravesend. It was almost an unheard-of thing in those days to give a land patent in a woman's name, nevertheless "Ye honoured Lady Deborah Moody's" name headed the list and it was a unique patent.

Complete social and political and religious freedom was granted to the town. They were to make their own laws for "their quiet and peaceful subsistence." Lady Moody was their leader. She "wisely planned the agricultural and commercial developments, opened the doors to wayfarers of whatever creed, and for thirteen years gave to Gravesend the benign influence of a refined and accomplished woman of more than ordinary power of mind." Sharing the patent with her were her son, Sir Henry Moody, Ensign George Baxter (who was the governor's English secretary to write his letters), and James Hubbard.

Each person was allotted a village residence inside the palisade; outside were farms. Lady Moody kept her pigs on Coney Island. Her house in Gravesend must have been large and well built because more than once it was used as a fort during an Indian raid.

There was no established church in the town and

they were openly sympathetic to the Quakers. The first Quaker meeting in America is said to have been held in Lady Moody's house in 1657, in fact some histories say that Lady Deborah herself became a Friend.

Be that as it may, the neighboring people evidently were a bit afraid of this independent woman. No doubt they said she was "queer" and probably were a little jealous of the unusual privileges she had been clever enough to get. They certainly said they were scandalized, and expressed the opinion that "the scum of New England is drifting into New Netherlands."

According to charter the English towns under the Dutch might "hold lands, enjoy liberty of conscience, and employ their own ministers," but they might not choose their own magistrates, and other restrictions were put upon them that made them feel after all they were no better than Dutch subjects.

The inhabitants of Hempstead and Flushing lived in a state of rebellious feelings. More than once they threatened to throw in their lot with the eastern settlements and declare themselves part of Connecticut. Connecticut wanted them, in fact she claimed Long Island belonged to her anyway through a clause in her newly acquired charter.

In a former chapter you read the plea for help these people made to the States General, while Kieft continued to stir up trouble with the Indians; that was in 1644. A whole year passed before he was recalled and Peter Stuyvesant came to take his place. Even after the arrival of the new governor Kieft delayed his departure. When finally he sailed to give an account of himself

Dutch and English alike were glad to see the last of "William the Testy." Kieft, however, was never called to give his account on earth, for the ship *Princess* in which he sailed went off her course and every soul on board was lost near the coast of Wales.

"I shall govern you as a father his children for the advantage of the chartered West India Company and the burghers of this land," were the words with which Peter Stuyvesant greeted his new people. Wisely enough his first attempt was to reëstablish just relations with the Indians. "Wooden Leg," they called him.

Under penalty of a heavy fine he forbade the sale of strong drink to them. Fair compensation must be given for their lands, which were to be purchased directly from the sachems at a price agreed upon by both parties (the deed was always signed with the sachem's special mark—it might be a bow and arrow, a pipe, or a hatchet, or the like). Furthermore, if an Indian did a piece of work he was to be paid for it.

Then in order to establish friendly feeling with the New England colonies he sent a letter to each of the governors "expressing his desire to live at peace and good fellowship" with them.

For eighteen tireless years Peter Stuyvesant governed New Netherlands, governed it better than it ever had been before, but for all that his "children" did not love him. He was a stern parent who wanted to do everything himself and thanked no one for advice. Like most children they wanted to do a few things for themselves, even if they did them badly, but "they soon found that anyone who dared to oppose the will of Peter Stuyvesant

had as much as the sun and moon against him." He was an old soldier, accustomed to be obeyed, and his word must be law.

Other governors licensed the preachers; Stuyvesant directed the building of the churches, installed the ministers, and even directed them where and when to preach. The Dutch Reformed was the established church in the colonies and woe betide those who attempted any other form of worship. Let any Englishman in Hempstead or Flushing, for example, attempt to exert a little too much "liberty of conscience" and see what happened. He very likely would find himself in the predicament of the two women of Hempstead, Mary Schott and Frances Weeks, who were haled into court and fined 20 guilders "for absenting themselves from public worship and profaning the Lord's Day by going to a Quaker meeting held in the woods." They maintained "they knew of no transgression they had done, for they went to meet the people of God," but that did not help them any.

More than once the directors in Holland advised tolerance. Holland, they reminded the governor, had always been a country that stood for religious freedom. "You may therefore," they advised him, "shut your eyes, at least not force people's conscience, but allow everyone to have his own belief, as long as he behaves quietly and does not oppose the government. As the government of this city has always practiced the maxim of moderation and consequently has often had a considerable influx of people, we do not doubt that your Province too would be benefitted by it."

Likewise on one occasion at least they suggested that

he do not attempt to arrange everything himself: "We are surprised that you amuse yourself with protests . . . against the municipal officers concerning the matter of so little importance as for instance the pews and seats in church, and as we trust, that the church is large enough to place everyone according to his rank, it appears to us that such trifuls do not deserve so much attention particularly in these troublesome times."

Officers were appointed in different villages, much according to Governor Stuyvesant's whim, and complaints grew that he divided land in the same way; large grants being given to some and others refused apparently without reason. In spite of all this the populations of Manhattan and Long Island were increasing rapidly, the first huddle of little huts built within the palisades were spreading out into villages, each with a church generally known as a meeting-house, a schoolhouse, a tavern, and a grazing common for cattle.

Hempstead, for instance, had grown apace around the "Town Spot" and its people wanted more room. In 1656, therefore, Robert Jackson and others who "wished a place to improve their labors" applied to the Director General and Council for permission to begin a new plantation halfway between Hempstead and Canarsie. The grant was given and that is how Jamaica began (they called it Rustdorp in those days), and there many well-to-do Hollanders planted bouweries.

Requests were becoming frequent for ministers, school teachers, and doctors. On Long Island, as in New England, the minister and the school teacher must both be leaders in the community. In small and remote settlements the minister often was the only doctor they

had. Their salaries were paid by town tax and sometimes there was difficulty in collecting it. In Governor Stuyvesant's time he wrote the magistrates of Midwout a sharp letter about the way they were treating Dominie Polhemus. Here is the letter; apparently what we call graft was in evidence in those days.

HONORABLE DEAR FAITHFUL:

When last with you in Bruckelen . . . it was agreed at parting by mutual consent of ourselves and other delegates from the village of Bruckelen and Amersfoort, that you should together make an estimate of the funds out of which the preacher, Domonie Polheym was to be paid and placed above want, and report it to us and the Council within eight days. As this time has passed and we are not informed of the result we have deemed it necessary to remind you of it . . . that you fullfill your promise; else we shall be compelled by our official position and duties to take steps. . . . The said Domonie Polheym who was then present, complains further of the uninhabitable state . . . of his dwelling house, which has yet neither ceiling or wainscotting, so that he and his family are compelled to sleep on the floor. The winter being iminent, this is unbearable and improper, and in order to remidy it we sent you for ceiling and wainscotting . . . one hundred hemlock planks. . . . I am informed that the said boards have not been used for the purpose intended by us, but that the Commissarie dispose of them privately according to their pleasure. For instance I am told 24 have been given to the hired man of Jan Evertsen; 6 ordered to be cut up for benches; 17 given away by Jan Snedicor so that the boards disappear here and there while nothing whatever is done to finish the minister's house. . . . We command therefore herewith, that the boards be brought together again upon receipt hereof and put to their proper use and to no other. . . . If you fail herein, we shall take the proper measures; whereupon relying we commend you all with the usual greeting to God's protection and remain,

P. STUYVESANT

Done at Amsterdam in N.N.
the 21st. December 1656.

School teachers seem to have been called upon to do all kinds of things. One old record says: "At your request we have engaged a schoolmaster who is to serve also as a comforter to the sick." Carel De Bevoise opened a school in Brooklyn in the summer of 1661. "He was not only the teacher but the messenger of the court, precentor, bell ringer, and grave digger."

Frequently in both Dutch and English towns the schoolmaster was likewise choir master, and if the minister happened to be absent he was required to read prayers and a sermon in the church to the congregation. When the minister was there he was kept equally busy. "The schoolmaster tuned the psalms, turned the hour-glass; read the Bible and gave up notices to the dominie by sticking the paper in the end of a cleft stick and holding it up to the high pulpit."[1]

Of course you remember Ichabod Crane, the schoolmaster in Washington Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, who in "addition to his other vocation was singing master of the neighborhood and picked up many a bright shilling by instructing the young folks in psalmody."

The Dutch West India Company sent over one man with an amusing and somewhat doubtful recommendation: "There comes on board the ship *Romeyn*, a person by name Frederick Ailkes, who has been a schoolmaster at Hoorn; he writes a good hand but we know little else about him; he is recommended by a man of quality and requested that he might be allowed to remain there, if he likes the country. This Board gave him such permission . . . and if his habits are as good

[1]Alice Morse Earle, *Home Life in Colonial Days*. Macmillan.

as his penmanship and a schoolmaster is wanted, then you may consider him, but let him first be thoroughly tested for we have noted the climate there does not improve people's characters."

Laborers were needed, too, and in 1660 the first slaves were brought from Africa to help on the land. Slave laws seem to have been lenient, although by order of the town meeting Negroes were forbidden "to run about on the Sabbath" or buy liquors. "If a slave was dissatisfied with his master it was common for the master to give him a piece of paper on which his age and price were written. Then he was allowed to seek out someone else whom he liked better and who was willing to pay the price for him. Occasionally notices like these were published:

Aris Remsen offers twenty shillings reward for the apprehension of a runaway negro named Harry. He had on a Scotch bonnet, short wide trousers and half worn shoes with steel buckles. He is apt to get drunk and stutters. He speaks good English, French, Spanish and a little of other languages.

Francis Koffler offers a reward for a runaway indentured Irish servant, John Miller, which kept the bar and made the punch at his house at Brooklyn Ferry. He wore deer-skin breeches, speckled yarn stockings, double-soled shoes with brass buckles and a beaver hat.

Burgomasters in Holland occasionally sent over boys and girls from the orphan asylums who were bound out for a term of years to learn a trade. Many young men and women came thus as apprentices who could afford to come in no other way. They received no pay in money but were taught and given board and lodging and sometimes other things when their time was up. That depended on the generosity of their master.

On one indenture paper we read that a young girl received: "a cow, a new wrapper, calico at five shillings a yard, a new bonnet, a new pair of shoes and stockings; two new shifts, two new petticoats, two caps and two handkerchiefs." While Jacob Ryerson contracted for a girl named Suzanne and the contract read: "He shall cause her to be instructed in the art of house keeping and also of spinning and knitting. She shall also be instructed to read and write, and at the expiration of her term of service he shall give the said Suzanne a new Bible."

Poor folk of many types were sent over at the Company's expense. This did not always work out to the advantage of the colony, since they could not be sent back except for very serious offense, and many of them after they landed here were no more anxious to work than they had been at home. "We hope and do not doubt," wrote Governor Stuyvesant to the Directors, "that when you send over some farmers and later some lads of 15 or 16 years at a monthly pay of 4 or 5 florin, you will inquire as much as possible for industrious persons used to work, and not take up and engage any whomever chance may throw in your way . . . this has been the case with the people sent to the colony of New Amstel and with most of the children from the Orphan Asylum, accustomed and more inclined to carry a beggar's gripsack than to labor."

As the population increased the governor's vexations multiplied; between the dissatisfaction of those around him and the difficulty of making things clear to the Company in Holland he had a hard time. Every point of administration must be referred to the Company. It

took seven or eight weeks for a ship to make the voyage, and after a weary wait the answer that came back often must have seemed like no answer at all.

More and more the English were pressing their claims to Long Island and difficulties about boundaries were endless. The governor repeatedly told the Company this and begged for protection. On their side the Company complained of Stuyvesant's administration. Finally, in 1650, the boundary question at least was settled. A joint meeting was held in Hartford, Connecticut, and a boundary line was fixed from the westernmost part of Oyster Bay south in a direct line to the sea; west of this was declared Dutch territory and east of it English.

Another source of annoyance was the difficulty of getting supplies. Remember in those early days people must send to Holland for all such things as farming implements, building materials, and ammunition, and possess their souls with patience until months later they arrived aboard the *Pynapple* or the *Beer* or the *Beaver* or the *Guilden Otter*. In colonial documents are many requests for such things and for stationery, ink powder, paints, etc.

About this time the country was infested with bands of robbers and pirates; of course the governor vowed they had been banished from New England, and that was why they were roaming about Long Island.

Now robbers and pirates may sound romantic and exciting to read about but they are not so pleasant to have in your midst, especially when you have little or no means of protection. So Brooklyn, Flatbush, Flatlands, and other villages united in forming a military company to protect themselves and established a patrol

in each village. A few soldiers were sent over from Holland at Governor Stuyvesant's urgent request, but when he wrote for frigates to guard the coves and harbors the Directors replied by advising him to build forts instead. This led to much long and heated correspondence but no frigates or forts.

The Dutch West India Company was well aware of the danger of pirates, nevertheless they thought the colonies might well be a little more concerned about another type of robber that was in their midst just then.

The sheltered coves and bays along the north shore as well as those at the east made fine roosts for smugglers. Under cover of the night they slipped in and out, and Long Islanders bought the goods they carried and thus escaped paying duty to Holland. It was cheating, of course, but they had long protested against the unnecessarily high duties they were obliged to pay. It seemed unfair to them, with commerce increasing, not to be able to trade with anyone except by permission of Holland. If Holland would not compromise then they would "wink" at the smugglers.

Apparently Peter Stuyvesant himself was not above taking advantage of them if we may judge by a comment sent to him by the States General: "We have learned that a frigate from Medenblick has arrived there [New Amsterdam], a ship *Hercules*, Cornelis Classen Snoo, skipper, and have been properly astonished that you should have entered into negotiations with such cheats and smugglers."

So dissension of one kind and another grew. Finally, in 1653, a delegation from various settlements on Long Island and Manhattan gathered together and composed

a remonstrance which they sent to the governor. It asked for more liberty and a representative government.

"We settled here," the remonstrance read, "on a mutual agreement and contract with the lord patroons, with the consent of the natives who were the first proprietors of these lands; of whom we purchased the soil at our own expense and transformed a wilderness, with infinite labor, into a few villages and many cultivated farms; encouraged by the privileges which we obtained, and whose preservation is dear to us."

Then they briefly stated their griefs under six heads: "As we exert ourselves to reduce all our griefs to six points in hope that they will be redressed agreeable to the privileges of our country, when all discontent shall cease, a mutual harmony be restored and anxiety relieved."

To this Governor Stuyvesant and his council made no reply whatever. They disapproved of the whole meeting of course and blamed some of the English among them for stirring things up, particularly George Baxter of Gravesend who had been one of the framers and signers of the petition.

Gravesend, they suspected, would be ready to lead in any hostile movement if matters came to a crisis. Its people were entirely English in their sympathies and were probably in secret communication with Boston. This independent colony at Gravesend for a wonder thus far had escaped the governor's disapproval. In fact, Peter Stuyvesant and Lady Moody were very good friends. Perhaps he recognized he had met his match in this fearless lady of rank who could dictate within her own domain and express her opinion as freely as he

liked to himself. In 1654, however, he took decided exceptions to the appointment of George Baxter and Sergeant Hubbard as magistrates.

George Baxter was one of the original settlers of Gravesend, and you may remember I told you he was Kieft's "secretary to write his letters." He continued in that office under Governor Stuyvesant for a short time only; he was far too outspoken in his opinions to suit the governor, although apparently Stuyvesant had confidence enough in Baxter to send him to Hartford in 1650 when boundary lines were to be fixed.

Now he declared Baxter had "treasonable designs against Dutch authority" and was the ringleader of the English sympathizers. Regarding the selection of magistrates in general the governor objected strongly to their being chosen by the people, "because each would vote for his own stamp, the thief for the thief, the rogue, the tippler, the smuggler, each for a brother in iniquity that he might enjoy greater latitude for his own offenses"; and he added further: "We derive our authority from God and the Company, not from a few ignorant subjects . . . and we alone can call the people together."

Gravesend declared they had always chosen their own men to manage their town and they were going to continue to do so. "There was no Dutchman among the nominees and no Dutchman should have anything to do with the government of Gravesend." The governor evidently thought he had all the trouble he needed without stirring up more, so he hastened to Gravesend and conferred with Lady Moody. When he left he had intrusted her with the selection of her magistrates from that time on.

When the people realized the governor was going to ignore their written protest they were very angry. On December 13, 1653, they sent a second remonstrance, in no gentle language this time. They told the governor and council that if they could not obtain redress or protection from them they would do as they had done in Kieft's time and appeal directly to Holland.

Peter Stuyvesant's answer to this was characteristic. He told them "to disperse and not to assemble again on any such a business," and no doubt he stamped his wooden leg as he said it.

By this time the Dutch were discouraged as well as indignant at the way their government treated them and welcomed the "flying rumors" that English ships were lying in Portsmouth harbor only waiting the wind to sail over and take New Netherlands. Down on the east end the towns had already put themselves under Connecticut's protection and those at the west determined to join them at once. The English towns held a meeting at Hempstead, and when the governor of Connecticut heard it he appointed two commissioners "to go to Long Island and settle the government on the west end of the island." Later another meeting was held at Jamaica.

So many attended and so strong was the English sentiment growing that even Stuyvesant made no attempt to break up these gatherings. Before the results of either meeting could be put into action, however, the English fleet had dropped anchor in the harbor of New Amsterdam.

One ship, the *Guerney*, arrived several days ahead of the others. Governor Stuyvesant promptly sent out a let-

ter by one of his council to Colonel Nicolls, commander of the frigates, asking politely but firmly what he meant by entering the harbor and dropping anchor without notice. Colonel Nicolls answered with the following:

To the Honorable Governor and Chief Council at the Manhattans.
RIGHT WORTHY SIRS,

I received a letter by some worthy person intrusted by you bearing the date of the 19th. of August desiring to know the intent of the approach of the English frigates; in return of which I think it fit to let you know that His Majesty of Great Britain, whose right and title to these parts of America is unquestionable . . . hath commanded me in his name to require a surrender of all such forts, towns, or places of strength which are now possessed by the Dutch under your command; and in His Majesty's name I do demand the town, situate on the island commonly known by the name of Manhattan. . . . I am further commanded to assure you and the inhabitants of the Dutch nation that His Majesty being tender of the effusion of Christian blood, doth by these present confirm and secure to every man his estate, life and liberty who shall readily submit to his government. And all those who shall oppose His Majesty's gracious intention must expect all the miseries of war, which they shall bring upon themselves.

Worthy Sirs
Your Humble Servant
RICHARD NICOLLS

Dated on board His Majesty's
Ship the *Guerney*, riding before
Nayack, the 20th. of August, 1664.

A letter was also received from Governor Winthrop of Connecticut strongly advising the surrender of New Netherlands. This was evidently one too many for Governor Stuyvesant, and when the councillors insisted on hearing the contents of the last letter he flew into a

rage and tore it to bits, vowing that even though they were totally unprepared he was not going to surrender the colony without some show of resistance.

To Colonel Nicolls he sent an indignant reply denying the King's rights and ending: "as touching the threats in your conclusion we have nothing to answer, only that we fear nothing but what God (who is as just as merciful) shall lay upon us, all things being in His gracious disposal; *and we may as well be preserved by Him with a small force as by a great army.*"

Meanwhile down on Long Island a proclamation was scattered right and left urging people to submit and promising them the King's protection and many other privileges. They needed little encouragement. It all sounded very fine, but those who surrendered so eagerly later discovered they had just as few rights under the English as under the Dutch.

When Colonel Nicolls discovered Peter Stuyvesant was not made of the stuff that gives up easily, he sent recruiting officers down the Island as far as Jamaica and Hempstead to stir up volunteers to fight for the English cause, and immediate preparation was made on board the frigates to attack New Amsterdam.

Finally the governor reluctantly listened to the advice of his councillors and sent a delegation to Colonel Nicolls to ask if some compromise might be arranged, but the colonel by this time knew how half-hearted most of the Dutch were and said it was surrender or nothing.

At eight o'clock in the morning of the 27th of August, 1664, delegates from both sides met at the governor's farm (or bowery) where articles of capitulation were

agreed to and signed. These articles were twenty-three in number and were so framed as to protect the inhabitants in their rights, civil and religious, as citizens of the new government; to remove or remain at their pleasure and to carry on trade or commerce as British subjects; the port to be open to Dutch vessels for six months; public writings and documents to be carefully preserved. All persons in office to remain there until the time of a new election; previous differences and contracts to be determined according to the manner of the Dutch.

The officers, military, and soldiers to march out with their arms, drums beating, colors flying; and those disposed to continue in the country to have fifty acres of land set out for each of them.

Generous enough terms . . . they were promptly agreed to and signed by the delegates, but after they were sent to Governor Stuyvesant for ratification it took the proud old soldier two days before he could bring himself to put his name to them. Bitter days they must have been.

It was still unbelievable to Stuyvesant that the English could sail in and take his country in such a high-handed manner. Surely help must arrive from the Fatherland if he could only postpone an immediate surrender. So in despair, while arrangements were being made, he dispatched the following letter to Holland:

HONORABLE, WISE, PRUDENT AND VERY DISCREET GENTLEMEN:

Whereas the bearer of this, Simon Cornelis Gilde, informs us he intends to pass in silence this night through Hellgate to escape

the approaching force and attack of the English frigates, which arrived five or six days past, so are these lines only intended to inform your Honors of the perilous and very alarming situation to which we are actually brought. Your Honors may see, by the annexed documents that Long Island is gone and lost. This capital last Saturday and again this day summoned to surrender, and want of soldiers, ammunition, and victuals join to all this the pusillanimity of the citizens, entirely without any hope of aid or relief; and in fear if they make any resistence and were conquered by the threatening English (who are daily re enforced from New England) to lose their property, their lives, wives and children. . . .

Having last Friday provided the citizens . . . with some powder and balls, the guns of the city and the fort, and our breast works cleaned and laden, there remained yet about 1300 lbs. partly new partly old damaged powder. It cannot be for your Honors a difficult task to calculate how far this may reach, and what at last and ere long the event must be, namely, the total ruin and loss of this so fruitful country. If their High and Mightinesses and your Honors take the least interest in relieving such a large number of innocent individuals then Right Honorable Gentlemen it ought to be undertaken without delay.

Perhaps Simon Cornelis Gilde was never able to slip through Hellgate that night, or if he did reach Holland it must have been too late, for no help came and New Netherlands surrendered.

Governor Stuyvesant was permitted to keep his land on Manhattan Island. To this day there are Stuyvesants in New York City. He must have loved his farm where the Bowery is now, for although he made a visit to Holland he returned to his lost province and lived there the last eight years of his life.

Where St. Marks Church now stands at Second Avenue and Tenth Street he built a chapel, and when he died he was laid to rest in the vault. Set in the wall of

St. Marks Church you can see his gravestone today and read: "In this vault lies buried Petrus Stuyvesant late Captaine Generall and Commander in Chiefs of Amsterdam in New Netherlands (now New York)."

CHAPTER 4

Part One

EARLY COLONIAL GOVERNORS AND COLONIAL LIFE, 1664–1683

"The rafters are rough with the marks of the ax
And the shingles curl with age,
And on hooks here and there, great bunches hang
Of catnip, and thyme and sage.

"There are bags of flax, there are candle moulds,
A reel and a hetchling bench,
And beds that are corded across with ropes
Screwed up with a queer old wrench."
Mary Fanny Youngs.

NEW NETHERLANDS was now English territory and the town of New Amsterdam promptly had its name changed to New York, in honor of the English Duke, its patron. Colonel Richard Nicolls was the first colonial governor, and a mayor, aldermen, and sheriff were appointed to take the places of the Dutch burgomaster, shepen, and schout.

For the first time all the Long Island settlements were under one head and Connecticut gave up her claim to the eastern towns, which did not suit them. The laws and institutions of Connecticut were far more to their liking than those of a royal province like New York,

and for years, whenever dissatisfied, they threatened to join her anyway.

Of course, if the settlements were to come under one head their laws must be alike, so Governor Nicolls sent a letter down the Island in February, 1665, asking the principal towns to send two delegates each to a meeting to be held in Hempstead the end of the month. When the convention gathered in the meeting-house inside the stockade, there were delegates from these sixteen towns:

New Utrecht	Hempstead
Gravesend	Oyster Bay
Flatlands	Huntington
Flatbush	Brookhaven
Bushwick	Southold
Breukelen	Southampton
Newtown	East Hampton
Flushing	Jamaica

A code of laws was presented to the delegates, called the Duke's Laws.

After hearing the code read the delegates expressed themselves as well satisfied with the "liberal views and intentions of His Royal Highness the Duke of York and His Majesty the King toward their new subjects." Indeed they went further and drew up an address to be sent to Their Majesties expressing their gratitude and loyalty.

They "most humbly and thankfully acknowledged to His Royal Highness the great love and satisfaction they received in their dependence," and went on to say, "We do publicly and unanimously declare our cheerful submission to all such laws . . . which are or shall be made by virtue of authority from your Royal Highness,

your heirs and successors forever: As also, that we shall maintain, uphold, and defend, to the utmost of our power, and peril to us, our heirs and successors forever, all rights, title, and interest, granted to your Royal Highness, against all pretensions or invasions, foreign and domestic; we being already well assured that in so doing we perform our duty of allegiance to His Majesty, as freeborn subjects of the Kingdom of England, inhabiting in these His Majesty's dominions. . . .

"Lastly we beseech your Royal Highness to take our poverties and necessities, in this wilderness country into speedie consideration; that, by constant supplies of trade, and your Royal Highness' more particular countenance of grace to us, . . . we may daily more and more be encouraged to bestow our labors to the improvement of His Majesty's western dominions, under your Royal Highness; for whose health, long life, and eternal happiness we shall ever pray as in duty bound."

Can't you imagine how the people at home waited for their representatives to return from Hempstead and tell them about the meeting?

Back they came, each bearing a copy of the Duke's Laws, and after hearing them read the townsfolk did not hesitate to say what they thought of them.

This new code introduced many things, but not one word was said about the subject nearest their hearts—representative government, which included a general assembly. Where was the promise made to them before the surrender of the colony that they should "enjoy all the privileges as His Majesty's other subjects in America enjoyed," the most important of which was a share in making the laws by which they were governed? Why

were the delegates so satisfied when such a vital question had been ignored by those that framed the Duke's Laws? This is a hard thing for us to understand, too.

As for the letter written by the delegates to the Duke of York and the King—they had taken a good deal on themselves indeed when they promised so much. And in such meek language, too!

In fact, the more they thought of it, the madder many of them grew; the delegates' ears must have burned for many months afterward until Governor Nicolls announced "that whosoever thereafter should in any way detract or speak against the deputies signing the Address to His Royal Highness . . . should be bound over to the court to answer for slander."

The delegates brought back other news. Long Island, Staten Island (and probably Westchester) were to be known as Yorkshire, and Yorkshire was to be divided. The towns in Suffolk County were to be the East Riding, Kings County the West Riding, and the remainder of the Island the North Riding.

They were all English now so the Dutch towns must change their names. For instance, Midwout would be Flatbush; Amersfoort, Jamaica; Breukelen became Brooklyn (although it was not generally so called until after the Revolution); and Vlissengen, Flushing.

Later the name Long Island was legally changed to Nassau. It remains so to this day, but, being unpopular, the name has never been generally used. Most of the place names on Long Island are Indian, Dutch, or English. Some just grew like Oyster Bay, Cold Spring Harbor, Water Mill, Baiting Hollow, Wading River,

Miller's Place, Old Mans or Three Mile Harbor. Occasionally a place has had its name changed for the better; Malvern was once Skunk's Misery, Center Island was Hog Island, Manorville was Punk's Hole, and Glen Cove was Musketo Cove. The necks in many cases were used as pasture grounds, hence the name Cow Neck, Horse Neck, etc.

Except for the lack of provision for a general assembly the Duke's Laws on the whole proved as satisfactory as any one code could hope to be, and with occasional additions it was used for the next eighteen years.

Richard Nicolls was a good governor and a generous-spirited one. Among other things he instituted a system of courts, and when he came to leave after a term of three years the people were sorry to have him go. He must have been a sportsman, because the first time he saw the Little Plains near Hempstead he decided it would make a fine race course. He called the place Salisbury Plain and the track was the New Market Race Course. Every spring for many years after they ran horses there and a silver cup was the prize. Here is a description of the race course written by Daniel Denton in 1670: "Toward the middle of Long Island lyeth a plain 16 miles long and 4 broad, where you will find neither stick nor stone to hinder the horses heels, or endanger them in their races, and once a year the best horses in the island are brought hither to try their swiftness and the swiftest is rewarded with a silver cup, two being annually procured for that purpose."

Had you realized that horse racing on Long Island

was such an old story? When you think of the crowds that come down to-day for races at Belmont Park and Aqueduct you will be amused at a notice that appeared in the New York *Gazette* for June 4, 1750: "A great Horse Race was run off at Hempstead Plains for a considerable wager which engaged the attention of so many in the city that upward of seventy chairs and chaises were carried over the ferry from thence, and a far greater number of horses."

Francis Lovelace took Governor Nicolls's place. He seems to have been a most undecided person, mainly interested in raising the taxes, which in turn raised the ill will of the people.

They were already taxed to support their town and paid duty on all goods imported and exported. That was fair enough, but when it came to increasing taxes with no guarantee that the money would go where it was intended, they reminded the governor that "taxation without representation" was against their principles as free British subjects.

In 1672 France and England were at war with Holland. Without a doubt the Dutch would seize the opportunity to try to recapture New Netherlands that had been so unceremoniously snatched from them. To be prepared, therefore, a contribution was demanded from the towns on Long Island and elsewhere in New York to repair Fort James in New York Harbor.

Southampton and East Hampton and Southold said they would contribute "if they might have the privileges that other of His Majesty's subjects in these parts have and do enjoy," and by that of course they meant a representative assembly such as New England had. The

towns of Huntington, Flushing, Jamaica, and Hempstead all refused because they lacked assembly.

When Governor Lovelace received their several communications he was so wroth he ordered the papers publicly burned in the street before the town house in New York.

Just as had been expected the Dutch were only waiting to "take back their own" and, highly elated, on July 28, 1672, they sailed into New York Bay with twelve men-of-war and formed a line of battle off the Battery. What a pity Peter Stuyvesant could not have lived to see them!

Fort James had only forty-six small cannon and a garrison of one company of regular soldiers, so the English were ill prepared. They held out for four hours, until every bit of ammunition was exhausted, and then the Dutch marched in—and New York was Dutch territory once more for fourteen months and eighteen days.

The Dutch might claim they owned Long Island once more, but those independent east-end towns would have none of them. In pious little Southold "every man from sixteen to sixty was ordered to have a good serviceable gun and to know how to use it." They took the guns to church and stacked them in the lobby lest they have a surprise attack, and when a company of Dutch soldiers did come down to put them in order they promptly drove them out and they did not come back.

At the end of fourteen months and eighteen days, France and England and Holland decided to make peace and Holland gave back all New Netherlands to the English.

If I told you the names of all the thirty-five Colonial Governors you would not remember them; few of them did many things worth remembering. Some secured their appointment through favor at the English court, others came to mend broken careers or broken fortunes, or came just because they were sent. Few seem to have been chosen for their ability to govern or came with any sympathetic understanding of their responsibilities.

As in the old Dutch days the governor had unlimited power so the colonists had their ups and downs. But they had their good times, too, and probably spent no more time worrying over politics than we do to-day. The settlements were growing, there were many more towns now than the sixteen represented at the Hempstead meeting in 1665, and Long Island must have been a nice place to live in those years preceding the Revolution.

At the western end of the Island Dutch and English families mingled as they had never done before. Each brought their old home ways and customs with them and adapted them to the new country. The Dutch particularly never lost their national habit of knowing how to have a good time. The English, many of whom were Puritans and Quakers, were more severe and quiet in their tastes, but they were all good for one another and seem to have been neighborly.

Evidently the English liked the way the Dutch built their houses. They saw they were comfortable and good-looking and well adapted to the country, so in Queens County they built their own like them in many ways.

The struggling pioneer days were past, and men and

women had more time to make their homes comfortable and attractive. Flowers were planted about the house, and fruit trees set out, as well as the usual crop of oats and wheat, corn, potatoes, pumpkins, etc. Mothers had learned to make all kinds of new dishes out of pumpkins and Indian corn. Samp, for instance, was a favorite dish —made in autumn by crushing Indian corn in a samp mortar.

Some of the captains of vessels well acquainted with the harbors used to say in joke "that they could tell when they were coming upon the Long Island coast in the autumn fog, by hearing the sound of the samp mortars when the breeze blew offshore."

They certainly did not lack a variety of food. One funny old verse says:

> If fresh meat be wanting to fill up our dish,
> We have carrots, and pumpkins, and turnips, and sich,
> And if there is mind for a delicate dish,
> We haste to the clam-banks and there we catch fish.

The English brought over the first quinces and the Dutch several sorts of currants and gooseberries. The French Huguenot settlers imported the Lady Apple and Belle Pear and many seeds and cuttings for fruit trees. You know how many big nurseries there are on Long Island to-day. The first one was established in Flushing by a French Huguenot, Robert Prince, in 1730, and for a hundred years and more was the leading one in America.

"Everyone in town and country had a garden" and many a housewife brought over slips and seeds from flower beds "at home," to try the luck of some of their

best-loved posies in the new ground: roses red and white, "gillyflowers, fine tulips, white lilies, marigolds and summer sot."[1]

No plot was so small it did not include herbs "for stuffings and stewings, for making sweet scents and for medicine." Every housekeeper was expected to be able to treat colds and lesser maladies with "simples," as they called herbs. So, besides marigolds for the stew pot, there was feverfew to cool "agues that burn," comfrey to heal rasped throats, lavender to lay among the linens, and winter savory, thyme, pennyroyal, rue, rosemary, fennel, and many more.

When Grissel Sylvester came to Shelter Island in 1652 in the good ship *Golden Parrot* she brought with her the "first box plants to make, in what was then a far-away island, a semblance of her garden at home." Some of them are still growing to-day, great, stately, beautiful, dark trees in the Manor garden.[2]

Small wonder Long Island has always been a land of gardens when it was settled by such flower-loving people as the Dutch and English and French.

A Dutch house was long and low, seldom more than a story and a half high, with a steep sloping roof that covered the front porch. Only they did not call it a porch but a "stoep," and the stoep was the gathering place for all the family and their friends in the evening. The women knitted or spun, and the men discussed the last town meeting or politics in general or just *sat* silently over their long pipes and pots of home-brewed

[1] Alice Morse Earle, *Old Time Gardens*. Macmillan.

[2] A charming description of the manor house is to be found in Harold Donaldson Eberlein's *Manor Houses and Historic Homes of Long Island and Staten Island*. Lippincott.

beer. The children played hop-scotch or chuck farthing or spun their Amsterdam tops as long as the twilight lasted, and then they were bundled upstairs to bed.

Inside the house the kitchen must have been the most attractive room of all. It certainly was the most popular one in winter because it was the only one that was warm.

The floor was covered with "white sea sand shaped into curious patterns with the broom." Bright tin pans and pewter hung against the wall and there was always a "dresser in the corner holding a shining array of blue or brown dishes, plates, bowls, and platters." Many of these were doubly precious because they had been brought from the old home, and if any were broken you may be sure they were carefully mended because they must be kept and passed on to the children.

Margharita Van Varick, who lived on Long Island, made her will in 1695 and left: "Three East India cups, three East India dishes, three Cheenie pots, one Cheenie pot bound in silver, two glassen cases with thirty-nine pieces of china ware, and eleven India babyes." What do you suppose "India babyes" were?

Pots of flowers stood in the sunny window, roses, geraniums or stock, gillies perhaps, and beside the window a low, straight-backed chair with a gay feather pillow in the seat. This belonged to the mother of the family. Her bag of patchwork or knitting usually hung over the back, for you never saw a Dutch woman young or old sit idle. She dreamed her dreams while her eyes rested on the roses in the window or wandered away to the green fields outside, but her busy fingers never stopped. Often at the same time her foot rocked the

baby's wooden cradle and she sang the lullaby Dutch babies have gone to sleep by for generations:

"Trip a trop a tronjes
De varken in de bronjes,
De conjes in de claver,
De pardens in de harver,
De enjes in de vater plass,
So gute mein klina Joris vass."

The kitchen fireplace was so big it sometimes took up one side of the room. It needed to be big; all the cooking was done in it, and it was all the heat in the house (the fireplace in the "best room" didn't count, that was only lighted on state occasions). Only when the "best room" was being cleaned did the children have a chance to look at the pictures on the tiles around the fireplace, but the pictures on the kitchen tiles they knew by heart. They were almost always Bible pictures: Noah and the Ark, Jonah being swallowed by a strange-looking whale, unlike any they had ever seen hauled on the beach, Jacob and Esau, Moses in the bulrushes, and young David with his harp. Looking at these tiles was the one way of learning Bible stories in a day when books were scarce.

You can see some of these very tiles to-day in the American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. They are around the fireplace in a room taken out of Capt. John Hewlitt's house in Woodbury, Long Island.

Clocks and watches were scarce. Some had hour-glasses, but for the most part the sun was their timepiece, and in those days things happened at "break of day," at "midnight," or "sundown," or "candlelight."

The Dutch seem to have had a perfect genius for getting fun out of work. If there was an extra heavy job to be done it was turned into a "bee" and all the neighbors came in to help. They had quilting bees, apple bees, husking bees, and any other kind they wanted to declare, but they all ended up with a hearty feast and a good dance.

If you want to peep in on a typical Dutch party, all you have to do is to read how Ichabod Crane went to the Van Tassels' quilting frolic in Washington Irving's *Legend of Sleepy Hollow.* I warn you your mouth will water as the schoolmaster's did at the sight of the tea table.

"Such heaped up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds known only to the experienced Dutch housewives. There was the doughty doughnut, the tender oilykoek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and the whole family of cakes, and then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; moreover, delectable dishes of preserved plums and peaches and pears and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens together with bowls of cream and milk,—all mingled higgledy piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them with the motherly teapot sending up its cloud of vapor from the midst."[1]

No chance for a celebration was allowed to slip. Weddings, of course, were most festive occasions, and strange to say funerals seem to have been, too. The finest wine was always kept for the Dutch family funerals.

[1]Washington Irving, *Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*

Then there was Christmas Day and New Year's, and Easter and Whitsuntide, Valentine's Day, and St. Nicholas Eve. The English Puritans frowned on Santa Claus, but the Dutch welcomed him. Was not St. Nicholas the patron saint of old Netherlands? So Long Island Dutch children on St. Nicholas Eve sang:

"Sanctus Klaas, goedt heyligh man
(St. Nicholas, good holy man)"

and snuggled down between featherbeds to dream of stockings full of goodies, while the grown folks ate "Olycooks, pretzies, kiskatomas nuts and spitzenburgs with hot spiced Santa Cruz and good strong Christmas beer and cider."

When Easter came around both the English and Dutch children colored eggs and gave them to one another.

There is a quaint old story of an English Hallowe'en housewarming in the first frame house built in Southold. "A big baked pumpkin stood at each end of the table, with the top and stem carefully replaced after the middle was scraped out and filled with tiny pieces of chopped beef, there was a generous pot roast on a large platter in the middle of the table as well as brown pots of baked beans, sweet cakes made from molasses brought from the 'West Injies' and bread of rye and Indian meal."

The children bob for apples and roast chestnuts on a shovel and their elders gather round the fire. "The beach wood snaps and crackles merrily, fire goblins flicker in the chimney, witches dance in the fire castles, while the

hearts of youths and maidens leap high with the blazing flame, as they watch the phantoms reeling and drifting in the smoke up the chimney this Hallowe'en night."

Two Labadist travelers, missionaries, visited the farm of Simon de Hart near Gowanus Cove in Brooklyn in 1679 and wrote a letter home which gives you a picture of hospitality in those days.

"He was very glad to see us," goes part of the letter, "and so was his wife. He took us into the house and entertained us exceedingly well. We found a good fire, halfway up the chimney of clear oak and hickory, of which they made not the least scruple of burning profusely. We let it penetrate us thoroughly. There had already been thrown upon it, to be roasted, a pailfull of Gowanus oysters which are the best in the country. . . .

"We had for supper a roasted haunch of venison which he had bought from the Indians for three guilders and a half of wampum [fifteen cents in our money] and which weighed thirty pounds. We were also served with wild turkey, fat and of good flavor, and a wild goose, but that was rather dry. Everything we had was the natural production of the country. We saw here, lying in a heap, a whole hill of watermelons, which were as large as pumpkins, and which Simon was going to take to the city to sell."

The houses on eastern Long Island were homelike and comfortable, but they lacked many luxuries of the Breukelen Colony or Hempstead or Flushing or any

of the other west-end towns nearer the port of New York and the growing city.

Unlike the Dutch houses they were built without a porch, and they faced toward the south to catch the sun, no matter how the road ran. Usually they were two storied in front, with a slanting roof at the rear, which sometimes came down to less than one story. Windows were neither many nor large, for glass was very expensive, and the three-foot cedar shingles went without paint. The houses were plain and simple as the people living in them but so honestly built that some of them are standing to-day, and two hundred years and more of winter storm and summer heat have only weathered the shingles to a beautiful silver gray.

A typical one still stands on the shady old main street of East Hampton. John Howard Payne loved it so well that he wrote a song about it called "Home, Sweet Home."

"Fenced in from the corners of the house with white palings" was the garden full of flowers the English loved, "old-time gillyflowers, jonquils, always these—and heartsease perhaps; or bell-flowers, poppies, hollyhocks, fair Maids-of-Kent, and love-lies-bleeding. Lily of the valley was there no doubt . . . and violets, foxgloves . . . daffodils and yellow larkspur, and the sweet, sweet old eglantine, trailing against its rack beside the prim little front door-step."[1]

Inside the rooms had high wainscoting and wooden paneling. Blue was the favorite color to paint the wainscot and "On the center panel above the fire-place was a

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[1]Grace Tabor, *Old-fashioned Gardening*. McBride.

hook on which was hung the watch and keys of the head of the house when he was home. Above these was suspended on a rough wooden bracket the old long English fowling piece. No western hunter ever loved his rifle more dearly than some of our settlers and their descendents loved their old duck guns."

Pewter was more universally used than china. There was no such thing as silver plate. Solid silver, of course, was to be treasured. Capt. Elias Pelletreu of Southampton was a silversmith who fashioned porringers and tankards, shoebuckles, teaspoons, or coat buttons for the fortunate who could afford them.

For the less prosperous folk and those living in remote parts of the Island gay times were very few, and life was hard and often grim. What Judge Hedges writes of East Hampton in the days before the Revolution was true of many another place. He says, "From his head to his feet the farmer stood in clothes of his own and his wife's make. The leather of his shoes came from the hides of his own cattle; the linen and woolen were from the produce he raised. The wives and daughters braided and sewed the straw hats on their heads. The fur cap was made from the fox or chipmunk or squirrel he had shot, and the feathers that filled the beds and pillows were plucked from his own geese. The pillow cases, sheets, and blankets, the quilts and the towels and the tablecloths were all home made. The harness and the lines the farmer cut from hides grown on his own farm. Everything about his ox yoke, except staple and ring, he made. His whip, his oxgoad, his flail, axe, hoe, and fork handles were his own work."

Homemade tallow and bayberry candles and whale-

oil lamps were used for light. Candle making was an important part of every housekeeper's work.

> Wife make thine own candle
> Spare penny to handle

and

> Provide for thy tallow ere frost cometh in,
> And make thine own candles ere winter begin

were familiar sayings.

"Farmers kept their hives of bees as much for the wax as for the honey, which was in demand for sweetening when the 'loaves' of sugar were high priced. . . . Deer suet, moose fat, bear's grease all were saved and carefully tried into tallow candles."[1]

Along the south-side beaches bayberry bushes grew a-plenty, and it was a regular autumn job for boys and girls to pick the berries that made such pretty green, sweet-smelling candles. The stunted little bushes with their dusty gray fruit were valued and protected. Brookhaven town meeting in 1687 "forbid the gathering of berries before September 15 under penalty of 15 shillings fine."

Men went about from farm to farm helping to make tools and implements. In one old diary we read: "Noah Knott is here to make a cart." "Whippoo is here making a new bee house." "Thomas Fleet has come to make a plow." "Israel came here to cut stakes, he has cut his leg." Evidently Israel was careless.

Daniel Fairfield was one such Jack-of-all trades who roamed the east end. He was a character to boot "who with a sober countenance bore a leering eye under his

[1]Alice Morse Earle, *Home Life in Colonial Days*. Macmillan.

slouched broad brimmed beaver; and dressed in russet grey jerkins with shorts and galligaskins tied with leather thongs over his broad toed shoes, was the Merry Andrew of the village. He was a stranger but his usefulness as a laborer at all work gained him liberty of domicile, and as he could sing a good song and tell a good story, he was always welcome around the fire at night especially to the youngsters." They listened to him sing the "sad song of Cruel Barbara Allan and the bloody tale of Robin Hood" until their hair stood on end and they were fairly afraid to go to bed.

Don't you think it remarkable that with all men and women had to do in those days some of them still had time to keep diaries? Long written records of their daily doings. There are dozens of them to be found.

Molly Cooper kept one in the years just before the Revolution. She was the wife of Joseph Cooper and lived in a farmhouse on the tip end of Cove Neck, the point of land that forms the eastern boundary of Oyster Bay harbor and stretches out toward Long Island Sound.

Molly's life was typical of so many women of her day that I am going to quote some of the things she wrote in her diary. Evidently there were slaves, "our people" she calls them, who helped with the outdoor work, but Molly did a large share. "I am up all this night," she writes in March, "watching two lambs." The bees were her special care and seem to have had a habit of swarming on Sunday, which was mean because it kept her from going to Meeting, and Meeting was almost her only pleasure. No wonder she writes bitterly one June Sabbath: "Two swarms of bees hindered me from going to Meeting, I got them in one hive"; and again on a

Sunday: "I am forced to climb the cherry tree and fetch the bees down in my apron!" Molly Cooper was a real heroine.

"In strawberry and cherry time, cousins, friends, and even strangers came from far and wide to enjoy the fruit." Too many, evidently, for once after writing the names of a dozen people who had come for cherries she exclaims, "I am quite tired of them, and wish the cherries were done." And I need not tell you what she meant when she wrote: "Simon Cooper and Tom have gone this night to watch in the watermelon patch."

Each season brought its special work: "salting beef, making wine, trying fat, boiling soap," and once after a great pig-killing there were three nights "from sun to sun" when she was making sausage, boiling sauce, trying tallow, and making candles.

In between times she spun wool and dyed it with indigo, a lovely old blue, to make blankets. Evidently she sent them away to be woven because she says, "Ephraim has gone to Huntington to carry my coverlets to the weaver."

One traveled a-horseback in those days, the women riding behind the men on a sort of cushioned seat called a pillion, strapped to the horse's back, or went by lumbering farm wagons bumping and rocking over the sandy ways. When sleighing was "glib" in winter it was fun to slip along with never a hill to bother—but when the wind howled and blew over the dunes or across the plains, and the snow drifted high, going was a heavy matter and no hot brick in the bottom of the sleigh could keep your toes warm!

Later, when the two-wheeled one-horse chaise came

into use on the Island, they were considered a very fashionable turnout indeed.

Molly Cooper owned one. She called it the "chair." The neighbors frequently borrowed it and forgot to return it on time and then Molly went without.

Pleasure jaunts were few and far between in those days. In all the five years covered by Molly Cooper's diary she was only far away from Oyster Bay twice. Once she and her daughter Esther, who by the way was a lively young thing much in demand for "turtle feasts" and "clamming frolics," took a trip to Jamaica to see the horse races. Another time they made a "voyage to New England," which meant crossing over the Sound to Connecticut.

Of the horse races she says: "We came to Jamaica at candlelight. . . . The next day we all set out for the horse races, where we saw a great many people; among them was the Duchess of Gordon and Col. Morris, her consort, in a coach-and-four." The peep at royalty in a "coach-and-four" no doubt was the most thrilling event of the races to Molly Cooper and Esther.

She had time to love her flowers, too, this busy woman, and watched her garden anxiously as the days grew colder. "Some ice this morning," she says, "but no frost on the green herbs."

Winter must have been mighty hard on farms near the water. "A northeast wind and rain," she records more than once. "Esther and Sally durst not sleep up chamber, but they came down and slept by the fire," and another time, "a great storm of wind and hail, with frightful gusts of wind blew away part of the kitchen. We have hardly a dry place in the house."

In spite of this there was always a warm welcome for storm-bound men who might put in at the light on Cove Neck. A welcome and food, although once she says regretfully, "Some boatmen came here for bread, and I have only a very little piece of corn bread to give them."

In the old days there was no law that obliged parents to send children to school. As a matter of fact, few girls did go. Reading and writing was all that was thought necessary for them and they might learn those at home and practise their letters by working them in tiny cross-stitch on a sampler. One old farmer on a local school board said: "In winter it's too far for girls to walk; in summer they ought to stay home and work in the kitchen." Sometimes the boys thought this was unfair themselves.

Nathan Hale when he was an undergraduate at Yale took up the cudgel for the girls in a debate on "Whether the education of daughters be not without any just reason more neglected than that of the sons." He won his point, too, and no doubt the girls liked him better than ever.

The English schoolmasters seem to have been more severe than the Dutch. Dr. Carlius, the first master of the Latin School in New Amsterdam, complained that some of the parents "forbade him punishing their children," and as a result, "these unruly young Dutchmen beat each other and tore clothes from each other's backs."

The contract between the Flatbush church and schoolmaster, dated 1682, says: "He shall demean himself patient and friendly toward the children." One

schoolmaster of that town, however, hit upon a unique form of punishment when the scholars annoyed him by constantly using Dutch words when he was employed to teach them English. "He gave every day to the first scholar who used a Dutch word a little metal token or medal. This scholar could promptly transfer the token to the next child who spoke a Dutch word and so on; thus it went from hand to hand through the day. But the unlucky scholar who had the token in his possession at the close of school received a whipping." In Hempstead "youths were taught to write the usual hand; arithmetic in both kinds with extraction of the roots, as also navigation and merchant accounts after an Italian matter."

"School treat" came once a year at the end of the term. At least it did if the pupils saved up enough money to have one. Young Joseph Lloyd (whose family lived on Lloyd's Neck) in the year 1693 "paid out a shilling and sixpence to Mistris for feast and wine."

You would think you had earned a treat if you had spent your days in one of those old-time schoolrooms, especially in freezing winter time. The seats were hard and uncomfortable, there wasn't even a map or a blackboard and seldom a globe.

"The school houses were small, unpretentious buildings. They were not painted outside or inside, nor were the walls ceiled or plastered. A Dutch wood-stove was used to raise the temperature somewhat above the freezing point. The parents of the pupils carted the wood, the older boys cut it, and the younger ones carried it in. The first pupil to arrive in the morning started the fire with live coals brought from the nearest house.

. . . The girls swept the school-room once a week, and occasionally scrubbed it. On the latter occasions the boys assisted by carrying the water."

Printed books were few and far between and dull-looking things they were. In fact, "the first books from which the children of the colonists learned their letters and to spell was not really a book at all in our sense of the word. It was what was called a hornbook. A thin piece of wood, usually about four or five inches long and two wide, had placed upon it a sheet of paper . . . printed at the top with the alphabet in large and small letters; below were simple syllables such as ab, eb, etc.; then came the Lord's Prayer. This printed page was covered with a thin sheet of yellowish horn, which was not transparent as glass, yet permitted the letters to be read through it; and both the paper and the horn were fastened around the edges to the wood by a narrow strip of metal . . . tacked down by little tacks. It was therefore a book of a single page. . . . At the lower end of the wooden back was usually a little handle . . . pierced with a hole; thus the hornbook could be carried by a string . . . around the neck or hung by the side."[1]

You brought your own ink with you and you were not careless with it either, because you had to make it at home yourself. Pens were made out of goose quills. It was not easy to "mend" a pen, as they called cutting one, so only the big boys were allowed to do that.

As for a lead pencil, it was something very choice. If a boy owned a "Faber pencil with a rubber end" all the other boys envied him and asked to write with it.

[1]Alice Morse Earle, *Child Life in Colonial Days*. Macmillan.

Paper was almost as scarce as pencils, so you dared not waste it, and one must write very small to get as much as possible on a page. The result must be neat, too, for the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses in those days were awfully strict about "penmanship." They were awfully strict as you may have seen about many things, and the dunce cap was liberally passed about.

All of us whose great-grandparents were American born may be sure those great-grandparents and their fathers before them learned to read from the *New England Primer*. There was the alphabet and prayers and lists of words, etc. The alphabet was illustrated by rhymes and tiny woodcuts, funny-looking little pictures.

In the early days of the colony, when they were all loyal to the King, the rhyme for the letter K read:

> King Charles the Good
> No man of blood,

but when the Revolutionary War came the verse was changed to read:

> Kings and Queens
> Are gaudy things.

It was a Quaker, after all, who won for Long Island a general assembly and a voice in her own government. That Quaker was William Penn.

In 1682 the Duke of York once more received a petition from the colony for an assembly. He asked William Penn's advice in the matter. Penn gave it honestly, and the Duke listened respectfully as well he might, for no man ever had a broader, saner view of what self-government meant than William Penn. "They should

be governed by laws of their own making, in order that they may be a free people," was his advice.

So Thomas Dongan was sent over to be governor. He landed on the east end of the Island in 1683, and you may imagine the hearty welcome that was given him when it was learned that he carried royal permission for a general assembly.

"At last, after long and unwearied efforts, on the 17th of October, 1683, sixty years from the time the Island of Manhattan was first occupied by civilized people, and thirty years after the popular demand thereof, the representatives of the people met, and their self-established charter of liberties gave New York a place by the side of Virginia and Massachusetts."

The first colonial legislature was made up of the governor and his council and seventeen members sent by the people. Courts of justice were established and revision made in the Duke's Laws. The three ridings were abolished and the province was divided into counties instead. The Long Island counties were Kings, Queens, and Suffolk. (Nassau County was formed many years later.)

An excellent governor was Thomas Dongan, and a popular one. He had all the charm of a true Irish gentleman, but alas, the colonies were not allowed to enjoy him long.

CHAPTER 4

Part Two

LATER COLONIAL GOVERNORS. SMUGGLERS, PIRATES, AND WAR A-BREWING, 1685–1754

"Why is it that a little spice of deviltry lends not an unpleasantly titillating tang to the great mass of respectable flour that goes to make up the pudding of our modern civilization?"—Howard Pyle: BOOK OF PIRATES.

KING CHARLES II died in 1685, and the Duke of York became James II of England. Once king he promptly forgot all William Penn's good advice regarding the governing of colonies overseas.

He was not interested in assemblies, it is believed he secretly forbade the governor of New York to convene one, and he dissolved the assemblies of New Jersey and Massachusetts, which was a dreadful blow to them. Even a printing press was forbidden.

Governor Dongan was recalled and Edmund Andros appointed in his place to govern New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts together. Andros made Boston his headquarters and left New York in charge of Lieutenant Governor Francis Nicholson, for whom Long Island people seem to have had an especial dislike.

To enforce all this new and unpleasant order of things that stupid James II added insult to injury by sending soldiers, over four thousand foot soldiers, three thousand

horse, and a company of dragoons to put down any commotion that might arise.

Fortunately for everybody, after a few months, James II found being a king too much for him, so he turned over his throne and his troubles to his daughter Mary and her husband William, Prince of Orange, and the colonies once more hoped for better days.

The first thing Boston did was to throw Governor Andros into prison. New York followed suit on May 31, 1689, by seizing Fort James and appointing Captain Jacob Leisler commander until King William should send a new governor. Evidently Lieutenant Governor Nicholson thought discretion the better part of valor, because he immediately "retired aboard a vessel" and sailed away to England.

A Committee of Safety was formed in New York and temporarily put the management of affairs in Jacob Leisler's hands. All might have gone well had not a little authority gone to Leisler's head and made him overstep the bounds and abuse the confidence of the Committee of Safety.

On July 29, 1689, a letter was received from the English minister addressed to Lieutenant Governor Francis Nicholson "or in his absence, to such as, for the time being, was preserving the peace and administering the law in New York and America." The letter went on to say that Nicholson was "to take upon himself the chief command."

Francis Nicholson being absent, Leisler chose to consider the order as addressed to himself and promptly assumed the title and power of Lieutenant Governor without even consulting the Committee.

Now Leisler might be the man to command Fort James in an emergency, but he had neither the education nor the good judgment nor other qualifications to carry the government wisely during so important and critical a time, and many refused to recognize him, which stirred up considerable feeling and trouble.

On March 19, 1691, Henry Sloughter was appointed governor by the Crown. Of course, Leisler recognized him, but he refused to give up the command of the fort to a troop that arrived under the command of Major Ingoldsby. He would resign his power to the new governor when he came but to no other. Two days before Governor Sloughter's arrival, shots were exchanged between the troops. "Treason!" said Leisler's enemies.

So they brought him to trial and condemned him to execution together with his son-in-law and aide, Milbourne. That was far too severe a sentence for what he had done. Governor Sloughter thought so, too. Jacob Leisler was no traitor; he was a hot-headed man with a mistaken idea of loyalty. But public sentiment was against him and Governor Sloughter was tricked into signing his death warrant, a disgraceful thing, and no one regretted it more bitterly than Sloughter himself, who lived but four months to govern the colonies.

Several governors came and went during the reign of William and Mary. Benjamin Fletcher was the one who established "a public fair or market every Thursday at Jamaica for the sale and exchange of cattle, horses, grain, and other articles." He also started the custom of holding annual fairs in the different counties. They were like the Nassau and Suffolk County Fairs to-day, only not so large.

During his time the first printing press was set up in New York City. William and Mary were liberal enough to grant that, and small wonder the people were pleased. For the first time they might have a newspaper of their own, *The New York Gazette*, and say a few things for themselves once a week in print. William Bradford owned the press. He came from Philadelphia, that city of printers, and was government printer for the next sixty years, living part of the time in New York and part in Oyster Bay. Bradford not only printed the *Gazette*, he made paper and "printed all the paper currency authorized by New York."

"It was becoming necessary to have paper money now, since more and more with the passing of the Indians the stock of wampum decreased. Fur traders had literally carried it by the bushel to inland tribes and vast quantities had been made to pay the debts of various Indian wars."

PIRATES AND SMUGGLERS

A variety of things good and bad are said about Benjamin Fletcher as governor. Of one thing you may be sure: he was hand-in-glove with the pirates.

Do you remember back in Peter Stuyvesant's time I told you there were smugglers and pirates up and down the Long Island coast and little was done to stop them?

Both increased with years. No wonder smuggling flourished; it was very wrong, but it was likely to continue until the government overseas made better commercial laws, and the English were no more liberal than the Dutch.

Trade with the West Indies had grown. Large quantities of whale oil, tallow, beef, pork, salt fish, and barrel staves were sent out from here in exchange for Eastern goods and Madeira wine, molasses, rum, sugar, cocoa, and "Spanish gold coins," but England continued to forbid direct trade with Europe or India. All goods from these countries must come through England first. As for Long Island, there might be but one port of entry, New York, where duty was levied on all imports and exports.

Now, while New York harbor might be a good shipping point for those near by, it was inconvenient for those living on the north shore or the east end. Both time and money were lost on so long a haul, so the law was defied, and under cover of the night little boats slipped in and out of Southold or Setauket, Oyster Bay or Musketo Cove (Glen Cove), carrying goods to and from ports in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Incidentally no duty was paid.

Many a house on the north shore was built with its hidden storeroom for smuggled goods and a secret underground passage leading to the water through which the smuggler might be spirited away if the revenue officer appeared unexpectedly.

There used to be a secret staircase in Captain Hewlitt's house in Woodbury (that is the one you are going to see in the American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum). It led from a hidden panel in the rear of the closet to the left of the cupboard, up and over the cupboard to the attic or down into the cellar.

Revenue agents or those who attempted to act as customhouse officers must have had a hard life. They cer-

tainly were unpopular. John Townsend of Oyster Bay was appointed customhouse officer "with a salary of thirty pounds and a third of all seizures," but after a very short time he begged to resign his commission "as most of the townspeople were his relatives and threatened to knock him on the head."

As for pirating—alas, "very respectable people" were reported to be in that, too. Apparently many were unable to draw the line between privateering that was encouraged on the high seas during war time and pirating at large. "Many a skipper who obeyed the law fairly well in Atlantic waters felt free to do as he wished when he cruised through the Red Sea or the Indian Ocean, while at Madagascar there was a regular station to which New York merchants sent ships for the sole purpose of trading with the pirate vessels, who took their ill-gotten gains thither. There were plenty of adventurous young New Yorkers of good blood who were themselves privateersmen, Red Sea men, or slavers; and in a throng of seafaring men of this type the crews or captains of pirate ships passed unchallenged. More than one chief of doubtful antecedents held his head high among the New York people of position on the infrequent occasions when he landed to live at ease, while his black-hulled craft was discharging her cargo or refitting for another voyage."[1]

So by Governor Fletcher's time pirating was reported in England to be "the most beneficial trade that ever was heard of" and it was high time to stop it once and for all.

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[1] "The True Story of Capt. Kidd," as told by George Parson Lathrop in Rufus Rockwell Wilson's *Historic Long Island*. Appendix 13.

Richard Coote, Earl of Bellomont, was chosen to do the job and be governor as well. Soon after taking his place he accused the late Governor Fletcher of all sorts of things. Among others he had protected pirates and openly fitted out their ships in New York and Rhode Island and received large bribes for both. He had received a present of a pirate vessel, which he sold for eighty-eight pounds as well as "rich presents for his lady and daughter" and "the notorious pirate Captain Tew was received and caressed by him."

"More than that, a parcel of pirates were taken in Boston, among whom was Joseph Bradish, a native of Cambridge. They came to the East End of Long Island and sunk their ship of about 400 tons between that and Block Island. Captain Mulford, Lt. Pierson and several other representative citizens confessed that Bradish had left with them 942 pounds, 19 shillings, and 3 pence and a bag of jewels found to be counterfeit."

In fact, Governor Bellomont wrote to England that Long Island was "a receptacle for pirates and the people generally a lawless and unruly set." And as for New York, "the pirates are so cherished by the people that not a man of them is taken up."

To put an end to this King William in England and Governor Bellomont and several others formed a company and fitted out a ship, the *Adventure Galley*, to cruise against pirates, and who should be put in command but the "trusty and well-beloved" Captain William Kidd.

As a boy in Scotland he had followed the sea and had been a fighter in the West Indies. Then he ran a packet ship, the *Antigua*, between London, the West Indies, and

New York. And now he was about to settle down in quiet with his wife in their house on Nassau Street as William Kidd, gentleman, a citizen of excellent reputation, when by a strange flick of fortune he sailed away instead to fight pirates—and became the most famous pirate of them all.

No one knows just what happened to Captain Kidd out there in the Red Sea where he lay in wait for a caravan of merchantmen known as the "Mocca Fleet" or cruised about the island of Madagascar, the reveling ground of pirates. Perhaps that is why so many legends and stories have grown up around his name. Some say he was a rogue to begin with—others say he was not so bad, after all, and a mutinous crew drove him to do the things he did.

Be that as it may, he seems to have had a good time, and a year after he left New York strange tales began to drift back. Captain Kidd, who had gone out to fight pirates, was flying the Black Flag himself!

Now this, as you may imagine, was rather embarrassing to King William and Governor Bellomont and others of the company who had sponsored the expedition. They promptly dissolved the company, washing their hands of any responsibility for Kidd's actions. Furthermore, King William issued a proclamation offering pardon to all pirates who should surrender before July, 1699, except Henry Avery (Blackbeard) and William Kidd. A real pirate round-up!

Meanwhile, the *Adventure Galley* through hard use and scant repair became leaky. Kidd beached her at Madagascar and transferred himself and his crew to the

Quedagh Merchant, which he had previously captured with a rich cargo.

From that time on there is no very satisfactory account of his wanderings and adventures until June of the year 1699, when he appeared suddenly off the Delaware coast and in Long Island Sound on a sloop named *Antonio*. She was mounted with six guns and carried the choicest and most valuable loot he had collected.

Some accounts say he left the *Quedagh Merchant* in a river in Hispaniola "with a cargo of great price." Scores of stories have been written about people who have gone searching for Captain Kidd's treasure, but never from that day to this has it been found.

Certainly by the time he sailed for home he must have known he was an outlaw with a price on his head.

One evening in June, John Gardiner, who was Lord of the Manor of Gardiner's Island, "noticed a mysterious six-gun sloop riding at anchor off the island, but gave no sign. . . . Lord John waited patiently two days and on the second evening rowed out to visit the stranger sloop.

"The celebrated sea rover whom he had never met before treated Lord John, according to his account, very courteously. He said he was going to Lord Bellomont at Boston, and meanwhile wished Gardiner to take his two Negro boys and a Negro girl ashore and keep them till he came or sent for them. The next day he demanded a tribute of six sheep and a barrel of cider, which was cheerfully rendered. The captain, however, gave Gardiner two pieces of Bengal muslin for his wife, handed

Gardiner's men four pieces of gold for their trouble, and offered to pay for the cider.

"After this interchange of civilities the rover fired a salute of four guns and stood for Block Island some twenty miles away.

"Three days later back came Kidd to Gardiner's Island and sending the master of the sloop and Whisking Clarke ashore to fetch Gardiner, commanded the latter to take and keep for him a chest and a box of gold, a bundle of quilts, and four bales of goods, saying that the box of gold was intended for Lord Bellomont. The chests were buried in the swamp of Cherry Harbor near the Manor House, and Kidd, with a timely touch of ferocity, told Lord John that if he called for the treasure and it were missing, he would take his head or his son's. At the same time two of the *Antonio's* men, one of them Hugh Parrot, afterward sentenced with his captain deposited with Lord John small bags of silver and gold dust. . . .

"It is supposed to have been on this occasion also that Kidd requested Mrs. Gardiner to roast a pig for him, and was so pleased with the result that he gave her a piece of cloth of gold, a fragment of which is still kept at the manor."

Then Kidd set sail for Boston. But before leaving Block Island and Gardiner's Bay he had sent letters to Bellomont, "earnestly declaring that all the piracies which had occurred had been done by his men in a state of mutiny and never with his connivance; that, indeed, they had set aside his positive commands, and had locked him up in his cabin while committing their crimes. Furthermore, from Block Island he had also dispatched

a present of jewels to Lady Bellomont," which, strange to say, she kept for some time.

Certainly there was a great contrast between Kidd's glorious departure from New York and this furtive return to meet his death sentence; he never would have returned to Boston had he not counted on Lord Bellomont's pardon.

Perhaps he might have received that, too, had they not both been so closely associated with the King of England.

He was arrested and early in 1700 transported to London by Admiral Benbow, in a man-of-war sent out for the purpose, tried and condemned and hanged in chains at Execution Dock, May 12, 1701.

And do you want to know what the treasures were he buried on Gardiner's Island?

Among other things there was a bag of gold dust and pieces of eight, rubies great and small, silk, and silver and gold coins. A piece of crystal, a bag of unpolished stones and broken silver, coral necklaces, and lamps, silver buttons, and still more on the original list John Gardiner made and sent to Lord Bellomont.

The fate of Captain Kidd served as a warning, so there are no more stories to tell of pirates hovering about Long Island. Smugglers? I am afraid they are still with us, although not quite like the old kind.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY AND THE ROYAL MAIL COACH

The "King's Highway" was the dashing name given to the first real highway built through the Five Dutch Towns and on down the Island.

It had various branches but they were all surveyed and laid out "to be and continue forever," with a "uniform width of four rods"—a great undertaking for the year 1704 and one of the best things to remember about Lord Cornbury's administration as governor.

Highways up to that time, with perhaps the exception of the Ferry Road through Brooklyn, had been little better than footpaths. Going was to be made easier, but even at that there were some who growled as we do to-day when widening a road means cutting into a bit of precious property. "The road as it is now," they said, "has been so for the last sixty years past without a complaint, either of the inhabitants or travellers."

You and I ride over the King's Highway to-day. If you live in Brooklyn you call it Fulton Street and Fulton Avenue. Down the Island its name stood for various roads.

Once a royal mail coach galloped back and forth over the King's Highway, swirling dust, jingling harness, outriders, bugle, and all. That was in 1741, when Brooklyn Ferry was made a relay station for the mail coach "connecting His British Majesty's Colonies of New England and Virginia," and for a few short years the King's Highway experienced all the life connected with the Royal Mail Service.

"Passengers were ferried over from New York, the mail coach with six, eight or more horses was escorted by a number of soldiers on horseback and the journey was begun along the highway to Flatbush, Gravesend and Denyse's Ferry (later Fort Hamilton).

"Here the stage coach was set over the Narrows to

Staten Island, where the run was continued across the island and by ferry to Perth Amboy; thence to Burlington, Philadelphia, etc. . . .

"After a few years this route was superceded by a more direct line, but the glory of the Royal Mail Service had departed from the King's Highway and red coats galloping along were now only a memory which furnished material for conversation around the fireside of many a farmhouse during long winter evenings when the howling wind did its best to unroof the old homestead."

Long Island had no post offices until after the Revolution. Mail for Kings and Queen counties was sent from New York, while the people in Suffolk County must have their mail ferried over from New London.

When Henry Townsend started to build his first mill in Oyster Bay in 1661 and had his letter written ordering the material he needed from England, he had to wait for some friend who happened to be sailing for Boston to take the letter to Mr. Fairbanks.

In 1639 the General Court of Massachusetts had ordered that "notice be given that Richard Fairbanks, his house in Boston, is the place appointed for all letters which are brought beyond the seas, or are sent thither to be left with him, and he is to take care that they are delivered or sent according to directions, and he is allowed for every letter a penny and must answer all miscarriages through his own neglect in this kind."

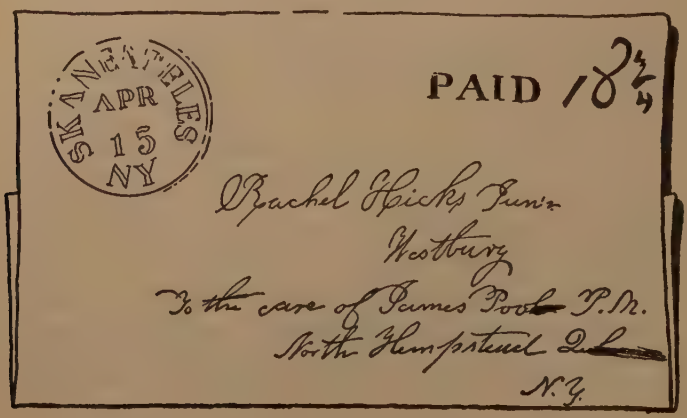
In June, 1660, "a box was placed in New Amsterdam in the office of the secretary of the province for the receipt of letters, and of all these capable of registry three stivers in wampum are to be paid" (a stiver was a

Dutch coin about the value of two cents in our money).

By 1764 they had a post route called the Courant, and the mail was carried once in two weeks by horseman along the north shore and back by the south shore. No wonder news traveled slowly.

During the years of the Revolution a Scotchman, named Dunbar, rode once in two weeks through the Island with the mail. Dunbar was not a public official but undertook the work as a private enterprise, and people must have loved him for it in those trying days. His route was east by the north shore and return by the south. The day on which he was due any place was called "post day." In addition to the few letters and newspapers a week old, he brought all the news of the road over which he had traveled. It is said Dunbar did not hesitate to amuse himself on his long, lonesome trip by reading any letters that happened not to be well sealed.

Benjamin Franklin was our first postmaster general, and in 1753 he fixed rates of postage on domestic letters.



DUTCH COLONIAL HOUSE

House built by Nicasius de Sille in New Utrecht. Dutch houses were long and low, seldom more than a story and a half high, with a steep sloping roof.

ENGLISH COLONIAL HOUSE

English colonial houses usually were two-storied in front with a slanting roof at the rear which sometimes came down to less than one story—"Salt Box shape." They were built to face the south and catch the sun no matter how the road ran.

Fireplace in a room in Captain Hewlitt's house in Woodbury, Long Island with Dutch picture tiles and a cupboard. This room may now be seen in the American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Many a house on the North Shore was built with its hidden store room for smuggled goods and a secret underground passage leading to the water. Here is a section of the panelling of the room in Captain Hewlitt's house. The secret staircase led from a hidden panel in the rear of the closet to the left of the cupboard up and over the cupboard to the attic or down into the cellar.

The charge increased with distance, thirty miles was six cents, one hundred miles was ten cents, five hundred miles, twenty-five cents, etc. There were no stamps; you paid postage in money entirely, either when you sent the letter or when you received it as we do a telegram to-day. The tiny handwriting learned at school came in useful, because a letter must usually mean a single sheet of writing; if more was inclosed postage was higher. There were no envelopes, you folded your sheet and addressed it on the blank side and sealed it with wax.

In 1772 they ran a coach for passengers and mail from Brooklyn Ferry to Sag Harbor. One hundred and twenty miles—that was a trip! It took three days, and here is the route as advertised in a newspaper for March 5th of that year:

A stage will run from Brooklyn to Sag Harbor once a week as follows: From Brooklyn Ferry to Samuel Nicholl's on Hempstead Plains, where the passengers will stay all night. Fare four shillings.

To Epentus Smith at Smithtown, four shillings.

To Benjamin Havens at St. George's Manor, four shillings and stay all night.

To Nathan Fordam's, Sag Harbor, six shillings.

⟶ Thus passengers may be conveyed 120 miles in three days on a pleasant road for 18 shillings.

Later came the Flushing Coach. These coaches might not be so gay and exciting to watch as the Royal Mail, but their passing was none the less an event of the week. Stay-at-home farmers and their wives stopped their work to watch them go by, while the children whooped and shouted from the top of the white picket fence.

SAMUEL MULFORD AND THE WHALEMEN

Taxation of one kind and another continued to vex. About this time the whalemen of the Hamptons were loud in their complaints. Their business was growing, but since 1696 whale had been declared "royal fish" and like everything else was supposed to belong to the Crown. This meant that "all whalers must be licensed and one fourteenth of all the oil and bone must be carried into New York a hundred miles away."

The majority refused to do this, and frequently there was a lively set-to on the beach between a group of whalemen and a representative of His Majesty, who had been sent down to collect the "King's share." In Governor Andros's time the whalemen seemed to get the better of the battle, for he reported: "Very few whales have been droven on shoare but what have been killed and claimed by the whalers . . . and tho I have not been wanting in my endeavours I never could recover any part thereof for His Royal Highness."

Governor Cornbury complained to the Lords of Trade in England that "Indeed the people of the East End of Long Island are very unwilling to be persuaded that they belong to this provence . . . they choose rather to trade with the people of Boston, Connecticut or Rhode Island than with the people of New Yorke. I hope in a short time to bring them to a better temper, but in the meantime the trade in the city suffers very much."

Samuel Mulford was a prosperous whaleman of East Hampton; people said he was queer, but nevertheless he decided to put an end to the continual bickering between whalers and King's agents. He came to

New York to fight it out with Governor Hunter, and when that gained him nothing he secretly slipped away to London, "with fish hooks sewn in his pockets to catch pickpockets," and boldly stated his case before the House of Commons.

No doubt they laughed at the fish hooks and called him a "country bumpkin," but they listened because he talked good sense, and he won for the whalemen a full share in the whales they labored to catch. I hope they were properly grateful when he returned home, because it was largely due to Mulford that an east-end port was soon after established at Sagg (Sag Harbor.)

One of the earliest documents relating to Sag Harbor as a port is a Bill of Lading dated, Southampton, ye 26 November 1731:

> Shipped by the Grace of God in good order and well conditioned by Francis Pelletreau, in and upon the good sloop called Portland Adventure, whereof is Master under God for this present voyage, Richard Hartshorn, and now riding at anchor in the harbor of Sagg, and by God's grace bound for New York, to say: Five barrels of Beef and nine barrels of Pork, two Furking of Butter, two ditto Cranberry and one ditto Eggs for the proper Accompt and Risque of Francis Pelletreau and goes consigned to himself. Being marked and numbered as in the Margent, and are to be delivered in the like good order and well conditioned at the aforesaid port of New York (the dangers of the seas only except) unto Francis Pelletreau or his assigns. . . . And so God send the good sloop to her desired Port in safety; Amen.

West India trade increased steadily. The declaration of the sloop *Hampton*, which sailed from the east end of the Island in December, 1747, will give you an idea of the exports of the time.

East End, Long Island.

Know ye that Elisha Jones, Master or commander of the sloop Hampton burthen thirty tons or thereabouts, mounted with six swivell guns, navigated with seven men . . . bound for Jamaica has on board; seventy barrels of beef, thirty barrels of pork, five barrels of tallow, two hundred bushels of Indian corn, seven thousand staves, twenty thousand shingles, fifteen hundred hoops, twenty eight anchor stocks, five hundred bunches of onions, twelve horses and seventy sheep.

For this type of cargo they returned with molasses, rum, sugar, and cocoa, as well as Spanish gold coins. While these little ships from the "Harbor of Sagg" and later from docks at North Sea and North West were making long voyages to the Indies they also kept up constant trade with New England ports. More oil was still being carried to Boston than to New York, much to the disgust of the officials of the latter city.

CHAPTER 5

WAR AND RUMORS OF WAR, 1754–1775

"This French and Indian War happened long before we became a nation, but it had important bearing on our national life. Its opening years gave Lieutenant-Colonel George Washington his first training in active military service. . . . It was during this time that the American colonies felt the first stirrings of resentment against English rule that finally led to the Declaration of Independence."—Helen Nicolay: THE BOOK OF AMERICAN WARS.

FOR many years France and England had been quarreling, first over one cause and then over another. For instance, each disputed the other's right to the territory in Canada and along the Ohio River, and this led to minor quarrels between the settlers in this country.

In 1754 the crisis came; once and for all it must be decided which of them should possess these lands. English regular troops were sent over, fine to see in scarlet regimentals, and the French made allies of the Indians to fight them.

For nine years this French and Indian War lasted, and New York and Long Island sent their full quota to fight for the King. Many of them, as you might guess, joined the sea forces and went a-privateering. Others went to fight in the wilderness country of Ohio and discovered that the duck-shooting tactics learned on

the South Bay served them well, and that finely drilled troops in scarlet regimentals sometimes, alas, only made good targets for the Indians.

When they came home they talked about a young Virginia officer who had been out there as an aid-de-camp to General Braddock. He was a good leader and fighter, and if the general had listened to him at Monongahela things might have been different. He was a fine-looking fellow, too, a born woodsman and a wonderful rider. His name was Washington, George Washington.

During these war years women as usual did their share at home. *The New York Gazette* said: "The women of the country, ever good on such occasions, are knitting several large bags of stockings and mittens to be sent to the poor soldiers in garrison at Fort William Henry and Fort Edward."

As you know, at the end of the nine years' war England was victorious, and when the Treaty of Paris was signed in 1763 France gave up her claim to the Ohio River and Canada became once and for all part of the British Empire.

Naturally this led to considerable rejoicing here. The New York *Weekly Post Boy* of July 29, 1745, tells how Jamaica celebrated:

> The good news of the surrender of Cape Breton coming to us in the midst of our Harvest obliged us to defer the time of Publick rejoicing until yesterday; when Magistrates, Military officers, and many other gentlemen etc. of this county met at this place and feasted together, and at night gave a tub of Punch and a fine Bonfire, drank the publick healths and especially of the valiant commander immediately concerned in the great action; and joined in the chorus of the following song:

"Let all true subjects now rejoice
This seventeenth day of June
On Monday morning in a trice,
We sang the French a tune."

Rejoicing was not to last long, however. George III was now King of England, and he came to the throne determined to rule as well as to reign. He was going to hear no more from these troublesome overseas colonies about "taxation without representation." They might take their share in paying the war debt and stop asking for a voice in Parliament.

He chose two men for advisers who would be sure to agree with him: George Grenville as Prime Minister and Charles Townshend as First Lord of Trade, with especial control of colonial affairs.

In March, 1764, Grenville rose in the House of Commons and announced the government's plan to raise a revenue in America by requiring all legal documents to bear stamps.

The news of this proposed Stamp Act, when it reached America, stirred up a fine hornet's nest. "The colonies had contributed more than an equal share both in men and money to the expenses of the French War, and they were willing as of old to contribute generously from their resources to the needs of the Empire, but one and all, speaking through their several assemblies, declared they could not rightfully be taxed by the House of Commons unless they were represented in that body."

New York was especially earnest and sent so vigorous a protest that no member of Parliament had the courage to stand up and present it.

Protests proved of no use. King George and his ad-

visers were stubborn as well as stupid, and in 1765 the Stamp Act became a law.

How indignant the colonies were! However, it was one thing to send stamps and another to force people to use them.

Massachusetts, always a ringleader, dispatched a circular letter to all the other colonies asking them to meet in conference and decide what should be done. On October 9th delegates from nine colonies met in New York, and a letter setting forth their feelings was dispatched to the King and both Houses of Parliament.

Someone in England had referred to the Americans as the Sons of Liberty—the name spread like wildfire and was adopted by a group of young men in the middle and eastern colonies who formed themselves into a secret order for the sole purpose of resisting the Stamp Act.

They pledged themselves not to import any goods from England until the Stamp Act was repealed, and within a short time more than two hundred merchants had added their names to the pledge. People in all the colonies were urged to do the same, and a reward was offered for any person detected using the hated stamped paper. This made a difficult situation for the governors of the different colonies. As representatives of the King, they were pledged loyally to carry out his commands, no matter how much sympathy they might have for the people.

Lieutenant Governor Cadwallader Colden of New York, however, was not troubled by any such sympathy. "I shall give you no countinence," was his answer to a committee of the Stamp Act Congress that called on him for aid.

Two weeks later, when the stamps arrived, James McEvers, stamp distributor for the colony, refused to receive them and resigned his commission. Colden took them to the Government House inside the fort.

All Saints' Day was anything but like its name that year, for it was selected by the colonies as a day of protest.

Where City Hall Park is to-day the Sons of Liberty ran up a gibbet and hanged Cadwallader Colden in effigy with the devil beside him. The devil held in his hand a big boot, which was the symbol for Lord Bute, said to be the author of the Stamp Act. Then they formed a torchlight procession and marched down Broadway carrying Colden's effigy and the devil with them. Around the gates of the fort they rioted generally and finished up the night's work by breaking open the door of the Lieutenant Governor's stable, dragging out his chariot, putting the stuffed figure of himself inside, and making a huge bonfire of the whole out on Bowling Green.

All this while there were soldiers in the fort under the command of General Thomas Gage, but Colden was wise enough to forbid them firing on the crowd of angry men as they milled around. Better to let them spend their fury this way than to provoke civil war.

However, the next day the stamps were removed from the Government House and locked up in the City Hall, and I'm sure Cadwallader Colden was glad to be rid of the whole business and hand over the post of governor to Sir Henry Moore, who came soon after to relieve him.

Other colonies had an equally lively All Saints' Day. Stamp officers almost to a man were forced to re-

sign, and the stamps were either burned or thrown into the sea. In every town more and more merchants agreed to stand by the pledge to import nothing from England.

It was plain to be seen this state of things could not go on, so the Stamp Act was repealed without condition in February, 1766, and when the news reached New York in May the Sons of Liberty and some others congratulated themselves on their first victory and waited to see what Parliament would think of next.

They had only a year to wait, when duties were imposed on wine, oil, and fruits if carried to the colonies from Spain or Portugal, and on glass, painter's colors, and tea. But what disgusted the people most of all was that the revenue from these duties was "to be devoted to paying a fixed salary to the royal governors and to judges appointed at the King's pleasure, while the Crown was empowered to create a general civil list in each colony and to grant salaries and pensions at will."

This was a blow at self-government, but merchants had helped to break the Stamp Act and they would do the same by the Townshend Law, so they again agreed to import no English goods.

Trade, you see, was brought almost to a standstill. Merchants in England had visions of being ruined; in a panic they begged Parliament to reconsider these taxes.

Late in January, 1770, Lord North became Prime Minister of England. After great discussion he carried through Parliament an agreement to repeal all taxes except that on tea. King George was determined to tax

something; it would not do to give in entirely to these persistent colonies.

Probably he thought no true Englishman could resist his tea (even though it carried a tax of three pence a pound and no representation), but there he reckoned without the stuff his own countrymen were made of. Principle could be stronger than appetite with many of them, and you know what happened to the tea ship *Dartmouth* when she anchored in Boston Harbor.

The Sons of Liberty in New York were waiting to give another tea ship, the *Nancy*, an equally warm welcome, but her captain disappointed them; outside Sandy Hook he turned back with his cargo to England.

Boston's tea party brought speedy punishment from the English Prime Minister. He closed the port and transferred its trade to Salem until Boston should pay the East India Company for the tea they'd drowned. The charter of the colony was taken away and troops were quartered within the province, all of which gave George III "such supreme satisfaction" he never listened to warnings of young men like Edmund Burke who rose up in Parliament and championed the cause of the colonies.

Boston's punishment created a widespread stir. The other colonies knew she was suffering for them and promptly rallied to her aid in every possible way. The east-end towns of Long Island were especially sympathetic.

With the port closed and troops quartered within the town Boston people faced starvation. There was no Red Cross in those days, but various town meetings took

its place and did what they could. Southampton, for instance, sent out a circular appeal to the several New York counties on August 9, 1774:

> Gentlemen: The distress of the poor of the town of Boston, now sinking under the hand of power, call for our tender and compassionate concern . . . they are our countrymen and brethern, suffering in the common cause of liberty, and their hard condition may one day be our own. We recommend a generous subscription for the support of the indigent of that town. In some instances it may be most convenient to contribute in wheat or flour, which will be equally serviceable. The interest of the whole Continent required that provision should be made for all who become sufferers in our common cause, and the honor and reputation of this colony must animate us to distinguish ourselves on so benevolent an occasion.

Later, "Voted; That John Foster have the care of procuring a vessel to call at the several harbors in the county (Suffolk) to receive and carry above donations to Boston."

Christopher Gadsden, a hot-headed patriot leader from North Carolina, sent advice to Boston in strong language, "Don't pay for an ounce of their damned tea."

John Jay, a young lawyer of Huguenot descent and an active member of the Sons of Liberty in New York, proposed that a Continental Congress be called together to consider how they stood in this crisis.

This was heartily approved, and in September, 1774, the first Congress met in Philadelphia, with representatives from every colony but far-away Georgia. Long Island's representative was William Floyd of Oyster Bay.

From his big farm called Mount Vernon on the Poto-

mac River came George Washington as Virginia's delegate. He offered to raise a regiment of a thousand men, feed and clothe them himself, and march at their head to the relief of Boston—just the kind of thing he would do, said men who had fought with him at Monongahela and in the Ohio wilderness.

John Jay headed the New York delegation and led in forming a Declaration of Colonial Rights, which declared for the American people thereafter the free and sole power to make their own laws, lay their own taxes, and settle their own problems in the various colonies.

Furthermore, they formed an association pledged to import no goods from England or the West Indies, and when Congress disbanded on the 26th of October they agreed to meet again the following May.

In spite of so much agitation, there were few at this time who actually wished to break away from the mother country. The Declaration of Independence, remember, did not come for another whole year and then as a last resort. "Their grievance was not against England or the King but against unjust treatment by Parliament and the ministers in power."

"Probably those who suffered most from such unjust laws and whose fathers and grandfathers had been born on American soil thought of England with its green fields and clustering villages and grey old towers lovingly as home, and were proud of the part their ancestors had played in making English history."[1]

"Many a thoughtful and patriotic conservative distrusted the radical element in the colonies and feared

[1]Helen Nicolay, *The Book of American Wars*. Century.

the consequences for society that might result from war and from a successful revolution. Not a few of these men were driven to sacrifice property, position, and friends by their loyalty to England."[1]

Members of one family often differed in their sentiments. General William Floyd, the signer of the Declaration, was own cousin to Col. Richard Floyd, a staunch Royalist. The families had been always most united and owned the greater part of the land on Mastic Neck. Col. Richard Floyd lost his land, of course, and went with many others to New Brunswick. Benjamin Franklin's own son was an ardent Tory and the last of the royal governors of New Jersey. In England there were influential people who sided heart and soul with the colonies. William Pitt, for instance, was always their friend, and when it came to war his son refused to take up arms against America.

May, 1775, came; delegates had left for Philadelphia to see what the Second Continental Congress might accomplish, when news arrived that a battle had been fought on the green at Lexington, Massachusetts—that war was upon us, and George Washington of Virginia had been chosen to command the American forces.

Alas for Long Island—war found her people divided among themselves and Tory and Whig were names soon bandied about.

As you might guess from their sympathy for Boston in her recent trouble, Suffolk County people went Whig to the backbone, strong for the colonies and their rights, ready to fight till they dropped for the cause.

Kings County at the other extreme was quite indiffer-

[1] "Builders of the Nation," Vol. 8, in *Pageant of America*. Yale University Press.

ent. The majority of the people were Dutch; they had had no particular love for the English in the past, but war now meant loss of money and the comforts of home. Better keep out of it altogether if possible; if not, remain loyal to the King, be called a Tory, but keep what they had.

Of course, there were many individuals in Kings County loyal to the cause of the colonies, men like the schoolmaster of Wallabout, Elijah Freeman Payne, who waited for nothing but closed up his school and hurried off to join the American forces at Boston, and until 1777 Wallabout children had no school.

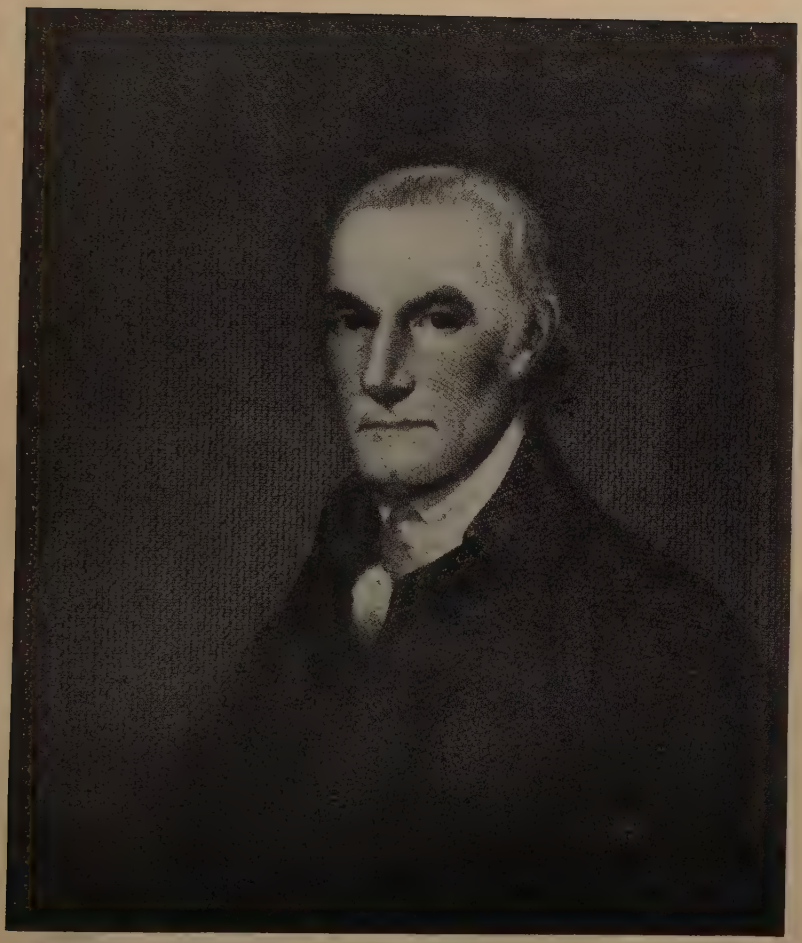
Queens County was perhaps in the most trying situation of all. Part of her people remained loyal to the King and part were ardent Patriots, while her Quaker population, which had increased greatly during the last generation, were men of peace and "would have no part or lot in wars or fighting."

There must have been great head-wagging and hot discussions, not to mention occasional fist fights, in Queens County in those days between the Whigs and Tories. Certainly when they met in the village streets, around the tavern, or in town meeting, they talked of little else but war. "At a vendue (auction) at Rockaway, Jacob Foster was much abused because he was a Whig. The cockade was taken out of his hat and trod on by Joseph Beagle. Jacob Hendrickson had his hair pulled for being a Whig."

The Patriots drew up Articles of Association for the common defense and met weekly in small parties for the purpose of military drill under the supervision of officers, some of whom had served in the French War. Many an

old duck gun was cut down and fitted with a bayonet, and the man who had two guns loaned one to his neighbor.

William Tryon was the last of the royal colonial governors. The war brought his administration to a close in October, 1775, and until the adoption of the state constitution in 1777 the civil affairs of the colony were administered by a temporary congress called the Convention.



WILLIAM FLOYD

Long Island's representative in the First Continental Congress and Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND

When you read of the Battle of Long Island remember with gratitude the men from Maryland who came and took more than their share of heroic fighting. . . . Almost to a man they were killed or taken prisoner, but by their sacrifice the remnant of the main division escaped over the flooded marsh and muddy tide-swelled stream of the Gowanus.

CHAPTER 6

REVOLUTION

"For what avail the plow or sail,
Or land or life if freedom fail?"
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE spring of 1776 came and the British were driven from Boston.

Washington knew well enough that their next move would be on New York. Naturally they would like nothing better than to capture this city with its splendid harbor and waterways leading straight to Canada.

Bunker Hill and Dorchester Heights had saved Boston; Brooklyn Heights must be fortified as quickly as possible to protect New York.

"Brooklyn at that time was just a little agricultural village clustered around the old ferry at the foot of Fulton Street. Cedar trees grew on the bluffs above the river known as 'The Heights.' The space between the East River and Joralemon and Fulton streets was covered with pastures, orchards, and market gardens. Dutch farmhouses were scattered along the shore of the East River to Gowanus, and along the Wallabout Bay to Bushwick."

The inhabitants of Kings County were ordered to assist Colonel Ward by "turning out for service at least

one half of their male population (Negroes included) every day at the fortifications with spades, hoes, and pickaxes." The situation was desperate, and knowing the general Tory sentiment of Kings County, and that response was likely to be slow, the Convention ordered a committee to disarm any man who was unwilling to work.

"A line of earthworks on which were four forts was thrown up from the head of Gowanus Bay to Wallabout Bay, a distance of one and a half miles, thus enclosing Brooklyn Heights.

"Fort Box was on the margin of the creek. Fort Greene three hundred rods to the left was a star-shaped battery carrying six guns. . . . On the hill in Washington Park was Fort Putnam." Besides these were Fort Defiance at Red Hook, and Fort Sterling, the largest and strongest of the defenses commanding the East River, at the corner of what is now Hicks and Pierrepont streets. All these forts together had only thirty-five guns, mostly eighteen pounders.

These intrenchments were rude in form and hastily built. Great numbers of trees were cut down to barricade, and a swamp that extended around the village of Brooklyn formed additional protection.

While trenches for battle were dug on Brooklyn Heights those summer days of 1776, in the city of Philadelphia Congress was making a solemn decision. Did you ever stop to think what courage and determination it took for those men to make a Declaration of Independence and sign their names to it with faith that the people of this country would stand back of them and

fight to prove they were free? Colonel William Floyd of Oyster Bay signed his name for Long Island.

On July 5th, the day after the Liberty Bell rang out, General Howe appeared with a force of twenty-five thousand men and established British headquarters on Staten Island.

A week later "Black Dick," his brother, now an admiral, arrived in command of a fleet that numbered over four hundred ships and transports, ten ships of the line, twenty frigates, besides bomb-ketches and other smaller vessels.

General Greene commanded the American forces stationed in Brooklyn. From northern New York General Sullivan came with his troops and from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and New England came more men. Most of them were volunteers, few had any army training or discipline—with all their courage a sorry match for Howe's picked men who likewise had a fleet to back them up.

Early in the morning of the 22d of August, four thousand English light infantry with forty cannon crossed over from Staten Island on flatboats under the protecting guns of the *Rainbow*, the *Phoenix*, the *Rose*, and the *Greyhound*, which lay anchored in the Narrows. They landed at Denise's Ferry (now Fort Hamilton) and were soon followed by a second division of English and Hessian troops ferried over in rowboats from the transports. Quick work, fifteen thousand men landed on Long Island by noon! One old lady vowed "the Redcoats were so thick you could walk on their heads." Panic-stricken, the poor people about Gravesend Bay did one of two things, either vowed allegiance to the King

and put themselves under British protection, or snatched what precious possessions they could carry and fled for refuge within American lines.

To make matters more serious General Greene, who knew every inch of Kings County and the strong and weak points of the fortifications, was stricken seriously ill. General Israel Putnam took his place, but too late to learn much about the difficulties of his command. General Sullivan commanded the advance lines upon the outlying defenses. For several days there was considerable skirmishing around Flatbush and vicinity, but the real battle broke on August 27th.

The British had come upon Long Island better informed regarding the lay of the land around the American intrenchments than the Americans realized. Certain Loyalists that had escaped to Staten Island had taken care of that and acquainted the advance guard with wood roads, by-paths, and farm lanes. Nevertheless, "the woods that covered the hilly and broken ground from Flatbush Plains to Gowanus Bay . . . concealed alike the numbers and movements of the enemy and the positions and defenses of the Americans. Behind this green curtain 17,000 of the best troops of Europe were marching to attack 5,000 undisciplined men on the first pitched battleground of the Revolution."[1]

No one will ever know quite how it happened or who was to blame; the fact remains that an important pass, a vital spot in the hills, was left completely unguarded by the Americans, and the British troops were able to surround them completely long before actual fighting began.

[1] *Memoirs of the Long Island Historical Society*, Vol. 2, "Battle of Long Island."

In trenches, behind breastworks and hillocks and rocks, the Americans crouched and waited while closer and closer pressed the British and Hessians. Hour after hour dragged by as each tormented the other with long-distance shots. The Americans realized they were far outnumbered and their position was desperate, but little did they guess how desperate or that Sir Henry Clinton and Cornwallis were closing in on their rear.

"The air was still vibrating with the boom of the signal guns when the British troops on the Americans' rear sprang forward to the charge. The light troops, the stragglers, the wounded, the rear-guard and all the mob which hovers in the rear of battle were swept away like chaff before the tornado. On the extreme left near Bedford, a heavy body of men was pushed forward to cut the American lines at the Clove Road."

Overwhelmed, the Americans retreated, fighting as they went. On all sides now British and Hessians hemmed them in. "Vast masses of fresh troops stretched far beyond their flanks on front and rear." The rest of the day is more the story of a rout and a massacre than a battle. An officer of high rank in the British army says in a letter: "The Americans fought manfully, and, to do them justice, could not be broken till they were outnumbered and taken in flank front and rear."

When you read of the Battle of Long Island remember with gratitude the men from Maryland who came and took more than their share of heroic fighting. They came under Colonel Smallwood, nearly four thousand of them, the pick of the state, the best of her young men. Thanks to them the American army was saved from complete destruction that day. Under the command of

Lord Sterling four hundred of those Marylanders faced Cornwallis and his troops at the Cortelyou house and held them at bay, closing up their ranks as their numbers thinned. Almost to a man they were killed or taken prisoner, but by their sacrifice the remnant of the main division escaped over the flooded marsh and the muddy tide-swelled stream of the Gowanus. Washington from his post on Cobble Hill watching them fall cried out in anguish: "Great God! What brave boys must I lose this day!"

Near the shore of Gowanus Bay sleep the remains of the Maryland Four Hundred. "They were buried on the farm of Adrian van Brunt who, it is said, consecrated the spot . . . so that while he lived the plough and the axe never desecrated it."

The night following the battle must have been terrible for Washington and his generals. The men who were left were miserably worn and discouraged. A heavy storm seemed to be gathering. They were poorly sheltered and scantily fed, and the enemy's campfires blazed before their very lines.

All night long Washington made every effort to add to their comfort and strengthen their position. Reënforcements were brought from New York, Fort Washington, and Kings Bridge.

Daybreak came through a dense fog rolling in from the ocean—a blessed fog, unusually heavy for August, it kept the British fleet at anchor down the bay and smothered sight and sound. All day long it hung over the Heights and the river, while Washington and his generals at headquarters in the Philip Livingston

house, "Four Chimnies," debated and planned retreat, the wisest thing to do under the circumstances. Washington had no notion of letting General Howe bottle him up in Brooklyn.

The retreat after the Battle of Long Island is one of the most thrilling and dramatic stories of the whole war.

During the day orders quietly went out to Colonel Glover to collect every small boat available and to man them with his regiment of Marblehead fishermen and have them at the Long Island shore at midnight.

This was a bold thing they planned. "To withdraw nine thousand men, with their munitions of war and that too in the face of an enemy at work in their trenches so near that the sound of their pickaxes and spades could be distinctly heard, to march them a considerable distance to the river and to transport them across its strong, broad current." It required great skill and secrecy.

"In order to have the army in proper marching condition without divulging the plan of retreat, the officers were directed to tell their men they were to be ready for an attack on the enemy's lines that night." The order aroused much surprise, but a wise soldier accepts orders without question and by eight o'clock they were ready to move.

"That the enemy might not be suspicious of what they were doing, General Mifflin was to remain within the lines, and within 250 yards of the British advanced works with Col. Hand's rifle-corps and the battered remnants of the Delaware and Maryland regiments,

who with barely a respite from the battle of the 27th had now cheerfully consented to cover the retreat of their fresher but less experienced comrades.

"By nine o'clock the ebb tide, with heavy rain and adverse wind, rendered the sail boats of little use, but, by eleven, the northeast wind, which had prevailed for three days died away, the surface of the water became smooth, and the southwest breeze favoring, both the sail and row boats were able to cross the river full laden.

"By ten o'clock the troops began to move, . . . as each regiment left its position the remaining troops moved to right or left filling up the vacancies. Even then the men did not know what was happening. The brigades were ordered to be in readiness with bags and baggage to march, but knew not where or for what."

James Martin, a Connecticut soldier, afterward wrote: "We were strictly instructed not to speak, or even cough while on the march. All orders were given from officer to officer and communicated to the men in whispers. Of what such secrecy could mean we could not imagine. We marched off in the same way we had come on the island, forming various opinions among ourselves as to our destination."

Once about midnight they were startled by the roar of a cannon. Whether fired by English or American they never knew, for the retreat went bravely on.

Only one blunder was made. As night wore away the tide was turning and a northeast wind began to rise. A large number of troops still waited to be transported, and fearful of delay Washington sent his aid-de-camp, Colonel Alexander Scammel, to hurry the troops on the march. Scammel by mistake communicated the order to

General Mifflin, who, although somewhat surprised, obeyed and evacuated the line with his whole force.

When they arrived at the ferry several regiments were already waiting in the blackness and fog to embark, and their coming created alarm and confusion. Colonel Scammel's blunder might have betrayed the whole movement if General Mifflin had not pulled his men together and by his own display of courage and good sportsmanship inspired them to slip back silently from where they had come and wait in the darkness and wet several more hours until a second welcome order came to move.

All that night Washington remained on horseback at the foot of the ferry stairs watching every boatload, noting every move. In the gray light of morning Captain Alexander Hamilton marched the last men down the slope to the ferry stairs. He passed close enough to Washington to see his dejected, haggard face, and perhaps it was at that moment that Washington's love began for that brilliant young officer who later was to mean so much to him.

Nobly the "fishermen-soldiers" of Marblehead and Salem labored at muffled oars during all that perilous night. When the fog at last rolled away the American army had all crossed over and were marching toward the upper part of Manhattan Island. Nothing was left behind but a few heavy cannon.

Little did they know how near the enemy came to learning their movements. Mrs. John Rapalje lived near the Brooklyn Ferry. She was a Tory and strongly suspected the Americans were planning retreat when she saw small boats gathering near the shore and others

darting in and out of the fog. Posthaste, she sent one of her slaves to General Howe to warn him, but as luck would have it the slave met a Hessian guard. The guard not understanding English promptly suspected the slave of being a spy and held him until morning, when he was handed over to a British officer making the rounds of inspection at daylight. The news was a *little late* in arriving . . . off went a detachment of troops hotfoot to the ferry, only to see the last boat laden with soldiers slipping out of sight in the fog.

GENERAL WOODHULL

Soon after the retreat, Long Island needlessly lost one of her finest citizens and soldiers.

General Nathaniel Woodhull, shortly before the battle, was sent into the western part of Queens County to collect the cattle and transport them east to Hempstead Plains out of the enemy's reach.

The job was larger than had been anticipated, and, all unsuspecting the Battle of Brooklyn Heights had been lost and the American army gone off Long Island and the British spreading east, he wrote headquarters begging for hasty reënforcements.

While waiting for reply near Jamaica he was overtaken by a troop of British light horse at Increase Carpenter's tavern. It was useless to combat them; he surrendered his sword; but when the British major commanded him to say "God Save the King" he replied, "God Save Us All," which so angered the officer that he struck him with a sword, wounding him terribly.

They sent him aboard a prison ship off New Utrecht.

His wounds were neglected, and within a short time it became plain he could not live. Then they carried him ashore, and someone was human enough to send for his wife, who hastened from Mastic bringing every comfort she could carry. A few days later he died in the house I told you about that Nicasius de Sille built in New Utrecht so many years before.

Increase Carpenter's inn stood where Hollis is to-day. A tablet marks the place where Woodhull was captured and reads:

In memory of General Nathaniel Woodhull, President of the Provincial Congress of New York in 1775, who on August 28th 1776, was cruelly wounded by the enemy at Jamaica while co-operating with Washington on Long Island. He died a prisoner at New Utrecht, September 20th 1776, a citizen, soldier, patriot of the Revolution.

NATHAN HALE

Following the retreat from Long Island, Washington was puzzled to know what the British planned to do next.

They might make one of several moves: attack the city of New York directly, or cross over to Harlem, or land one force at the North River and another at the East and so hem in the town. Or perhaps they might go farther up the Sound and land at Morrisania, or even sail along Long Island and land at some point farther east. The fate of the American army just then depended on knowing the answer to this problem. There was just one way to get this answer, send a spy into the British lines.

A man of education was needed, one who understood

the technical side of military plans and could make drawings of routes, fortifications, etc. Washington called on his officers. Of them all Captain Nathan Hale volunteered, although he knew the terrible difficulties and the risks of such an expedition and the fate that would be his should he fail.

His fellow officers dreaded to see him go. He was as great a favorite with them as he had been with his classmates at Yale, where he had been not only an all-around athlete but an all-around man as well; fine in every sense of the word.

Captain John Hull, a college chum and his dearest friend, used every power of persuasion he possessed to change Hale's mind. Surely, he argued, some other man could undertake this job. Hale was so young, only twenty-one. Hull begged him to think of his career, of all he had to live for, his family, and his sweetheart Alice Ripley. But it was no use; when the two friends parted John Hull's shoulders were bowed in defeat and Hale went his way with his head thrown back to face what might come.

Dressed as a Dutch schoolmaster for several days Hale was in and about the British lines on Long Island and in New York. He drew designs of General Howe's fortifications and made valuable notes in Latin and tucked them away between the soles of his shoes. He is known to have been in Huntington, and for many years the story prevailed that he was recognized by a Tory relative while in Mother Chi's tavern and betrayed into the hands of the British in Huntington, but this has since been disapproved. Hale was captured in New York City.

They carried him to General Howe's headquarters in the Beekman Mansion at 51st Street and First Avenue, New York, where they made him prisoner in the greenhouse, and when the memoranda which he carried in his shoes were spread before Howe the general was thunderstruck at the extent and accuracy of the prisoner's work.

Howe looked at Hale and thought he was too fine and young to die, and so he offered him pardon under the only possible conditions, that he join the British army. As he met Hale's honest eyes he must have known he might as well sign his death warrant then and there. This man might spy for the sake of his country, but he never would take a bribe to save his own life.

At daybreak next morning they hanged Nathan Hale from a tree in the Artillery Park, about where the 7th Regiment Armory is located in New York to-day (Park Avenue and 69th Street).[1]

Close on the heels of the retreating Americans the British took possession of their deserted intrenchments on Brooklyn Heights and headquarters were established in the Lefferts House at Flatbush. The balance of the army was quartered at Bushwick, Newtown, Flushing, and several other towns east on the Island. Tidy Dutch housewives in Kings County had their hands full. The Hessians were a particular thorn in the flesh, the "Dirty Blues" they called them behind their backs. Imagine madam's wrath when half a dozen of them made themselves at home in her spotless kitchen.

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[1]William Ordway Partridge, the sculptor who made the statue of Nathan Hale for the campus at Yale, has written a most interesting life of him called *Nathan Hale, a Study in Character.*

For the next eight years Long Island was British territory, and shortly after New York fell into their hands also. The American army, sadly discouraged and demoralized, retreated to Westchester—black days for Washington and the cause.

The Islanders now had their choice: swear allegiance to Great Britain or remain loyal to America and take the consequences.

All Tories, or Loyalists as they preferred to be called, who desired favor were told to apply to headquarters for a badge of protection. The badge consisted of "a red rag to mount in their hats." The more fastidious wore a red feather. Finding there was magic in a red rag everybody was soon wearing one, boys and girls, old and young, black and white. Many a red petticoat was torn up as red rags grew scarce, until instead of being a badge of protection it was a badge of ridicule. "Petticoat gentry," the British officers called those who sported them.

Southampton, East Hampton, Sag Harbor, and other east-end towns felt sadly cut off and unprotected these days. The best of their young men were away in Washington's army, only small groups of minute men remained, many of whom were old gentlemen, grandfathers, to the age of seventy and upward.

On Montauk Point alone two thousand precious cattle and four thousand sheep were grazing, and more were likely to be added from Gardiner's Island and Shelter Island. Who was to protect them should a British raiding party arrive? The people begged for soldiers but none could be spared. As one means of protection against starvation a committee from South-

ampton, East Hampton, and Shelter Island met at Sag Harbor to petition the Continental Congress to permit them to place an embargo against the sale and exportation of products from the Island. This was granted.

As usual in time of trouble the folks on this part of Long Island turned to Connecticut for help. Some well-to-do and able-bodied fled over at once to "the main," there to work for the Cause from a free base. One old dispatch reported: "The wharves at Sag Harbor are crowded with emigrants."

Others saw their property going to rack and ruin if they left it unprotected and bided their time here until dangers and annoyances of one kind or another drove them away, too.

Then there were the aged and sick who could only be a burden to Connecticut. They had no choice but to stay at home, and someone must stay and care for them. Under such circumstances many a man declared his loyalty to the King because it was the only thing he could do.

It was a sad time. Families were broken up. Women and children often bravely stayed behind to guard the property and sent their men away to serve in Connecticut rather than face imprisonment here.

No man might judge for another at such a time. Some remained for one motive or another, others hurried to embark in the boats "that for days passed and repassed to the Connecticut shore freighted with the inhabitants of Long Island, all of whom had abandoned their firesides and homes, some with nothing but the clothes they wore; and others with such of their worldly goods

as could be carried. The poor in some instances became a burden upon the well-to-do in Connecticut and led miserable, wandering lives."

As time went on refugees applied for permission to return to the Island for one reason or another. Sometimes permission was granted, often it was refused. Frederick Gregory Mather has written a book called *The Refugees of 1776 from Long Island to Connecticut.* In it are many entries such as these:

Elias Pelletreau, goldsmith and his two sons John and Elias, Southhampton to Simsbury. . . . Enemy made a store of his house and ruined him in 1776 . . . askes for his two sons to return with goldsmiths tools. (Refused)

William Lawrence, Southhampton fled to Saybrook leaving his family when enemy possessed east end of Island—wife sick—asked to return. (Refused)

Permission granted to Mr. Joshua Welles Jr. to go with Capt. Paul Reeves to Long Island and bring off his household goods and Linnen to be sold for the use of the soldiers.

Resolved that Jeremiah Kind, resident of Lyme, be permitted to bring off from Long Island the rents of his farm in the produce or in money; also if desired to bring off a scow for Uriah Hayden.

Those who stood by at home soon learned that "one of the hardest things to endure about war is the slowness of it." And remember in 1776 Long Island people were far more cut off from news of their men with the army in New Jersey and Pennsylvania than we were from our men "somewhere in France" in 1918.

CHAPTER 7

OCCUPIED BY THE ENEMY, 1776–1783

"One of the hard things to remember about war, and to endure, is the slowness of it."—Helen Nicolay: THE BOOK OF AMERICAN WARS.

AFTER August 27, 1776, Long Islanders were never called upon to suffer open warfare. But the continual friction between Whig and Tory, the petty, galling round of indignities and annoyances they were both forced to accept for eight long years, not to mention the ravages of the "cowboys"[1] and whaleboat men, must have driven many almost to the breaking point.

They had nothing they might call their own. Sheep, cattle, horses, farm produce, boats, wagons, their homes, and their services might be commandeered by the army at any moment; sometimes they were paid for, sometimes they were not.

Here is a copy of the blank order left with the inhabitants of Suffolk County in September, 1776:

You are hereby ordered to preserve for the King's use — loads of hay, — bushels of wheat, — of oats, — of rye, — of barley, — of Indian corn, and all your wheat and rye straw; and not to dispose of the same but to my order in writing, and you will answer to the contrary at your peril.

JOHN MORRISON,
Major and Commissary of Forage.

[1]A nickname given to Tories who drove off Whig cattle for the army.

A division of the British army was stationed at Southampton, and ex-Governor Tryon took up his headquarters there, too. Be it said to the credit of the ranking officers of this division, they treated the people with consideration and did all they could to control the men in the ranks. Sag Harbor was not so fortunate. Major Cockrane succeeded in making the townsfolk pretty miserable.

Before the war the port of Sag Harbor was next in importance in the state to the port of New York. From all eastern Long Island the "products of farm and forest; hides, tallow, beef, pork, hoops, staves, cattle, horses, shoes, grain and salt fish, were shipped out of Sag Harbor to the West Indies, and for trade in other markets . . . of course war changed all this. . . . Her shipping was gone, her trade ruined, her wharves were seized and farm products taken by the invading army." The aged, infirm, sick, dying, and dead were without medical aid. Of all the Long Island towns "Sag Harbor was the last to look upon the retreating ships of the enemy."

Young British officers stationed in Sag Harbor and Southampton found time hanging a bit heavily on their hands and frequently cantered over the road to Nathaniel Huntting's inn at East Hampton. "If the old wainscoting of the building could speak of what high merriment and frolicking, of what oceans of flip, foaming under the application of heated poker; of what cans of well tempered punch and gin toddy it would have to relate," when Lord Percy, Lord Cathcart, and others of Tryon's and Erskine's military family sat around the taproom.

SAMUEL BUEL

One of the most delightful characters of the Revolutionary period lived in East Hampton, the Reverend Samuel Buel. Keen, sturdy, alive, with a delightful sense of humor, he was a fearless leader, a forceful preacher, and an untiring minister to his people. He loved company and kept an open house. His home and Colonel Gardiner's was often a refuge during the war.

Samuel Buel was a staunch patriot but a born diplomat, too. The enemy was in their midst, but why make matters worse by opposing them to no purpose. So all through the trying days he smoothed the way for his people, and through his friendship with Governor Tryon and Sir William Erskine he often had it in his power to mitigate the severity of an order.

Sir William liked him for his lively disposition, ready wit, and the fact that he loved to hunt and could ride to hounds with the best of them. Far from being mealy mouthed they often found the old gentleman's wits a match for them.

One day he was late for a deer hunt to which he had been invited. Sir William delayed the party on his account, much to the irritation of some of the younger officers who were mounted and eager to start.

It was Mr. Buel's first meeting with Lord Percy, who was then an aid-de-camp, and he asked him "What portion of His Majesty's Army he had the honor to command." The spoiled young nobleman, who was in bad humor, snapped out, "A legion of devils just from hell." "Then," said Buel with a low bow, "I suppose I have the honor to address Beelzebub, the prince of devils?"

You can imagine this made Lord Percy madder than ever, because everyone roared with laughter. He growled something about the "old rebel" as he mounted and rode off, but before the chase was ended the "old rebel" not only had won back his good humor but his admiration and respect as well.

Mr. Buel made no concealment of his Whig principles, and on proper occasions did not hesitate to air them. One Saturday Sir William Erskine remarked that he had ordered the men of Mr. Buel's parish to appear on Sunday with their teams for work in Southampton, to which the old minister replied that he had heard about it, and as he was commander-in-chief of his flock on the Sabbath he had countermanded the order. Sir William respected his old friend enough to admit he was right and himself changed the plan.

WHALEBOAT WARFARE

New York City was cut off from country supplies during the war, and small coasting vessels made very profitable trade by carrying produce to the city despite the embargo. To prevent this the Americans began to use whaleboats mounted with swivel guns. They were so small and light, two or three could easily hide in a cove or bay, ready to dart out and capture a supply boat under cover of night or fog.

A dispatch from New London dated May 15, 1778, gives you an idea of one of their expeditions:

> Sunday night last, 2 boats under the command of Capt. Dayton and Chester with 14 men in both, went on L. I., and carrying one of the boats across a narrow part of the island at

S Hampton, they went about 60 miles up the south side of the island to Fire Island Inlet, and took possession of 5 sail of coasting vessels which lay there, laden with lumber, oysters, household furniture, some dry goods, provisions, etc., the prizes are all safe arrived. More might have been brought off, could they have manned them. Among the prisoners is a British Sergeant.

One of the most daring whaleboat expeditions was made in the year 1777 by Lieutenant Colonel Return Jonothan Meigs. It is now known as the Battle of Sag Harbor and a monument commemorates it in the Presbyterian Cemetery there.

On May 21st, Colonel Meigs set out from New Haven with 234 men in fifteen whaleboats. They crossed over to Southold, but the British troops had left for New York.

When darkness fell Meigs ordered the men to carry the boats overland to Peconic Bay, and about midnight they reached Sag Harbor and hid the boats under guard in the woods.

Then they marched on the town, where they "attacked a foraging party of Gen'l Delancy's brigade, killed a lieutenant and four privates, and took prisoners one Captain, two Commissaries, and fifty common men. They also destroyed eleven sloops laden with hay, killed a captain of one of them and took forty sailors. It is remarkable Col. Meigs's men went 90 miles by land and water in twenty-five hours, carrying fifteen whaleboats over a considerable neck of land, and had not one man killed or wounded. The prisoners they brought safe with them to New Haven, from whence they set out upon this gallant and successful expedition."[1]

Many early whaleboat men were Long Island refu-

[1]Philadelphia *Evening Post*, Saturday, May 31, 1777.

gees living in Connecticut and familiar with the ins and outs of both shores. Setauket, Port Jefferson, Huntington, and Old Mans (now Mt. Sinai) were favorite north-shore harbors. Greenwich, Stamford, Norwalk, Guilford, and Black Rock were Connecticut hiding places. Every whaleboat man was required to carry a commission from the Convention at New York, but as time went on more and more worthless men slipped into the work illegitimately, and whaleboat warfare degenerated into downright robbery and lawlessness on land as well as offshore. Day and night neither Patriot nor Loyalist was free from their high-handed plundering. People near the shore lived in constant dread of their visits and would climb to the roofs of their houses, spyglass in hand, and anxiously scan the horizon.

If a whaleboat was seen in the bay alarm was immediately given by signal gun or horn blowing. Then valuables were hastily hidden away, leaving only a few articles in the house, and the robbers after ransacking the premises would depart, cursing the householder for his poverty. Weekly newspapers were full of their doings. Here is a typical case:

Feb. 16, 1778. About two o'clock last Thursday morning, a party of 12 rebels seized at Coram 2 wagons loaded with dry goods, the property of Oba. Wright of South Hampton. These marauders have been several days on the Island, visited most parts of the county and committed many robberies, especially at the house of Col. Floyd which they robbed of goods and cash to a considerable amount, and took thence some property of Mr. Dunbar, who rides down Island occasionally, and happened to lodge in the house that night. [Mr. Dunbar was the post rider.]

These whaleboat men not only ravaged the north-shore towns but dragged their boats across the old Indian portage at Canoe Place to the South Bay.

Things went from bad to worse. In vain the Loyalists appealed to Admiral Howe. "He chose to keep his cutters at sea." Finally the Committee revoked all commissions and gradually put a stop to the whole disgraceful business.

THE WINNING OF THE PURPLE HEART

In 1782 for the first time in its history the United States Army had a distinguished service badge for enlisted men and noncommissioned officers. In August of that year General Washington established the Order of the Purple Heart. Though it was only a badge of cloth sewn on the left breast of the coat, it was the special medal of honor of the Revolution, and so far as records show this badge was granted to only three men.

One was Sergeant Elijah Churchill of the 2d Continental Dragoons, and he won the Purple Heart for his share in "two completely successful raids upon fortified works within the enemy's lines on Long Island."

His commander, Major Benjamin Tallmadge, was in charge of the Headquarters Secret Service from 1778 to the end of the war.

On November 7, 1780, he discovered through spies that the British had stored several hundred tons of hay, for winter forage, at Coram, about nine miles southeast from Setauket or Brookhaven. The hay was protected by a stockade fort on the south shore called Fort Saint George.

Major Tallmadge volunteered to make a surprise attack, take the fort and destroy the hay, all of which he did with the aid of only about fifty men, whom he brought over from Connecticut in whaleboats in the midst of a November gale.

"The cold blackness of a November night had already settled down when the boats put out from the land, but with wind and oars they crossed in four hours and landed on a deserted stretch of the Long Island shore. They found they had drifted farther from their objective than they had expected and a longer march to reach the British fort was now necessary. A large force of British regulars were in winter quarters on Long Island and in addition there were several thousand Loyalist troups, distributed at various points, making it a hazardous venture to march a body of troops for any considerable distance without grave risk of being cut off from their boats.

"Capture was inevitable if they could not get away from the Island, and the gale again swept upon the Sound. Tallmadge could not risk discovery, if his boats could not leave the shore, so he concealed his men in a wood and made the boats as inconspicuous as possible.

"All day long the men shivered under the forest cover, but when darkness came again . . . the cold and stiffened troopers started upon a rapid march down the deserted wintry road.

"At 3 A.M., November 23d, they were within two miles of Fort Saint George and halted to receive orders for the attack. . . . Sixteen men in charge of Sergeant Churchill were to attack the main and largest of the fort buildings . . . they moved like shadows and with

the swiftness of Indians; Churchill and his men were within fifty feet of the fort before the sentinel challenged and fired. Instantly the black winter morning became alive with flame and uproar, led by the intrepid sergeant, the little party of sixteen plunged through the ditch, swarmed the stockade and crashed into the fort building before the defenders could settle into organized resistance. . . . Inside of ten minutes Tallmadge's men had possession of the entire works, and soon the stock of hay was rolling up in smoke."

The second raid which led to Sergeant Churchill's receiving the Purple Heart was against Fort Salonga on the north shore of the Island east of Northport. This fort was a nuisance, and Washington directed Major Tallmadge to investigate the situation and report on the possibilities of destroying it.

This time the expedition was composed of about a hundred men from the 5th Connecticut Regiment and the 2d Continental Dragoons, under the command of Major Lemuel Trescott. "Through his spies Tallmadge had such complete information that he knew even the exact spots where the British sentries stood.

"The expedition started across the Sound at 8 o'clock in the evening of October 2, 1781, and at 3 A.M. of October 3d the fort was in its hands."

Again Sergeant Churchill led the first attacking party, and again he acquitted himself most gallantly. The fort was so strong that Major Tallmadge had advised Trescott not to make a direct attack but to draw off the British by a feint.

Such cautious fighting made no appeal to Sergeant Churchill. He and his men "went at their job with such

vigor that the fort was taken without the loss of a single man and only four of the British were killed before the works surrendered.

"The report of the affair shows twenty-one prisoners taken, the destruction of a goodly quantity of artillery and stores of small arms, ammunition and clothing."[1]

HUNTINGTON

Huntington was fortified, garrisoned, and occupied by British troops for the duration of the war, and the patriot townsfolk suffered bitter days. It was the headquarters of the foraging cavalry parties who seized and shipped provisions for their army and navy, and its good harbor was always full of British vessels.

Troops continually came and went in camp, fort, and house for eight years. The 17th Regiment of Light Dragoons, Tarleton's Legion, The Royal Refugees, The Hessian Yagers, The Prince of Wales's American Regiment, and others at various times were quartered on the people and encamped in their orchards and fields.

"It would seem that during the whole war, no stone was left unturned to annoy persons and injure property of the inhabitants. Their orchards were cut down, their fences burned, and the scanty crops which they were able to raise . . . were often seized by lawless force for the use of the soldiers, or recklessly destroyed for spite."

The old Presbyterian meetinghouse, built in 1665, was turned into a depot for military stores until they tore it down and used its timbers on Burying Hill.

[1]For a fuller account read the "Story of the Purple Heart" in John C. Fitzpatrick's *Spirit of the Revolution*. Houghton, Mifflin.

Burying Hill, or the cemetery, was of course precious ground to the Huntington people, but it made a good site for a fort, so Colonel Thompson built one there called "Fort Golgotha" and leveled the graves and destroyed the tombstones to do it. Barracks for troops were built over the bones of Huntington's early inhabitants, tombstones were used for building tables and fireplaces and ovens, and when loaves of bread were drawn out of the ovens there were the marks of inscriptions to be seen on the bottom crust.

People might weep or rage, it was all the fortunes of war, and they knew it and perhaps thanked their stars they suffered no worse.

Rev. Ebenezer Prime of Huntington was less happy in his contacts with the enemy than Rev. Samuel Buel of East Hampton. They took possession of his house and stable for quarters, broke the furniture they did not need, and even wantonly destroyed many valuable books in the old gentleman's library. Perhaps he fanned the flames of their wrath by his outspoken contempt for the army before they ever entered his house; certainly this staunch old Whig was no diplomat.

A nice story is told about Elizabeth Williams Potter, who lived in the town at this time. Her husband was a doctor with the refugees in Connecticut. She was one of those who stood by her home all during the war and did what she could. Being almost as good a physician as her husband, she worked in a hospital in the east end of town.

One day Midshipman Harding, suffering with smallpox, was brought in from a British man-of-war lying in Huntington Harbor. No one wanted to care for him.

Elizabeth Potter gave one look and forgot all about her own danger or that he was an enemy. He was such a boy and looked like her own son Nathaniel. That was enough; she cared for him, nursed him, and finally had him removed to her own home until he was strong enough to return to his ship. He never forgot her, as you will see when I tell you the rest of his story later.

OYSTER BAY AND LITTLE RAYNHAM

Colonel Simcoe and his green-coated Queen's Rangers spent the winter of 1778 in Oyster Bay. He made "Little Raynham," the Townsend house, his headquarters, much to the chagrin of its owner, Samuel Townsend, who was a good Quaker with strong Whig sympathies. Townsend's three daughters, Audrey, Sarah, and Phœbe, were none the less patriotic but enjoyed the company of lively young officers thoroughly, and the charming old house with its deep windows, wide lawns, and box trees was the scene of much gayety.

Sarah, or "Sally," seems to have been the favorite. Colonel Simcoe wrote her valentines, and John André made a sketch of her in her riding habit and teased her by hiding batches of her fresh doughnuts and cookies. When you go to Little Raynham to-day you will find scratched on the glass in André's sitting room, "The Adorable Miss Sarah Townsend." Underneath he put "Sally" and then drew a line through it. And on the next pane, "Miss A. T." (Audrey Townsend, of course), "the most accomplished young lady in Oyster Bay."

Later, by strange turn of fate, Benjamin Tallmadge, a friend of "the adorable Miss Sally" and a classmate of

Nathan Hale, was the man instrumental in convicting John André as a spy.

When Benedict Arnold's treasonable plans fell through it must have seemed bitterly unbelievable to the Townsends that the courteous, gay, charming John André, who had danced and sung and written verses for them, had gone the way of a spy.

In the garden at Little Raynham to-day are two huge links of the iron chain which in 1778 the Americans stretched across the Hudson River from West Point to Constitution Island in order to keep the British fleet from going up the river.

Peter Townsend, brother of Samuel, forged this chain. Record has it that "Col. Timothy Pickering, Attorney General of the Army accompanied by Captain Macklin arrived at the house of Peter Townsend late on a Saturday night in March 1778 to engage him to make the chain. Peter Townsend readily agreed to construct it, and in a violent snowstorm amid the darkness of the night, the party set out for the Sterling Iron works. At daybreak Sunday morning two forges were in operation. New England teamsters carried the links as fast as they could be finished to West Point, and in the space of six weeks the whole chain was completed." Each link was forty-five inches long and fourteen wide, the length of the chain was 500 yards. It weighed 180 tons and cost $400,000.

"The first of May it was stretched across the river and secured. When Benedict Arnold was arranging his plans to deliver West Point into the hands of the enemy this chain became a special object of his attention, and it is related that a few days before the discovery of his

treason, he wrote a letter to André in a disguised hand and manner, informing him that he had weakened the obstruction in the river by ordering a link of the chain taken out and carried to the smith under the pretence that it needed repairs."[1]

On Lloyd's Neck were two British forts. One commanded the waters to the east and the other, Fort Franklin, was on the summit overlooking Cold Spring Harbor. A lovely home called Fort Hill House stands there now. When they dug for the garden they found copper coins and guinea pieces. Perhaps some of the soldiers buried them—though that's not like soldiers.

Fort Franklin, named for Benjamin Franklin's son, then royal governor of New Jersey, was a most important location in the days of the British occupation, and as you stand and look out over the parapet of Fort Hill House to-day you can understand why—the whole sweep of the harbor lies before you and the channel runs so that boats must keep in close to shore. The fort on the summit therefore not only had all shipping in the harbor under range of its guns but it gave protection to the British ships which to a considerable number were anchored at various times in Oyster Bay and Cold Spring Harbor.

The American forces from Connecticut planned and attempted numerous attacks on the Lloyd's Neck defenses but were never able to carry them out.

Fort Hill is so peaceful and beautiful to-day, such a garden spot, it is hard to imagine it as ever having been the scene of war or that the green embankments in the courtyard were once earthworks.

[1]Benson J. Lossing, *Field Book of the American Revolution.* Harper.

Benjamin Thompson designed Fort Franklin and lived in the Lloyd Manor House down on the Neck. The first Manor House was built in 1711. The second one, still standing as a beautiful home, was built in 1714. During the war the officers from the fort were quartered at the Manor and Prince William Henry, the Duke of Clarence, afterward called the "Sailor King," was entertained there when he visited Long Island in 1782. The duke was as lively and democratic as another English nobleman who visited Long Island a few years ago. In fact, he so delighted Jupiter Hammon, a slave living with the Lloyd family, that he composed a set of verses to celebrate the duke's visit.

IN QUEENS COUNTY

In Queens County daily friction between Whig and Tory added to the complications and discomforts of war. Many Loyalists, among whom were a few Quakers, fled to Nova Scotia, for peace and their descendants are still living in the Lower Provinces and along the St. John River. "In the spring of 1783 the Spring Fleet consisting of 20 square rigged ships carried more than 3000 persons to New Brunswick, Canada. These emigrants from various parts of Queens County founded the city of St. John and gave the city its first mayor, Gabriel G. Ludlow, whose farm lay partly in North Hempstead and partly in Flushing." The refugees from Huntington founded the town of Kingston, New Brunswick. Other refugees went to the West Indies or returned to England.

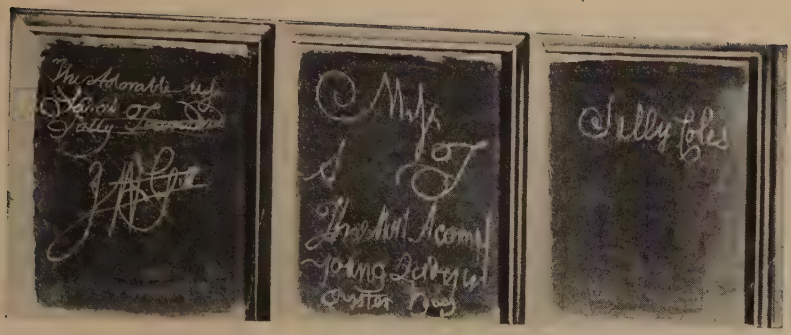
The Quakers were caught between two stones. They

were steadfastly opposed to war and it is said, "Friends were sitting silent in Pearl Street Meeting in New York while they heard the cannon of the battle of Long Island thundering in the distance." Steadfastly they refused to give or sell supplies of any kind to the army and of course they suffered; the army took what it wanted by force and again they might not resist, though on certain occasions they did something very like it, and it was not always possible to keep their servants in hand.

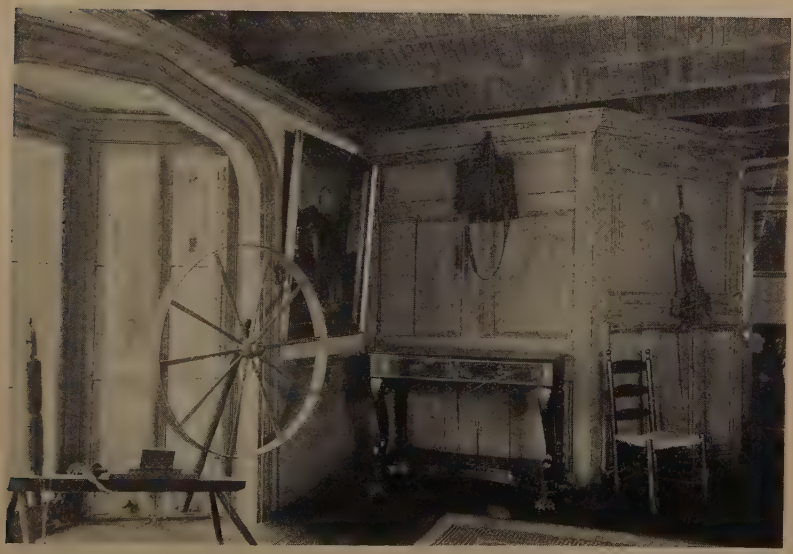
There was Old Billy, for instance, a slave who lived for years with the Mott family on Cow Neck. Billy was a famous fisherman and banjo player. He not only

played the banjo but could manufacture one, using a dried gourd for a sounding board. "Banjo Billy," the children called him, and laughed at the stubby little old pipe he smoked because "it was better than a long one to keep his nose warm."

His master might be a Quaker, but Billy was an ardent Patriot and itched for a chance to fight. The doings of the whaleboat men that skipped in and out of Cow Bay delighted him. He was hand-in-glove with the lot of



"Little Raynham," the old Townsend house in Oyster Bay, was the headquarters of the Queens Rangers during the Revolution. When you visit it to-day you will see these panes of glass on which Maj. John André wrote the names of the "Townsend girls."



COURTESY OF "COUNTRY LIFE"

The room in the Townsend house occupied by Maj. John André, during the winter of 1778.

them. Every time Billy had a chance he laid in a supply of powder and shot, "for duck shooting," he explained; "if I didn't shoot no ducks I might have to do some other shooting so it's well to be ready anyway."

"THE FAMOUS AND PLENTIFUL TOWN OF FLUSHING"

In Flushing during Revolutionary years the Friends' Meeting House was taken and used first as a prison, then a hospital, and later as a storage place for hay. Nothing daunted, the Quakers held their meetings in barns or one another's houses and bided their time with patience until their beloved Meeting House should be given back to them.

Robert Prince's fine old house and nursery garden in this same town gave General Howe so much pleasure that he posted a guard to protect them. The soldiers apparently appreciated the old place, too, and in many an English garden to-day flourishes a tree or shrub sent back from Prince's nursery during the war.

"Long Island is a beautiful island," one soldier wrote home. "It has a great number of meadows, orchards, fruit trees of all descriptions and fine houses. The whole island forms an exquisite picture." Then he adds: "The ladies on this island are not ugly and upon the mainland are said to be pretty." And another young Englishman in the Cold Stream Guards wrote in a letter dated August 4, 1779: "Long Island is a beautiful spot. The soil is very good, plenty of game, and everything a fine country can afford. In time of peace it must be a perfect Paradise."

The British occupied Flushing until the close of the

war, and as the large majority of the townsfolk were Tories there was little complaint on either side. Apparently the old town satisfied the Royal and Honorable Brigade of the Prince of Wales Loyal American Volunteers, the 71st Highlanders, and other regiments stationed there, because they referred to it as "the famous and plentiful town of Flushing."

The officers, just big boys as they were, amused themselves by playing at fives against the Meeting House or "rolled large cannon-balls about a course of nine holes, ran races tied in sacks, made wry faces for wagers or tried to catch pigs whose tails had been soaped." Or they rode to Hempstead Plains and took part in the fox hunting, horse racing, bull baiting, and other "Good old English sports."

In command of the Flushing troops was Colonel Archibald Hamilton; he was also aid-de-camp to Governor Tryon. You may still see the house called "Innerwick" where he made his headquarters. Apparently the colonel had command of everything thereabouts but his own temper, and he frequently lost that. One Thomas Kelly neglected to take off his hat before him, and Hamilton promptly knocked him down with the butt end of his riding whip; and there are various other instances when he became mightily wrought up, and laid about with his cutlass in a lively fashion. But there must have been another side to Colonel Hamilton, else it is doubtful if the young wife of Captain Napier, when she died in Flushing, would have left her two little girls, one three and the other two years old, "under the protection of Col. Archibald Hamilton."

On the first day of August, 1782, Flushing was hon-

ored by a visit from His Royal Highness William Henry, Duke of Clarence, who was afterward King William IV. While in Flushing he was the guest of William Prince. His Royal Highness came to present a stand of colors to the King's American Dragoons then in camp about three miles east of the village.

The flags were presented with due ceremony, then trumpets sounded, the band played "God Save the King," all the soldiers gave three cheers, and the artillery fired the royal salute. After which a feast was prepared for the soldiers; an ox roasted whole, "spitted on a hickory sapling supported on crotches and turned by hand spikes."

Long Island was indeed a fat base of supplies. Thousands of cattle on Hempstead Plains soon went to feed the army, and the Plains became a hunting ground for officers stationed in New York.

Farmers were obliged to hide their poultry, sheep, and swine in their cellars that their families might not starve. "When the troops left Flushing in the spring David Golden said there was not a fourfooted animal but dogs nor a wooden fence left in the town." In Hempstead thoughtless soldiers in Colonel Birch's company of 17th Light Dragoons turned their horses into fields of freshly headed oats or clover ready for the scythe.

Every autumn and as winter approached the people were called upon to supply thousands of cords of wood for the British garrison in New York and surrounding camps. Thus the forests of Kings and Queens counties gradually disappeared. The winter of 1780–1781 was

extremely severe. "Queens County was ordered to furnish four thousand five hundred cords of wood and Kings County one thousand five hundred under heavy penalties if the supply should come short. Western Suffolk was to supply three thousand cords, 'to be cut on the lands of the notorious rebels, William Smith and William Floyd.'"

The East River was frozen solidly naifway across, and on the edge of the ice bank the farmers were directed to pile up the firewood for transportation or else deliver it to the nearest wood yard. Yards were established at Jamaica, Flushing, Newtown, Hempstead Harbor, Oyster Bay, Flatlands, and Brooklyn.

Brooklyn, Jamaica, and other near-by Long Island places were looked upon as fine playgrounds by the British officers in New York. They promptly renamed Flatlands Plains, Ascot Heath, after the famous race course at home, and had horse racing and games there on Easter and the King's birthday.

"A munificent entertainment," we are told, "was given by Lord Rawdon, Colonel of the Volunteers of Ireland to his regiment stationed at Jamaica on St. Patrick's Day," and Barny Thompson, the piper of the regiment, wrote a grand song for the occasion.

The Ferry Tavern on Fulton Street in Brooklyn was a popular resort of officers and fashionables of the day. After its former proprietor joined the Patriot army Loosely and Elms took it. Down came the signboard of the Ferry Tavern and up went the signboard of The King's Head. Under its new name the house "was fitted up in most complete manner and catered to the tastes

of military friends and patrons." A caravan was run by the inn between Jamaica and Brooklyn Ferry, Tuesdays, Thursdays.

Lieutenant Anbury, in a letter to a friend in England dated New York, October 30, 1781, said, "On crossing the East River from New York you land at Brooklyn, which is a scattered village, consisting of a few houses. At this place there is an excellent tavern where parties are made to go and eat fish."

Rivington's *Gazette* was a Tory newspaper published at this time in New York. It catered to the sporting taste of its readers and frequently published advertisements of gay doings at The King's Head. Some of them sound very amusing to-day. For instance:

> There was a grand and elegant illumination on the night of the Queen's Birthday. The tavern was illuminated with upwards of two hundred wax lights. In the centre were the Royal Arms of Great Britain, and above it, statues of the present King and Queen under a canopy of state elegantly decorated, *which shown, like Their Majesties virtues conspicuous to the world.*
>
> Saturday next being the birthday of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Loosely, agreeable to an honest old custom wishes to see his royal and constitutional friends . . . dinner at 3. The evening to conclude with fireworks and illuminations. A good band of music. *Rebels approach no nearer than the Heights of Brooklyn!*

Patriots throughout the country were mighty scornful of Rivington and his *Gazette*. William Livingston wrote Gouverneur Morris: "If Rivington is taken I must have one of his ears; Governor Clinton is entitled to the other; and General Washington, if he pleases, may take his head."[1]

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[1] "Builders of the Nation," Vol. 8, in *Pageant of America.*

PRISON SHIPS

In sharp and horrid contrast to the lights of The King's Head Tavern were the black old hulks lying at anchor about three quarters of a mile east in Wallabout Bay. They were the British prison ships, and the American sailors and soldiers confined in them suffered tortures far worse than death.

Conditions were terrible on all these prison ships, but the *Jersey* was perhaps the worst of the lot. Sick and well were huddled together in dirt and darkness beneath the hatches, and the story of their neglect and suffering is too horrible to tell.

Thousands died and in their memory to-day stands a great shaft on top of the hill in Fort Greene Park overlooking Wallabout Bay.

Far more fortunate were the American officers captured in battle who were required to give parole and were then sent to board with families in Kings County. Colonel Graydon was one of these billeted at the home of Jacob Suydam in Flatbush.

"Room and beds were clean enough," he tells us in his memoirs, "but the food was rather scanty." The tea he calls a "sorry wash," the bread "halfbaked because of the scarcity of fuel. A little pickled beef was boiled for dinner when the officers first came, but that gone, clams took its place." For supper they got mush and skimmed milk or buttermilk with molasses. They liked this best after they got used to it.

Billeted at the home of Daniel Rapalje was Colonel Ethan Allen of Vermont. The day he heard the news of Starke's victory at the Battle of Bennington he climbed

on the roof of Howard's Halfway House, swung his hat, and gave three cheers. This was entirely too lively behavior for a prisoner on parole, and he was promptly packed off to the Prevost Prison in New York.

Thus passed eight years of war for Long Island. From years of blank despair that the cause of liberty was lost, the people were buoyed up by the coming of Lafayette and the French fleet. Then came Yorktown—provisional peace, the signing of the Treaty in Paris, and, finally, evacuation.

The 60th Royal American Regiment marched out of Hempstead November 21, 1783, to the tune of "Roslyn Castle." From the north side Hessians came through Newtown filling the roads. Evacuation was rapid. In the morning there were thousands of soldiers around Flushing. "In the afternoon they were all gone and it seemed lonesome." In Jamaica one day the streets were patrolled by the Highlanders in their picturesque garb, the next the American soldiers were there.

Gone were all the gay young British officers from Brooklyn Heights, and the last line of the following notice plastered on the door of The King's Head Tavern must have tickled those "rebels" who had been ordered to keep off on the night of the Prince of Wales's birthday party.

Auction Sale Paintings, pictures, pierglasses, organ, billiard table, 20 globe-lamps, flag staff, ensign, pendants, and several hundred lamps (used for illumination) both transparent and made of tin. *The landlord intends for Nova Scotia immediately.*

CHAPTER 8

LONG ISLAND QUAKERS

"No grander thing was ever done than when George Fox stitching himself a suit of leather went forth to find truth for himself and to battle against superstition, bigotry and intolerance."—Thomas Carlyle: SARTOR RESARTUS.

THEY were made of steadfast, sturdy stuff, these people whom Peter Stuyvesant and others of his day scorned as "the heretical and abominable sect called Quakers." Undaunted by persecution, they kept serenely on their way, in step with their faith, increasing in spiritual strength and numbers, and winning the admiration and respect of other creeds, until they played a substantial part in Long Island's development.

They have a history of their own no story of Long Island would be complete without, so you must stop for a moment now war is over and go back to the year 1657 when Robert Hodgson, an early Quaker preacher, came from England and Lady Deborah Moody invited him to speak at her home in Gravesend. This scandalized the neighboring towns, like many other things the broad-minded, independent Lady Deborah did.

Why were Quakers considered different and what did they preach?

For one thing they believed every man and woman had the divine spirit of God within them to preach and teach if they would, but that it was wrong to accept money for doing God's work. Therefore they employed no regular ministers and any man or woman was free to speak in meeting "when the Spirit moved him."

As all men are equal in God's eyes there must be no high or low to a Quaker. So they addressed one another by the plain form of "thee" and refused to remove their hats to superiors. (This last detail caused frequent persecution, especially abroad.)

A Quaker might answer yes or no to a question but might not take an oath or pay taxes for the upkeep of the State Church, nor have any part or share in waging war. Capital punishment they were opposed to as well as slavery.

As far as possible every Quaker must strive to live in brotherly love and unity with his fellow men and let his conscience be his judge. They had no set form of creed and their church service or *meeting*, as they called it, was absolutely simple without ritual of any kind.

After speaking in Gravesend, Hempstead was the first town at which Hodgson planned to preach. Various rumors about his teaching, accurate and otherwise, reached Hempstead ahead of him. The justice of the peace mistrusted any man outside the Established Church and determined to run no risks.

Hodgson called his first meeting out of doors on the Sabbath, and the justice promptly sent an officer after him. The officer found him a little before the meeting hour "pacing the orchard alone in quiet meditation,"

whereupon he took him off to the justice and the justice promptly shut him up in the house and went off to the Presbyterian church to worship. Imagine his wrath when he came back to find a crowd about his house and Hodgson earnestly preaching out of a window.

There being no jail in Hempstead the Quaker was packed off to another house but "nothing would stop his mouth." People crowded to visit him, some in genuine sympathy and interest, others merely out of idle curiosity.

Sleepy little Hempstead did not often have such a chance for excitement, and excitement increased when a sheriff and a jailer arrived from New York, tied Hodgson to the tail of a cart, and with his hands pinioned behind made him travel afoot to the city, twenty miles through fields and woods, part of the time at night. Do you wonder he arrived half dead, miserably torn by briers and bruised by stones?

They put him in jail, but he was never a meek prisoner and he won too many converts to suit the authorities; after a few months they were glad to ship him off to Rhode Island, that haven for the persecuted.

For years, not only were Quaker preachers punished but also those who gave them shelter or went to listen to them.

You might think a Quaker was possessed of the plague. It is hard for us to understand why men and women who every day thanked God for their own right to worship as they chose should have been so intolerant of others. But "in those days it meant trial and persecution to have an opinion of your own and towns in the Dutch territory were particularly prejudiced against Quakers."

Nevertheless, what Robert Hodgson started at Hempstead grew and spread across the Sound into Westchester and Connecticut. On down Long Island Quaker settlements were made in Flushing, Oyster Bay, Jericho, Cow Neck (Manhasset), and other towns through the central section. Meeting-houses were built in some places, in others they met at homes.

More traveling preachers came, some to suffer hardship and imprisonment like Samuel Bownes, who spent almost a year in a Jamaica jail, others were permitted to spread their message in peace.

There were those who found refuge with Nathaniel Sylvester on Shelter Island. George Fox, the founder of the Quakers in England, was twice the guest of Nathaniel Sylvester and preached to the Indians from the doorstep of the Manor House.

If some day you have the good fortune to see this house and the sweet old garden and Grissel Sylvester's box trees, you will find a monument not far from the big front gate in memory of Nathaniel Sylvester and brave Quakers who suffered for their faith.

On the steps of the south side of the monument we read:

Of the suffering for conscience' sake of friends of Nathaniel Sylvester, most of whom sought shelter here, including George Fox, founder of the Society of Quakers and his followers, Mary Dyer, William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson and William Leddra who were executed on Boston Common.

And on the face:

TO

NATHANIEL SYLVESTER,

FIRST RESIDENT PROPRIETOR
OF
THE MANOR OF SHELTER ISLAND,
UNDER GRANT OF CHARLES II.
A.D. 1666;

AN ENGLISHMAN
INTREPID,
LOYAL TO DUTY,
FAITHFUL TO FRIENDSHIP,
THE SOUL OF INTEGRITY AND HONOR,
HOSPITABLE TO WORTH AND CULTURE,
SHELTERING EVER THE PERSECUTED FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE:

THE DAUGHTERS
OF
MARY AND PHŒBE GARDINER HORSFORD.
DESCENDANTS OF
PATIENCE, DAUGHTER OF NATHANIEL SYLVESTER
AND
WIFE OF THE HUGUENOT BENJAMIN L'HOMMEDIEU.
IN
REVERENCE AND AFFECTION
FOR
THE GOOD NAME OF THEIR ANCESTOR
IN 1884
SET UP THESE STONES

1610. For a Memorial. 1680.

The inscription on the monument is somewhat worn away and great old trees so overshadow it you may find difficulty reading the above words.

And on the east side:

> Lawrence and Cassandra Southwick,
> Despoiled, imprisoned, starved, whipped, banished,
> Who fled here to die.

Indifferent to physical discomforts these early Quakers, or Friends as they preferred to be called, were tireless travelers and preachers.

Here is a typical extract from the diary of one of them dated July 23, 1702: "From Staten Island we landed within night on Long Island near a small house of a poor Dutchman who had only one bed; and he laid me down a coat on the floor and a little chair at one end of it with a pillow upon it, so that I lodged but very indifferently; besides there were fleas and musketoes a-plenty. However I was very well contented, the presence and healing virtue and goodness of the Lord being with me. I got good water to drink, but little victuals; and in the morning set forward and missed my way several times, they being generally Dutch people in that part of the Island whose directions in the ways I could not well understand. . . .

"The next morning we went by water to a meeting at Flushing. . . . Next day we had another good meeting at Westchester and that evening returned over the Sound. . . . I went with Thomas Stephenson. The 26th being 1st day we had a large meeting near Newtown, where it is kept once a year . . . the next day back to Flushing. On the 28th had a good meeting at Hempstead

where I staid that night and next day had a meeting at Jericho and that evening returned to Flushing. . . . On the 31st I visited several families and returned in the evening to Samuel Bownes where next day I wrote divers letters."

Long Island's first Quaker meeting-house was built in Oyster Bay in 1672. Samuel Andrews and John Feake contracted to build it for twenty pounds. For twenty-one years it stood across the street from where the North Shore Bank is to-day.

Oyster Bay Quakers were always quite free. It was one of the few towns without an established church, and many of the early settlers came from Sandwich, Massachusetts, where Friends were strong.

Perhaps a visit from George Fox inspired them to build a church of their own. While he was in Oyster Bay the gatherings were so large he preached from the top of a granite bowlder still to be seen on Mrs. William Burgess's property overgrown with a mass of honeysuckle and young trees.

John Bowne of Flushing, like Nathaniel Sylvester of Shelter Island, was proud to entertain George Fox at his lovely home. Under the great oaks on the lawn people gathered to hear Fox preach, and for generations after the trees were cherished and preserved as "George Fox Oaks." A stone now marks the place where they grew.

Stuyvesant made John Bowne suffer for that meeting. Aboard the *Gilded Fox* he was transported to Holland in irons for trial but was acquitted and came back home a more ardent Quaker than ever, and for many years meeting was held in the big room in his home now

used as a dining room. In 1694 the present meeting-house was erected.

John Bowne died in 1695, and Friends bore testimony that "He did freely expose himself, his home and estate to the service of truth and had constant meeting in his house for about forty years. He also suffered much for the truth."

Many years later Osgood Field of New York wrote a poem about John Bowne and Fox's Oaks at Flushing. Here is just one verse:

Beneath this oak where now I lie, George Fox the Quaker stood,
And preached, as John the Baptist preached, beneath the spreading wood,
For persecution sought to drive his followers from the land
And here around him, came by stealth, a little Christian band;
And one of these for conscience' sake, whose blood flows in my veins
To Holland, prisoner, was sent, weighed down by heavy chains.

You read in the last chapter how Quakers suffered in the Revolution. During the war the meeting-house in Flushing, like many others, was taken over by the King's troops and used as a barrack. Hay was stored in the gallery and much damage done to the building. Nothing daunted, the Friends held their peace and met together at various homes for mutual strength and comfort and prayer until their meeting-house was given back to them in 1783. Then when the English commissary Weir tried to pay them rent for the use of the house they gently but firmly handed the money back.

Quakers were far in advance of their day in matters of Church and State, as well as home life and education. Soon after the close of the war they began establishing coeducational schools and public schools. Not until

1827 did New York State pass an act to free the slaves, yet the Quakers began to manumit or free theirs individually before the Revolution. Furthermore, after freeing slaves they provided for them until they were established.

Here is one manumission record:

Cow Neck (Manhasset) 3rd Month, 15, 1776

I Phoebe Dodge of Cow Neck, having for some years been under concern of mind on account of holding negroes as slaves and being possessed of a negro woman named Rachel, I am fully satisfied it is my duty, as well as a Christian Act to set her at liberty, and I do hereby set her free from bondage.

PHOEBE DODGE

Witness ADAM MOTT
STEPHEN MOTT

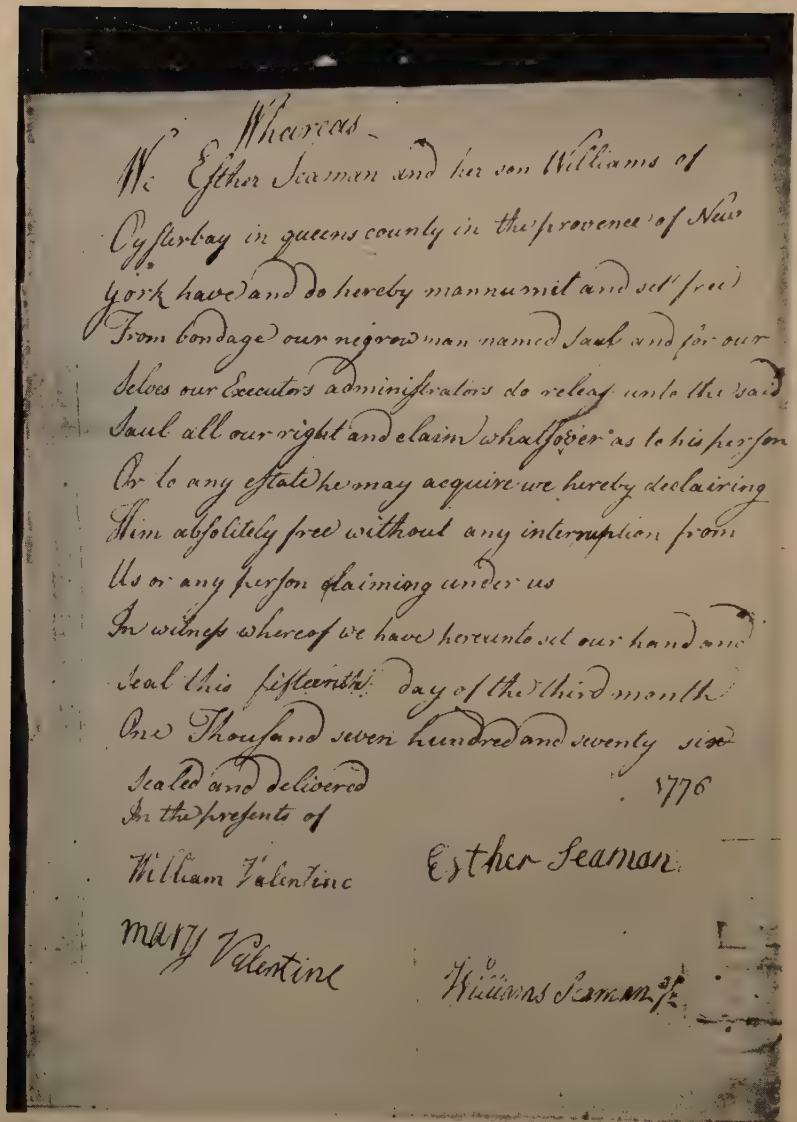
Quaker women were most independent, many of them were preachers and teachers, some sharing the work with their husbands, others carrying on alone, often far from home.

This same Phœbe Dodge, who was among the first to free her slaves, "had divine drawings in her mind to travel to England." So in 1752 she left her husband and children and made a year's visit to England to preach. We think women in this country to-day are independent, but I doubt if many of them would do that.

The records of the Westbury Meeting dated, 2nd Month 26th 1752, say she had "the consent of her husband to go and the approval of Friends."

On her return Phœbe Dodge brought testimonials from Wales and the ministers and elders of London, stating that "she has visited the meetings of Friends in

A group of Friends around the Hicksite meeting-house in Westbury about the year 1865.



Whereas
We Esther Seaman and her son Williams of
Oysterbay in queens county in the provence of New
York have and do hereby manumit and set free
From bondage our negro man named Saul and for our
selves our Executors administrators do release unto the said
Saul all our right and claim whatsoever as to his person
Or to any estate he may acquire we hereby declairing
Him absolitely free without any interruption from
Us or any person claiming under us
In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and
Seal this fifteenth day of the third month
One Thousand seven hundred and seventy six

Sealed and delivered
In the presents of

1776

William Valentine — Esther Seaman

Mary Valentine — Williams Seaman Jr.

A MANUMISSION RECORD

diverse parts of this nation and her labors of love in the service of the Gospel have been comfortable and edifying and her conversation as becomes a minister of Christ."

She brought home with her many little articles of household use which are now distributed among her many descendants who prize them highly because Grandmother Dodge brought them from England.[1]

Hannah Bowne, wife of John Bowne of Flushing, also "felt the call" and sailed away to preach in England and Ireland. Her story and that of John Bowne and the homestead in Flushing are told in a book called *The Quaker Cross*, written by one of her descendants, Cornelia Mitchell Parsons, who lives in the Bowne house to-day.[2]

Elias Hicks is a Quaker name to be remembered. Jericho is the town we always associate with him because he went to live there soon after his marriage and frequently spoke in meeting there.

However, when I tell you he traveled more than ten thousand miles on foot from Maine to Ohio and through much of Canada preaching all the time you will not wonder his farm at Jericho saw little of him. One thousand times Hicks spoke in public, but he never accepted a cent for his labor in the service of God.

He was one of the earliest abolitionists waging war against slavery and was the power behind the act of 1827 which freed all slaves in New York State.

A fearless speaker was Elias Hicks, and as time went on many "Orthodox" Quakers (those who followed

[1]Thomas C. Cornell, *Adam and Anna Mott, Their Ancestors and Descendants.*

[2]Cornelia Mitchell Parsons, *The Quaker Cross.* N. Y. National Americana Society.

George Fox) disagreed with his more liberal doctrine. 1827 was a sad year for peace-loving Friends, for a definite split came between the "Orthodox" and those who remained loyal to the teachings of Hicks. The majority of Long Island Quakers were "Hicksites" and still remain so, but in Old Westbury were a group of "Orthodox" and so two meeting-houses stand side by side.

Westbury, like Jericho, was a settlement made by Quakers, so their history is its early history, too. Its first name was Plainedge, or Woodedge, the latter evidently a translation of the Indian name "Wallage." When Henry Willis came from England with his son William in 1663 and bought land from Captain John Seaman, he changed the name of Plainedge to Westbury, after the town in his native county of Wiltshire, England.

From Westbury records it appears that,

> Travelling preachers were entertained often at the home of Edmund Titus and Henry Willis, coming no doubt, on horseback. Bridle paths traversed the neighborhood and led from Jericho, Bethpage, Jerusalem, and Hempstead and later to Hempstead Harbor (now Roslyn).

The first meeting-house was built in Westbury about 1700 and stood a little to the south of the present Hicksite meeting-house. The land immediately to the east and north of the house was used as a burying ground, although no traces of it remain to-day. Tradition says that a certain John Titus many years after refused to use a road that was made around the meeting-house since he objected to "driving over the graves of his ancestors."

The settlers of Westbury seem to have chosen their home sites with care and prospered as many of their wills give evidence. Here is a portion of the will of William Willis who married Mary Titus (the first couple by the way to be married in Westbury):

> To his wife, Mary, an equal half of all his cleared land and one third part of all meadows and one dwelling house, whichever she may choose and also two negro boys, Dick and Prince and a negro woman Hager, also a negro girl, Rose. He also gives her all household goods, cattle, horses and sheep; also all interest of all money on bond; also the equal one-half of all sleigh and cart tackling and farm impliments.[1]

In early times simple pleasures like singing and dancing and going to entertainments of any kind were strictly forbidden to Quakers. Any member who persisted in indulging in them was liable to be "read out of meeting" or "disowned." For instance, in 1778 Effingham Lawrence was disowned from Westbury meeting not only because he insisted on carrying guns in his ship but the meeting record says, "He plays cards, powders his hair, is extravagant in dress and address and uses vain words and compliments."

The "Orthodox" particularly were strict in matters of dress. Clothes might be made of the best materials and plenty of time and thought put on them, but they must be extremely plain in style and color. At one time even buttons were forbidden as "unnecessary ornaments."

There are many Quakers on Long Island to-day living

[1]Taken from an account of the Local History of Westbury contributed to the Westbury *Times* by Harold Hawxhurst.

in towns their forefathers founded, and in eight old gray meeting-houses service is held on Sunday, only they call it First Day. Two of these are in Westbury, others at Jericho, Bethpage (Farmingdale), Jerusalem (Wantagh), Cow Neck (Manhasset), Matinecock (Locust Valley), and Flushing.

At Locust Valley is a big school for boys and girls called Friends Academy, but that is not as old as many other things associated with the Quakers on the Island, having been started only about forty years ago.

Of course, Quakers to-day are not as rigid as they were in the old days. The principles of their faith and living are the same and they are ever ready to take their share in any constructive work for the good of their country and community. In talking to one another they still use the plain speech, but they dress and enjoy themselves as everyone else and live as they always have lived, comfortably and well without show or extravagance, with reverence for the traditions of the fine old homes that have come down to many of them.

The men and women who built these simple, spacious homes generations ago may have lacked color in their garments and worshipped in a church gray and plain to bareness, but they put a glory of color in their flower gardens and cherished their trees and orchards and wide fields as gifts from God.

With the exception of the Bowne house there are few of these homes left in Flushing and its vicinity, the city, alas, has crowded them out. But behind great old trees along the Jericho Turnpike in Westbury, around the ponds and the crossroads at Jericho, and tucked away on by-lanes in Locust Valley and Oyster Bay such old

homes and gardens still exist as reminders to us all of the "saintly lives of those who. led by the inward voice, have bequeathed the goodly inheritance of their memories to their descendents."[1]

[1]Dedication in Cornelia Mitchell Parsons's *Quaker Cross.*

CHAPTER 9

PLANTING AND BUILDING AFTER THE WAR

> "*Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor as well as the rich may be filled; and happiness and peace be established throughout our borders.*"—Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture.

BACK to Long Island came her people as soon as war was over. A sad homecoming it was to the majority: farms out of order, buildings dilapidated, stock carried away, woodlands cut down, churches deserted and destroyed; little or nothing left with which to build up a new life and a new living, and still less chance that the government, for all its promises, could afford to pay what it owed them. Life for the next few years was bound to be a bitter struggle.

Some of the more adventurous and footloose said, "Why try? Why toil to restore the old land when there is new country waiting to be opened?" And they left the Island and joined the ever-increasing tide of people going west to seek a fortune beyond the Appalachian Mountains.

Something bigger than their own immediate needs spurred the people during this trying time. The country was their own now to build and develop. Wise men like Washington, Franklin, and Hamilton, and others who framed our Constitution, made them realize that. Now

not only were they citizens and builders of their own state but citizens and builders of the United States. Therefore according to its resource each state was bound to contribute what it could.

Long Island's land was still its best resource, whaling and fishing for the time amounted to little, the farmers were the ones to save the day, and New York City markets could use all the foodstuff they might send in.

And what did the Long Island farmer grow those days in his fields bounded by rail fences? Wheat, rye, barley, oats, corn and flax, common grass also which he used for hay when salt grass from the marshes was scarce. Year after year he sowed his cereals with no idea that there was any other crop worth raising. He knew little about fertilizing or rotating crops, so the harvest was seldom great.

"Over the pastures grazed herds of flat-sided cows, more distinguished for their hardness than for their beef or dairy products. To these animals the rat-tailed sheep formed fitting companions." Hempstead Plains, the Shinnecock Hills, and Montauk Point were the principal grazing grounds.

Before the Revolution Jared Eliot, a minister in Connecticut, had been writing and preaching greater cultivation of the soil, realizing that if progress was to be made it was the gentlemen farmers and land owners like himself with time and money who must experiment in order to help the less prosperous farmers.

Cadwallader Colden during the fifteen troubled years he served as lieutenant governor of the Province of New York, spent his leisure time on his country estate, Spring Hill, near Flushing. There he not only studied

and developed the plants in his garden but carried on a correspondence with the great Swedish botanist, Carl von Linne, and wrote many articles on agriculture.

At the close of the war there was nothing Washington longed so much to do as to go back to Mount Vernon, cultivate his gardens and orchards, raise fine horses and cattle, and encourage his neighbors to do the same thing, but as vou know the country needed him elsewhere.

Soon after becoming president he made a trip around the country with the sole purpose of learning the agricultural conditions. On October 10, 1789, he made a special trip to Flushing to see the nursery and garden belonging to William Prince, of which he had heard so much. The entry in his diary says: "I set off from New York about 9 o'clock in my barge to visit Mr. Prince's fruit gardens and shrubberies at Flushing." Later, in 1791, he made a tour of the Island. It was spring then and folks outdid themselves to entertain him as he traveled with a party in a coach drawn by four horses with outriders. From old accounts we have very little idea what farms he saw, but we know a great deal about the food he ate. "The president lunched on Oysters at Patchogue," then crossed over to Smithtown and returned through Huntington, Oyster Bay, Hempstead Harbor, and Flushing. At Huntington he stopped for dinner at the inn kept by Gilbert Platt. "A tolerably good meal" Washington called it in his diary; one might think so—among other things were "oysters, baked striped bass, a monster round of beef, stuffed veal, roast turkey, chicken pie with all the vegetables of the season and various kinds of preserves."

The party stopped overnight and breakfasted at Captain Daniel Young's at Oyster Bay Cove and then went on to Roslyn, where they visited the grist mill and paper mill. When they reached Cold Spring Harbor and crossed over where the Causeway now is, the frame of a new schoolhouse was about to be raised. The story goes that President Washington and his company stopped long enough to assist in raising one of the rafters, gave three cheers for the school, and left a dollar with which to treat the workmen. As drinks cost three cents apiece in those days a dollar went further than it would to-day.

Ezra L'Hommedieu of Long Island did much for the farmers. During the war he had represented New York State in the Continental Congress and besides being a lawyer was a prominent member of the New York Agricultural Society, in fact he helped form the Society and often wrote for it. It was L'Hommedieu who suggested the use of fish for fertilizer. Perhaps the idea came to him from the Indian custom that prevailed in many sections of the country of planting a fish in every hill of corn.

Robert Livingston of the Hudson Valley undoubtedly was the greatest of this group and the one to whom farmers and stock raisers owe the most. Livingston was a lawyer, a statesman, and an ambassador but loved farming best of all. On his broad acres he tried all sorts of experiments. He was the first to plant alfalfa in this country. His barns sheltered the best animals obtainable at home and abroad, and he and others like him did everything in their power to raise the standard of American livestock. Livingston started many a man toward

a fortune in sheep raising, though the fortune was seldom made on Long Island. Big results were slow in coming, of course. Many farmers thought the old way was good enough for them. *All this fancy talk of crop rotation!*

L'Hommedieu and Livingston and the rest, however, were not to be discouraged by lack of response, any more than they were discouraged when certain of their experiments failed; both were to be expected, they just kept at it. Not only did they do the practical work themselves, they wrote on the subject and organized agricultural societies both in city and country. In turn these societies published articles in the press and offered prizes for agricultural improvements.

The movement did not fail. By the time its leaders finished their work new and unfamiliar crops were growing on many fields, and better animals were grazing on better pastures.

Did Livingston ever dream, do you suppose, that one day little Long Island would have a state institute of agriculture at Farmingdale, where young men and women might make a scientific study of fruit growing, market gardening, landscape gardening, and poultry and dairy farming?

Another distinguished Long Island citizen greatly interested in agriculture was Rufus King, our first ambassador to the Court of St. James'. In 1805 he returned from England to live in the country home he had established at Jamaica.

Rufus King is to be remembered both as an able citizen and a courtly, charming gentleman. After graduating from Harvard he became a lawyer and later a delegate to the Continental Congress. During the

Revolution he served as aid-de-camp to Colonel Glover and when the war was over filled the difficult position of our first ambassador to Great Britain.

The King Mansion is one of the loveliest old houses to be seen on Long Island to-day. The King Manor Association preserves it as a museum. Surrounded by a park it stands back from a noisy business thoroughfare as a quiet reminder of the days when Jamaica was a little village and gentlemen gave themselves the pleasure and privilege of cultivating their own fields and gardens.

THE "FARMER'S ALMANAC"

If he subscribed for nothing else the farmer bought the almanac. No household would have been complete without one of those yellow pamphlets illustrated with woodcuts to hang on a peg in the kitchen. There was a little of everything in it; never was so much information to be had for sixpence. The calendar, the weather forecast, phases of the moon, tide tables, and agricultural remarks, not to mention cooking receipts, cures for warts and sore throats, and chilblains, the rates of postage, court calendars, historical anecdotes, poems, jokes, riddles, and a variety of advertisements for coughdrops, soothing sirup, condition powders, and sure-cure patent medicines.

Robert Thomas, who edited the *Farmer's Almanac* in New England for many years, was for some time a bookseller in New York. Every now and then he would insert a little advice on the subject of reading in his almanac, but he was careful to make such suggestions only in the

winter months; at other seasons the farmer had no time for such indulgence.

Thomas was most wary in making weather calculations. "I have taken particular care," he writes in his almanac for 1793, "to make the calculations accurate in every respect; and besides the more than usual astronomical calculations, I have added the rising and setting of the seven stars for every evening through the year. As to my judgement of the weather, I need say but little; for you will in one year's time, without any assistance of mine, very easily discover how near I have come to the truth."

Here is some timely advice to country politicians in the almanac for 1796:

Go weed your corn and plow your land,
And by Columbia's interest stand,
  Cast prejudice away;
To able heads leave state affairs,
Give railing o'er and say your prayers,
  For stores of corn and hay.

With politics ne'er break your sleep
But ring your hogs and sheer your sheep,
  And rear your lambs and calves;
And Washington will take due care
That Britons never more shall dare
  Attempt to make you slaves.

In those days people had great faith in the influence of the moon and almanacs were always full of such advice as:

1799 Jan. 6. At this quarter of the moon cut fire wood to prevent it snapping.

1794 Jan. 14 Kill your winter pork and beef and it will enlarge by cooking.

Harvest your Indian corn now unless you intend it for the squirrels. If you make a husking, keep an old man between every two boys, else your husking will turn out losing.

SHEEP PARTING AND MARSHING

Since the earliest times sheep belonging to the western end of the Island had been pastured on Hempstead Plains, those belonging to the eastern end on Montauk Point and among the Shinnecock Hills.

Sheep on Montauk were cared for by herdsmen or grazers hired by well-to-do farmers of the towns. "These grazers were a curious company of men, burned black by the sun and wind, ragged, bearded and with respect for nothing on the earth, below it or above it save General Washington and John Paul Jones. They came but seldom to the settlements and, save themselves, saw nothing but the eternal splendour of the Atlantic and the Atlantic skies, their herds of sheep or cows and droves of horses or their dog."[1]

We do not hear anything about sheep parting down east, but on Hempstead Plains the last Monday in October was a lively day. Then every owner came to claim his stock.

Sheep parting for many years was a very simple institution, but as interest in stock grew and flocks greatly increased it became a great public doing.

"The sheep tenders rose early on that day and commenced to drive in the sheep from the outskirts of the plains to a large central pen, then each owner selected

[1]Cameron Rogers, *Magnificent Idler*. Doubleday, Doran.

his own by their earmarks and put them in their individual pens. This process was continued until all the sheep were taken out." Any unclaimed sheep were sold later at auction.

Everybody, whether or not they owned sheep, went to sheep parting, afoot or a-horseback or driving any available vehicle. It was a day for meeting old friends and having a frolic, and from all accounts the plains around Westbury must have looked like a three-ring circus that last Monday in October.

There were peddlers and side shows of every kind, "including a troop of acrobats and clowns." Patty Ann Wright was there with cake, gingerbread, and spruce beer, "oysters and watermelons by the wagon load." Darkies peddled hot corn and the balloon and pin-wheel man did a thriving business. Horses were swapped, impromptu races run, and since it was close to election day there were plenty of candidates willing to make stump speeches.

Sheep parting seems to have been peculiar to Long Island. So was marshing. Both are now things of the past.

Like the plains, the marshes were common land of the town of Hempstead. There were over eight thousand acres of these marshes along its south shore, great clumps of sedge with streams running between. Rights to the sedge or salt grass for their cattle had been a privilege of the townspeople since early days. There was only one restriction, the time of cutting, and the second Tuesday in September was the day appointed.

The day before there was a great rush in boats to

locate a desirable piece of grass, but no one dared to cut a spear before daylight Tuesday morning. An unwritten law prevailed that a person first locating a tract of marsh might stake his claim by setting up a rake or pitchfork or any other implement, and all others respected it.

"The grass when cut was brought in boats (large farmers had scows that could carry ten ordinary boat-loads) to the mainland, usually the same day it was cut, for a storm or a spring tide might carry it all away. Here it was spread out on the uplands to dry and when it was cured it was removed to the barnyard and stacked, the cattle and sheep generally having access to it during the winter."

The sedge hay harvest, or marshing, was a season of hard work but there was fun in it, too, and it was mighty healthful. You have never smelled real salt air until you smell it over the south-shore marshes.

Some cut the hay to sell and made good profit. "A two-horse load after it was cured would fetch about twelve or fifteen dollars."

"Some of the larger farmers who wintered a great deal of stock cut larger quantities of this hay and had many men in their employ during the sedge harvest season. Temporary huts or shelters were built on the marsh. In these rude structures they slept, generally taking their meals in the open air, one of their number acting as cook. Much of their food, such as bread, pie, and baked beans, they brought from home. Eels, hard clams and soft-shell clams, crabs and fish were to be had in great quantities in the waters of the immediate creeks and bays, and the farmers and their hands lived

pretty generally on these products, sometimes, however, indulging in the luxury of such game as snipe or duck. There was a great variety of game birds frequenting the waters and marshes of this part of the island, as the plover, canvasback, yellow-leg snipe, marlin and others of the tribe, teal or brant."

Daniel Treadwell tells how as a boy he spent nine days in a marshing camp and enjoyed himself thoroughly. "During which time," he says, "we slept on the marsh, ate eel and clam chowder . . . with the mess." The cook was most ingenious, using one big iron pot for every purpose, boiling, stewing, roasting, or frying—but nobody cared, they were too hungry to be fussy. "The entire nine days of this picnic the weather was unusually fine, but one short storm, many fogs and only two casualties worth mentioning." One was the sinking of a scowload of hay and the other was "the loss of our dinner through the stupidity of our cook. He upset two and a half gallons of chowder into the fire, putting out the fire, putting out the chowder and putting out the temper of the workmen who were obliged to satisfy their hunger on hard tack, red herring and a short allowance of beans."

TURNPIKES AND TOLLGATES

More than farming and gardening was progressing, real roads were being built, not wagon paths and footpaths but roads. William Prince of Flushing was one of the promoters. Incidentally William Prince likewise established the first ferry between Flushing and New York and built several bridges on the Island. Up to this

An old road that leads to Oyster Bay.

AN OLD LONG ISLAND HAY BARN

time goods were principally carried to the city by water. "To and from New York along the shores of the Island plied fleets of sturdy little sailing vessels which put into harbors and bays and moored at the docks of the shore villages or as often at the 'landings' on creeks and coves that lay between. The docks and landings were the centres to which the farmers hauled their produce. Here their load was piled aboard."[1]

Three main roads ran down the Island. The North Country Road passed from the head of one harbor to another along the north shore. The South Country Road followed the south-shore beaches and between these ran the Middle Country Road. They are all in existence now, though their names have been changed.

The year 1801 saw the first Long Island turnpike. Turnpike roads were built by a company, and travelers paid toll to keep them in good repair. At prescribed distances along the way there was a tollgate and a man in charge who collected the money. There was a regular scale of prices for the number of persons, horses, size of their load, etc. Soon along these roads in the gray light of morning might be seen a line of white-covered wagons creaking their way to market, lanterns swinging underneath.

But it was the demand of the pleasure seekers rather than the farmers that actually brought the turnpike to Long Island. Far Rockaway was becoming a fashionable watering place. Every day during the summer season great numbers of gigs, carriages, and coaches bearing the polite society of New York could be seen crossing the ferry to Brooklyn to make the drive to the shore.

[1]Ralph Henry Gabriel, *Evolution of Long Island*. Yale University Press

These people objected to bumpy, stony roads, so the Jamaica and Rockaway Turnpike was laid out. "Society could now enjoy a smooth pike all the way to the beach." Soon other turnpikes were built and "toll-gate roads were running out of Jamaica like fingers on a hand."[1] One of these, the Jericho Turnpike, still carries its name down the middle of the Island through old Quaker settlements.

PEDDLERS AND TRAVELING WORKMEN

Improved roads brought another type of traveler—the peddler. During the next forty years his tribe increased, carrying his pack on his back or pushing a little cart from house to house.

You might buy almost anything from these peddlers and hawkers: pins, needles, small hardware, children's books (such as they were), cotton goods, etc. Then there was the peddler that specialized: tin peddlers, clock peddlers, peddlers of woodenware, boots, hats, brooms, etc. Some could be depended upon, others were perfect cheats. A wagon peddler might even be met driving through the country with a string of wagons behind him; in winter he had a string of sleighs lashed together.

As he ambled along from town to town he never failed to be a news peddler as well and seldom lacked for listeners. Market day, sheep parting, county fair or auction, the peddlers were always there taking in the sights and any stray dimes that might come their way.

With the exception of the junk man with a cowbell on his wagon, the scissors grinder, the popcorn and peanut

[1]Ralph Henry Gabriel, *Evolution of Long Island.*

man, or an occasional fish man pushing his little barrow with scales jingling on top, the peddler has now vanished from off the Island.

Then there were the workmen of the road, the traveling shoemakers, tailors, candlemakers, chair menders, tombstone cutters, barbers, printers, and what not, who went from house to house doing what was needed in their special line. Folks were very dependent on these journeymen, as they were called, since the majority of men living in the villages were either farmers or fishermen and shops were few and far between, and it was impossible to buy ready-made things as we can today.

The shoemaker, or cobbler as he was called, for instance, would stay with one family long enough to make and mend the winter's supply of shoes. "The visit of the cobbler was quite an event each year," writes a man; "father would prepare for it by swapping a pair of cattle or a load of potatoes down at Foster's tan yard for a few sides of leather. When the cobbler came it was the boy's work to whittle out the pegs for him."[1]

Peddlers and journeymen seldom had a set price, they drove the best bargain they could, often they bartered their goods for farm produce or local ware. Exchange of this kind was most common in those days. In fact, there was very little actual money in circulation. Storekeepers often advertised in this way: "All kinds of country produce will be received in payment and every favor gratefully acknowledged. Good rock salt exchanged for flaxseed or rye even."

Edward Hicks, a cousin of Elias Hicks of Jericho,

[1]Bouck White, *The Book of Daniel Drew.* Doubleday, Doran.

was a traveling painter; he did some portraits, but fireboards were his specialty. Fire boards were used to fill the fireplace in summer, and it was popular to have them decorated with historic scenes. Hicks had three or four favorite subjects. Washington crossing the Delaware he painted again and again.

CLINTON ACADEMY AND THE FIRST HIGH SCHOOLS

The time had come to think about more advanced schools. The movement began down at East Hampton with the Reverend Mr. Buel, Dr. Gardiner, and William Payne as promoters. In 1784 they opened a school called the Clinton Academy in honor of the governor. It was the first incorporated academy in New York State, and you can think of it as the first high school on the Island. It soon became quite famous; scholars attended from all over the states and even from the West Indies.

East Hampton people treasure old landmarks and Clinton Academy stands to-day in good repair for you to visit as a museum, "an ancient building with ends of cream-colored brick and a graceful sloping roof with dormer windows over which is a cupola where still hangs the old bell."

In Flatbush a similar high school opened in 1787 called Erasmus Hall Academy (now grown into the great building called Erasmus Hall High School) and three years later, 1790, Governor Clinton signed the charter for the Union Hall Academy in Jamaica. The school was so called, since it was built by the united efforts of Flushing, Newtown, and Jamaica. It was closed in 1873.

HARBOR MILLS AND FACTORIES

The deep waters of Hempstead, Huntington, and Cold Spring harbors were beginning to turn the wheels of various mills and factories.

Thimbles and butter pots, jugs, jars, and pie platters were manufactured in Huntington. Brown Brothers Pottery Works on the east side of Huntington Harbor had been making gray and brown stone ware for years out of local clay and now sloops and packets carried it to Connecticut and various other places. No doubt many of you have one of Brown Brothers' jugs on your pantry shelf this minute, unless your wise mother already has it in the living room full of flowers. The Huntington Historical Society has a large collection of them.

Walter Jones and his brother John set up a woolen factory on Cold Spring Harbor, quite an elaborate plant for its day. People might send their wool to Jones "via Jacob Smith at the turnpike gate Brooklyn, or Skidmore Hendrickson on the Plains, or William R. Hitchcock and Co. corner Peck Slip and South Street New York."

Later when Cold Spring became a whaling town the woolen factory turned out quantities of heavy cloth for sailors' wear and the town boasted a tailor shop where the cloth was made up; also three shoe shops.

There are still many Joneses in Cold Spring Harbor and vicinity but the woolen factory is gone. No one can be sorry. Cold Spring with its hills all around is too lovely to be spoiled by factory smoke. However, if you ride up Rogue Lane you will find one factory left. In a

tiny red-brick building the Van Velsors have been making drum heads and banjo tops for over seventy years; one of the few places in the country where this work is still done by hand with skill and care that is a joy to see. It is good to think of music being made up Rogue Lane.

"There was a period when wool raising in the southern portion of the town of Hempstead was among the industries of the day. . . . Willian Clowes built a woolen factory at Milburn. A great many hands were employed in the factory, men and women. Here the wool for the country about was carded, spun, woven and fulled into cloth.

"The wool industry on Long Island is a thing entirely of the past. Yet from the little Long Island beginnings the wool industry of the United States has become the greatest in the world."

For years Roslyn had two thriving paper mills on the harbor, both run by Henry Onderdonk. They were the first paper mills in New York State. Onderdonk also operated the grist mill at the head of the harbor. It was at Onderdonk's paper mill, you remember, that Washington stopped long enough actually to make a sheet of paper.

Sag Harbor has the honor of being the first Long Island town to have had a printer and a printing press. David Frothingham not only published the *Long Island Herald* but books as well (the first book from his press was published in 1791 and called *An Oration on the Rights of Animals*, by Herman Daggett).[1] In the same

[1]This has been reprinted by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (1926).

year Frothingham advertised for an apprentice and John M. Elliot of Sag Harbor became his first "printer's devil." Someone could write a most thrilling tale about the later adventures of this same boy when he sailed with his own printing press for South America on the ill-fated Miranda Expedition. A little pamphlet has recently been written about him called *Long Island's First Printer's Devil*,[1] which certainly will entertain some of you, and you may see a copy of Frothingham's *Long Island Herald* for December 6, 1792, in the museum at the Sag Harbor Library.

LONG ISLAND'S FIRST NURSERY GARDEN

At the close of the war Prince's Linnæan Botanic Garden and Old American Nursery[2] flourished again under the management of William Prince, son of Robert Prince, its founder. Robert Prince had been one of the settlers of Flushing; he was a Huguenot and brought to Long Island all a Frenchman's love for trees and growing things. Like L'Hommedieu and Livingston, William Prince wrote articles on the improvement of gardens and farms. He made his trade catalogues so good and attractive that they were highly prized even in his day; now they are almost priceless.

At that time there were no other nurseries on Long Island and very few throughout the country, so those eighty acres of ground in Flushing served as an impor-

[1]Morton Pennypacker, *Long Island's First Printer's Devil*. Privately printed, Kew Gardens (1927).

[2]The name was derived from the great Swedish botanist, Carl von Linné, generally known as Linnæus, who was the first to classify plants and helped establish botany as a science.

tant horticultural experiment station. William Prince sought out trees, shrubs, vines, and flowers from every corner of America and Europe. It was said if a new plant was produced in Europe one year they had it in the Linnæan Garden the next.

Foreign missionaries, explorers, and travelers with infinite trouble and care brought back vines, shrubs, and flowers, now so familiar to us it is hard to remember they were once natives of far-away countries. Wisteria, chrysanthemums, azaleas, forsythia, bleeding heart, and many more came from Japan and eastern Asia; Captain Kirkpatrick of the East India Company brought the tiger lily to add to the other "outlandish flowers."

In 1803, during Thomas Jefferson's administration as president, Lewis and Clark went out on their famous expedition to explore the country included in the Louisiana Purchase west of the Mississippi. The following year they sent back many specimens of growing things to Prince's Nursery. This must have interested Jefferson, who was a great gardener himself and believed "the greatest service which can be rendered to any country is to add a useful plant to its culture."

William Robert Prince, son of William Prince, introduced to America nearly all the Japanese trees we know. The oldest Japanese ginkgo tree in the country still shades the porch of the Prince homestead with its fanlike leaves. As soon as Commodore Perry opened the way for trade with Japan Prince's Nurseries began to get out trees. Long before that they had been importing trees from China.

This grandson of Robert Prince was eager to promote a native silk industry in this country and experimented

with great plantations of mulberry trees in various places. At one time it is said slips of the Chinese mulberry passed as currency in Flushing shops at the rate of 12½ cents. Young William Prince spent very little time in Flushing but botanized all over the country. From one trip West he brought back the dainty little California poppy now so familiar in Eastern gardens.

Strange as it may seem, the plants from the Far East settled down to grow and bloom in this section of the country far better than some that came from Europe. Later those found a climate better suited to them out on the Pacific coast. In the meantime, for instance, all attempts to grow wine grapes on Long Island were a dismal failure. Plants, after all, are like people, happy when transplanted some places and desperately homesick in others.

In 1798 another nursery, Bloodgood's, was established in Flushing and years later "The Kissena Nurseries," conducted by Samuel and Robert Parsons. In 1852 Isaac Hicks established a nursery on the Jericho Turnpike at Westbury that is well known all over the country to-day. With so much planting and experimenting going on it is no wonder Flushing is famous for its trees. It is said over two thousand varieties grow there. Beeches from England and Norway, maple and cherry trees from Japan; cedars from Lebanon Mountain, and magnolias from China; evergreens from Colorado cañons, from Maine and Oregon, and from the slopes of the Himalayas—these and many, many more besides lovely native trees.

One great old weeping beech that stands near the Bowne house off of Fox Lane is so fine that the state

preserves it in an inclosure of its own. Alas! nothing so fine has been done for the Prince Mansion. After all William Prince and his sons did to beautify Flushing and the country at large it seems unbelievable as the town has grown into a city no care has been taken to protect the fine old homestead and garden or keep it as a landmark. To-day it is a sad sight, going to rack and ruin. Only the remnants of garden and orchard keep faith with those who planted with such thought and care a generation and more ago. In spite of choking weeds and neglect they bravely struggle to bloom each spring.

CHAPTER 10

ANOTHER WAR WITH ENGLAND— THE WAR OF 1812

"*Free Trade and Sailors' Rights*"—Henry Clay.

IN 1812 a second war with England broke over this country, a naval war this time to prove that we must be free on sea as well as on land. Although Long Island was not the scene of actual battle, her men had a hand in much of the hard fighting at sea.

In early times it was the custom for hostile nations to commission privately owned ships of their own, or of neutral nations, to assist them in war on the ocean commerce of their enemy. This was called privateering. This War of 1812 was largely fought by privateers; since at that time our navy was very small.

Baltimore furnished a larger number of privateers than any other port, but Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Salem, and Sag Harbor each sent out their dozens.

"Most of the privateers which sailed from New York and New England ports were in part manned and in some cases commanded by Long Island men." "They varied in size," we are told, "from mere pilot boats with twenty or forty men each to harass the small trade of the British West Indies, to the largest and most

powerful frigates fit to cope with the best ships of the British Navy. By far the largest number were schooners, swift, medium sized, powerfully armed. Several brigs and brigantines sailed also. They went out overloaded with men, so as to have crews to bring home the prizes which as a matter of course they expected to take. Sometimes a privateer would capture half a dozen or more British ships while on a cruise and would return so depleted of seamen that she had scarcely enough to handle sail.

"These naval battles of the war might have been fought in the days of the Crusades, so far as modern ways of sea warfare are concerned. Torpedoes had been tried and discarded during the Revolution. They were thought not only unsatisfactory but a dishonorable means of making war. Steam was beginning to be used, but not for serious work like this. Before the war ended the *Fulton*, with its ram and a few heavy guns—great-grandfather of the armored battleships—had been launched, but it came too late to influence the result. It was all a matter of sails and seamanship and skill."[1]

Privateering, as you see, was a kind of free-for-all fighting which appealed to bold and reckless spirits but was open to many abuses. In later years it was entirely done away with and now "the navies of the nations are the only instrument of offense and defense on the high seas."

At different times during the three years of the war a British fleet under Commodore Hardy lay off Montauk Point and the Sound and occasionally east-end folk complained that the crews landed and made raids on their cattle.

[1]Helen Nicolay, *Book of American Wars*. Century Co.

The people of Orient Point (or Oyster Pond Point as it was then called) grew very familiar with the "checkered sides of two-deck ships and the ensign of Old England as it floated over them."

Sag Harbor was much agitated; they had had enough war for a time. A fort was erected on Turkey Hill, another on Bluff Point, and a third on Dering Heights. Henry P. Dering was named to have charge of the signals in case the enemy attempted to land and attack the port of Sag Harbor. The section of Long Wharf just west of Wharf Street is called "the North Battery" to this day. From time to time alarms were given that the enemy was coming and wagons would be brought to take the women and children away to hide in the woods. It is said for six weeks one summer the women and children never undressed but lay down at night with their clothes on, fearful of the foe in the bay.

Governor Tompkins sent a large stock of ammunition to Sag Harbor and ordered that no men be drafted from eastern Long Island; they were all needed to guard their home coast. Companies of foot artillery were stationed at the arsenal to protect the ammunition and men exempt from military duty offered their services as a Home Guard.

Despite the feeling about torpedoes, one Joshua Penny tried his hand at a little submarine warfare. An entry in an old journal says that Joshua Penny was the lightkeeper on Cedar Island during the years 1812 and 1813 and that his wife tended the light when he was absent on his sloop.

After war broke out Penny was absent a good part of the time because he had an old score to settle and

vowed vengeance on those who had made him suffer. Once for fifteen years he had been an impressed seaman in the British Navy. He finally escaped and lived for three years among the Hottentots before he could make his way home.

This very early torpedo boat that Penny and some others maneuvered about Gardiner's Bay was supposed to have been invented by Robert Fulton. It did little or no damage, since it never functioned at the right time, but Penny had the satisfaction of knowing that he worried and annoyed the British fleet commander, and that Hardy ordered his ships off Sag Harbor swept every two hours and ropes run along the bottom "to keep off the damned Yankee barnacles."

Penny kept up his submarine cruising until one night he was surprised at home in his own bed and taken prisoner aboard the *Ramillies*. Penny always claimed to his dying day that a Sag Harbor man betrayed him into the hands of the British for two hundred pounds sterling—"sold his country for a Penny," he would say grimly.

Gardiner's Island and its farm manor never failed to get its share of excitement. First Captain Kidd, you remember, then various visits from whaleboat men and "cowboys" during the Revolution, and now, "when the squadron of Commodore Decatur was blockaded in New London Harbor by the British, a boat crew of Americans managed to escape the vigilance of the enemy and landed on Gardiner's Island. They concealed themselves in the woods until a party from one of the British ships, among whom were several officers, came ashore and strolled up to the manor house, then coming suddenly into view made them all prisoners. The astonished

captives, enraged but helpless, were quickly and quietly conveyed across the water to Connecticut. Barges were at once ordered by the enemy to patrol the waters about Gardiner's Island, and troops were sent to arrest Gardiner, whom they supposed to be instrumental in betraying the British into the trap, but who was really as much surprised as themselves, and entirely ignorant of the presence of the Americans until the skirmish in his own dooryard.

"Gardiner escaped captivity through the presence of mind and ingenuity of his wife. He went to bed, feigning sickness, and being a delicate man, the reflection of the green walls of his room and the green curtains of the bedstead and windows gave him a sickly look. A table was placed by his bedside with medicines and glasses and spoons and when the officers appeared and insisted on seeing their victim, Mrs. Gardiner came forward, and tearfully asking them to make as little noise as possible, admitted them to her husband's room. They were completely deceived and not wishing to be encumbered with a sick man on board ship, took their leave, but demanded as hostage their oldest son, a lad of ten —who was fortunately away at school."

Babylon village on the south shore was thrown into great excitement one July day in 1812 when Captain David Porter escaped from the British and came ashore in a whaleboat.

The people not knowing him at first suspected that he might be a British spy, but when he showed his papers and the townsfolk realized he was the same Captain David Porter who had captured more than ten British prizes and sailed with Commander Bainbridge

they gave him a warm welcome. Later they carried him on a triumphal procession to the Brooklyn Navy Yard in a whaleboat mounted on a horse-drawn truck. It is doubtful if Captain David Porter cared much about that part of the reception.

Do you remember Elizabeth Williams Potter of Huntington who I told you cared for young Midshipman Hardy when he had the smallpox during the Revolution? Here is the sequel to that story.

Midshipman Hardy was now a British Commodore and commanded the fleet that sailed through Long Island Sound and anchored in Huntington Bay. One day a fast sloop, the *Amazon*, owned by Judge Nathaniel Potter (Elizabeth's son), sailed from Huntington for Albany. Before going far she was captured by Commodore Hardy's fleet. Judge Potter's nephew was aboard the *Amazon* and refused to surrender gracefully. In fact, he was so spunky the commander put him in irons and threatened to ship him to Halifax. On hearing of the capture of his sloop, Judge Potter ransomed her and went on board to look after his nephew. Then he and Commodore Hardy recognized one another and there was much talk of old times, and especially of Elizabeth Potter and all she had done.

Of course the saucy nephew was released, and the following day Hardy gave a grand dinner on the flagship to which Judge Potter came under flag of truce as the honored guest and in memory of his mother, whose name was toasted again and again.

By order of Mayor De Witt Clinton of New York the old fortifications on the Heights in Brooklyn, from Go-

COURTESY OF GORDON GRANT

Type of Ship Used During the War of 1812.
From a drawing made by Gordon Grant for "The Book of Old Ships."

At different times during the three years of the war, the British fleet, under Commodore Hardy, lay off Montauk Point and the Sound. The people of Orient Point (or Oyster Pond Point as it was then called) grew very familiar with the "checkered side of two-decked ships and the ensign of old England as it floated over them."

COURTESY BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

GUY'S SNOW SCENE. BROOKLYN IN 1820

Francis Guy painted this picture from the second-story window of his house on Front Street. He would open the window and call out to some one to pose for him. Mr. Titus obligingly stood in his gateway and fed his chickens. Jacob Hicks carrying a measuring stick stood talking to Thomas Birdsall, the postmaster.

wanus Bay to Wallabout Bay, were strengthened and put in fighting trim. This time there was no lack of men to do the work. Volunteers poured in even from other states. On September 4, 1814, eight hundred citizens of Newark, New Jersey, marched to Paulus Hook, crossed the North and East rivers and plied spade and pickax at the Brooklyn lines. Two hundred men from Morris County came under the leadership of their pastor; and another day seventy volunteers from Patterson, led by a veteran of the Revolution, labored in the trenches whistling a new song, "The Patriotic Diggers."

Fortunately the fortifications were never needed. In fact, war came to an end before they were finished, and there is no trace left of the old redoubt except the site of Fort Greene Park.

News of the signing of the treaty of peace at Ghent reached New York on February 14, 1815—the finest kind of a valentine. Before noon the following day word was spreading to all the towns on Long Island that once more war was at an end.

CHAPTER 11

BROOKLYN VILLAGE AND BROOKLYN CITY, HOW ONE OF THE FIVE DUTCH TOWNS GREW UP

"Record it for the grandson of your son
A city is not builded in a day."
Vachel Lindsay.

THE story of how Brooklyn grew out of a village into a town and then into a city belongs to the years between 1815 and 1834.

Brooklyn deserves a book all to itself. In Long Island's story, of course, it can only have a share, and it is difficult to pick and choose what to tell.

If you are a Brooklyn boy or girl and like old things, look up volume two of Dr. Henry Stiles's *History of Brooklyn*. It is full of quaint old maps and pictures and nice gossipy bits about the people who a hundred and more years ago began to build up your big, spread-out city from a tiny village clustering around the market and ferry at the foot of Fulton Street.

The ferry was Brooklyn's first business district, and over the Turnpike and Old Ferry Road (now called Fulton Street) Long Island fishermen, farmers, and milk men jogged in to exchange their loads at the market or patiently wait their turn to be ferried over to Peck's Slip on the New York side. There were few restrictions

in those days, so slaughterhouses were permitted to be in the midst of everything else. "Every morning butchers came down to the ferry stairs with wheelbarrow loads of nicely dressed meats which they bundled aboard the boat, barrow and all."

Close by the ferry was the post office, in the hardware store of Birdsall and Bunce, also the wheelwright's shop, the blacksmith, the ship chandler, and the cooperage where barrels were made. The bakeshop was there, too, and Mrs. Flower's greengrocery, where you also bought yeast. There was the thread-needle store, where ladies went to get notions, and Mrs. Eagles's candy shop. Mrs. Eagles looked like her name, a snappy-eyed little woman who always wore a red and white plaid turban. The children stood in considerable awe of her. Some said she had worn a uniform and fought in the Revolution. She certainly knew how to boss her husband, Jacob, a tall, lank, easy-going man who called himself a grocer.

The ferry was the terminus for various Long Island stage lines, and there was coming and going enough to keep several near-by taverns and livery stables busy, especially on stormy days when farmers and travelers might be storm bound, or passengers from New York, too late to make the trip down the Island.

The Travelers' Inn kept by Benjamin Smith was very popular with the Long Island Quakers. At times it was said "as many as 150 horses munched their oats, stamped their feet, and whisked away the flies in the stable of the inn and great was its fame among the broad brims."

Directly in front of the ferry stairs William Furman kept an oyster house where "for twelve and a half cents

you could get all the roast oysters you could eat at a sitting."

Big stout Coe Downing kept a tavern and stage house with a sign almost as wide as himself swinging over the entrance. It read:

Coe S. Downing's Stage and livery stable

Horses and carriages to let. Flatbush and Bath, Hempstead, Jerusalem, Hempstead Harbor, Cow Neck, Westbury, Musqueto Cove, Jericho, Oyster Bay, Huntington, Eastwood, Dixhill, Babylon and Islip stage house.

South of Fulton Ferry along the waterfront ran Furman Street, a noisy place even then of docks and small warehouses and strange smells. Tony Phillpott's ale shop was down there with a shuffleboard and ninepin alley. Tony's was a great resort for longshoremen. In a slip near by "William Niblo, a well known caterer in New York, kept a floating crib for the turtles which he served up on his table in such a delicious manner."

Directly up hill from the ferry and south along the bluffs over Furman Street is the section we now call "The Heights." In the early days the Pierreponts, De Bevoises, Joralemons, Patchens, and others who had lovely homes and big gardens up there called it Clover Hill. And what a view they had! New York's skyline was so low in the 1820's you could look over the city beyond the North River to the Jersey shore with the Orange Mountains in the background, and down the East River and out over the harbor and Lower Bay as far as your eye could reach.

The De Bevoise home on Clover Hill belonged to two bachelor brothers, descendants of Carel De Bevoise, the

schoolmaster whom you have read about. They were odd old boys and spent most of their time puttering about their garden. Bob De Bevoise was one of the first to cultivate wild strawberries for market. He sent them over the river in pint crockery bowls at two shillings the pint.

Sarah De Bevoise, a very beautiful girl, kept house for the brothers and had many admirers. A private lane led down between the De Bevoise and Pierrepont estates, and so many hearts and initials and love lines to Miss Sally were cut on the fence by her various swains that the little street carries the name of Love Lane to this day.

Black Peg, Bob De Bevoise's slave, used to peddle hot corn and baked pears from her master's garden. As you came off the ferry boat you heard Peg's familiar call:

> Hot corn, hot corn I have to sell.
> Come buy my corn I'll treat you well.
> My corn is good and that I know
> For on Long Island it did grow.

North of the Heights over Wallabout Bay where Fort Greene Park is to-day was once very hilly. On the slope of one of the hills grew a fine old magnolia tree, a huge thing. The "Tulip Tree," it was called, and one might smell the sweetness of its blossoms long before he saw it. The Tulip Tree was a favorite picnic spot, especially for parties from New York. On warm afternoons they would come over the river in rowboats, build a fire, boil the kettle and have tea, and row home as the sun was setting over the harbor.

Below the hill where the Tulip Tree grew and on the

shore of Wallabout Bay, the Brooklyn Navy Yard began. The land had been part of the Remsen farm up to the close of the Revolution. Then it was bought by John Jackson, who in turn sold a portion of it on February 23, 1801, to the United States government. The Navy Yard began in a small way, but now it stretches along the waterfront behind a sea wall for three miles.

FULTON'S STEAMBOATS

After the excitement, not to mention the trials and tribulations, of crossing the river in overloaded rowboats and sailboats, just imagine how swift and comfortable the first steamboat must have seemed to Brooklyn and Long Island travelers. She was called the *Nassau* and made her first trip Sunday, May 10, 1814. On Monday morning the Long Island *Star* reported the event:

> New Steamboat Nassau. On Sunday last commenced running the new beautiful steamboat *Nassau* as a ferry boat between New York and Brooklyn. This noble boat surpassed the expectations of the public in the rapidity of her movements. Her trips varied from five to twelve minutes, according to the tide and weather. The inhabitants of Long Island particularly will find this a most interesting improvement; as the ferries heretofore, however well conducted, have been inconvenient and to many a subject of dread. Carriages and wagons, however crowded, pass on and off the boat with the same facility as in passing on a bridge. There is a spacious room below the deck where passengers may be secure from the weather.

Can't you see the crowd and hear the hubbub around the dock that Sunday? Ministers must have had a hard time keeping their congregations' minds on the sermon. Of course everyone wanted to ride and the *Nassau*

crossed over and back forty times. On one trip she carried "549 passengers, one wagon, and two chairs with their horses and one saddle horse."

On June 29 people were offered "rational and refined pleasure" in a moonlight excursion up the river in the *Nassau*. The *Star* later reported:

> The beautiful steamboat, *Nassau*, having been fitted up for an excursion of pleasure, received on board about two hundred and fifty persons, principally inhabitants of Brooklyn, and also an excellent band of music from New York, and left the slip amid the huzzas of an admiring multitude. She was beautifully illuminated, and moved majestically on the water, streaming the white waves in the rear by force of her excellent machinery. The moon shone forth with a kindly radiance. . . . As she passed up the East River near the city, multitudes assembled on the docks, and cheered responsive to the enlivening music of the band. On the water were multitudes of small rowboats, with people of all colors and both sexes, vainly striving to keep up with the steam boat and catch the droppings of the music and merriment which prevailed on board. On her return, when near the flag staff on the Battery, her way was stopped awhile—when the brisk, the bold, the young, the gay, mingled in the sprightly dance. The boat proceeded some distance up the North River, and on her return again stopped at the Battery to serenade the crowds.
>
> This *is a refinement*, a luxury of pleasure unknown to the Old World. . . . Europe in vain may look at home for any parallel. The captain, lordly as old Neptune, drives his splendid car regardless of wind or tide, and is able to tell with certainty the hour of his return.
>
> Honored age and sprightly youth, the beauteous fair and their manly admirers, all who have partaken, will dwell with delight on the innocent and varied charms of the *Nassau's* evening excursion.

Later other boats were added to the service: The *Over*, the *Rough and Ready*, and the *Olive Branch*. By that time Brooklyn had several ferry landings.

In 1816 Brooklyn was made an incorporated village with a board of trustees, and a considerable number of new rules and regulations were passed and published in the newspaper.

For one thing lights must be placed in front of houses and certain streets marked with signposts. Gravel walks were put down. John Marshall was appointed master chimney sweep, and John Applegate employed to take up all pigs running loose in the streets.

Every householder was obliged to keep a firebucket hanging in his hall. When an alarm was given every man must grab his bucket and scamper away to the fire with all haste. If he could not go himself he must pitch his buckets out into the street for the first comer who might pass on his way to the fire. Every bucket was painted with its owner's name and address.

This "bucket brigade" was all the fire department Brooklyn possessed until they bought a fire engine. Before that they must borrow the engine from New York. This was inconvenient, as you may imagine, especially if the big ferry boat was not on the New York side.

This same year, 1816, Brooklyn opened the first elementary public school on Long Island; previously parents paid a fee to send their children to school. The school was called Number 1 and was in a little frame house on the corner of Concord and Adams streets. There were several small private schools; Whitney's was opposite the post office, and there was the Brooklyn Select Academy. Every year the scholars who attended Platt Kennedy's school gave their Christmas entertainment at Benjamin Smith's Inn.

The five village trustees always held their meetings over the greengrocer's shop. As soon as the board assembled it was the custom to order crackers and cheese and a decanter of rum. At the close of the season they had quite a discussion as to the propriety of the trustees eating a supper of oysters at the public's expense. It was finally decided to be "Not only unpolitic but illegal, so they ate at their own expense of one shilling each."

Surely an incorporated village should be dignified enough to support its own barber shop. Previously Brooklynites had been served by one who traveled from house to house, but he had taken himself off to New York. A number of citizens therefore made up a subscription to start a shop and "called a barber."

He was a fat little man named Penny, and the stock subscribed to start his shop was called the "Penny stock." The whole proceeding so amused the newspaper editor that he published a funny long poem about it, the last verse of which ran:

> They signed a long roll
> Bought a place for his pole
> And a snug little building now gladdens his soul!
> Where the wise and the otherwise, the gallant and brave,
> May frizzle and powder, may lather and shave.

Here is a picture for you of Brooklyn in 1820. Francis Guy painted it from the second-story window of his house. Now and then he would open the window and call out to someone to pose for him. Mr. Titus obligingly stood in his gateway and fed his chickens. Jacob Hicks, known as "Wood Hicks" because he kept a wood yard and always carried a measuring stick, stands talking to Thomas Birdsall, the postmaster.

"These with dungcarts, sleighs, wheelbarrows, capering boys, grubbing swine, barn-door fowls and quarreling dogs form a lively picture."

You will be especially interested in the house in the center of Guy's picture with two chimneys because it was said to be haunted. Diana Rapalje lived there, a strange person, who had been a great belle in her time.

Behind Diana's house was St. Ann's, the first Episcopal church in Brooklyn. For years its services had been held in barns and private houses, and now when a building was finally erected it must have been rather peculiar looking, "rough stone plastered and painted dark blue." However, inside you forgot all the ugliness. A crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling, the gift of Mrs. Ann Sands, who loved the church. The congregation admired it, and when it was lighted the children thought it was sparkling and lovely enough to have been the diamond tree in Aladdin's palace.

Guy's picture was badly damaged by fire in 1881, but it has been partly restored and now hangs in the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences on Prospect Park Plaza.

Brooklyn's first Sunday school was quite different from our idea of a Sunday school to-day. It was opened for the education of slaves, and "at very short notice upwards of one hundred from the age of ten to sixty assembled. They commenced with writing and conducted themselves in the most becoming manner. In the evening they were instructed in figures." Later Sunday schools similar to those of our own time were organized for religious instruction of both white and black.

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT

July 4, 1825, was a great day for Brooklyn. Not only was the town honored by the presence of the gallant General Lafayette, now on his second visit to this country, but he laid the corner stone of their first library building. It was on Cranberry Street and was called the Apprentices' Library with "a free reading and conversation room" in its basement.

This Apprentices' Library had its beginning in 1823 when Mr. William Wood of New York thought a library should be provided for working boys in Brooklyn. Its first home was in a little frame house on Fulton Street, and it was open every Saturday from 4 to 9 P.M. Erastus Worthington was the librarian and his salary was seventy-five cents a day.

"It would have been useless to have asked anyone in 1823 to subscribe money to buy books . . . they had to be obtained by begging; every house in the village was visited, a short printed circular was left at each, stating the object, and that a person would call two days after for such donations as they would be kind enough to make. Many were the odd volumes, worn-out school books, torn pamphlets and almanacs that were contributed." These were collected in a wheelbarrow and so the first Brooklyn library started.

In spite of its small beginning it grew until in the following year it was incorporated, and a year later a stock company was formed to erect a building large enough to accommodate not only the library but a lecture hall and general meeting place for village officers. The board of trustees previously held their meetings in a small back

room of a grocery store near Fulton Ferry. So the laying of this particular corner stone was a real event.

Old and young, big and little, crowded about the ferry awaiting the general's arrival. Among them was a small boy with a shock of black hair and red cheeks who never missed a trick when it came to seeing sights. His name was Walt Whitman, and his family had recently moved from Huntington to Brooklyn. His mother disliked the city, but Walt was fascinated by the streets and the people and spent hours hanging about the ferry watching the boats come and go.

In and out of the crowd he dodged, and when Lafayette's coach reached Cranberry Street Walt was so eager to see what laying a corner stone might mean that he all but took a header into the excavation at the general's very feet. Lafayette caught him up in time and in his impulsive French way kissed him on both cheeks. Fourth of July and kissed by the great general! Brooklyn was scarcely big enough to hold Walt Whitman that day.

Perhaps it was on this occasion that Lafayette was entertained at Du Flon's Military Gardens, a famous pleasure resort for Brooklyn society. Balls and parties were given there for all distinguished visitors. The traveling shows, the balloons, and tight-rope walker, not to mention the ice cream, fireworks, brass band, and floral decorations, were said to be superior at the Military Gardens.

FORT HAMILTON AND ST. JOHN'S

A general plan of defense for the harbor of New York was being planned. In 1831 a fort was completed

on the site of old Denyse's Ferry called Fort Hamilton. At first the officers of the garrison and their families had to hold church services in the fort or in the district school, then they built a little church and named it St. John's. Robert E. Lee was vestryman there while he was a young officer of engineers stationed at Fort Hamilton, and Thomas (Stonewall) Jackson was baptized in the church.

All of the Five Dutch Towns were growing up, but Brooklyn was growing faster than all the rest. Her people no doubt thought themselves quite citified and sophisticated, nevertheless they missed no opportunity to have a good time.

There were still Dutch enough among them to make a big holiday of Easter Monday, "Paas," they called it.

For days before boys and girls were boiling and coloring eggs to give to one another. Mrs. Eagles had her window full of them, but it was more fun to make their own and wonder how many they were going to win from other children, because egg swapping was a regular game. The points of the eggs were knocked together and the one who cracked the egg won it.

Whitsuntide (the seventh Sunday after Easter) or "Pinckster" as the Dutch called it, was a great day for the colored population. From all parts of the Island they swarmed into town, men, women, and children, and "danced for eels around the market and sang and tooted on fishhorns." An ungodly performance the gentle Quakers must have called it. Certainly for days after their high jinks many of the merrymakers found it hard to settle down to work.

BROOKLYN TOWN BECOMES BROOKLYN CITY

Eighteen years from the time Brooklyn became a town it had grown large enough to ask to be called a city.

New York across the river did not like the idea of a rival, nevertheless, on April 10, 1834, Brooklyn won out and was given the name and the charter of a city and elected its first mayor, George Hall.

CHAPTER 12

WHALERS, FISHERMEN, SHIPBUILDERS, AND WRECKS OFFSHORE

"*Flag on the mill, boat on the bay.*"—Old Sag Harbor Saying.

MANY Long Islanders chose to be farmers as you have read and it is lucky for the land that they did. But the offshore call was strong in the blood of others, particularly those living at the eastern end of the Island, whose fathers and grandfathers had been among the first to push their little whaleboats out from the Hamptons.

The early whaling boom had reached its height in 1707 when four thousand barrels of oil were made, then the business gradually decreased. By 1718 people were saying the whales had left the coast. By 1750 offshore whaling had almost ceased.

Long Island had a big rival in the whaling industry. Away off east of Montauk lay Nantucket Island. Her men were not waiting for whales to come ashore; they were going out to meet them, turning whaling into a deep-sea fishery. "Year after year their sturdy square-rigged vessels could be seen pushing farther and farther out. On the eve of the Revolution the prows of Nan-

tucket whalers were disturbing the waters of South America."[1]

Little Long Island whaleboats creeping along the shore could not compete with such seagoing ships, and East Hampton and Southampton realized that they could never work Nantucket's way because the sandy south shore was not adapted to building docks.

Then the war came and it was a long time before anyone worried about whales.

The second whaling boom began on Long Island in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century. Close by East Hampton was the town of Sag Harbor caught in the crook of the sheltering arm of Gardiner's Bay, an ideal whaling port. Men began to drift over there from the Hamptons, and, with a fleet of three vessels, the *Good Luck*, *Dolphin*, and *Success*, Sag Harbor's fame as a whaling town began.

Then in 1817 fire swept the entire town; hardly a store in the business section was left standing.

Poor Sag Harbor, it seems to have had a troubled history. Sadly buffeted by the war, it was just beginning to reëstablish itself when this disaster occurred. But "a whaler's life is one long gamble" and by 1820 the town was rebuilt and more vessels added to the fleet. By this time New Bedford, Mass., and New London, Conn., were rival whaling centers as well as Nantucket.

For the next twenty-five years the industry flourished; Long Island whaling was at its height and great changes had come since the days when the whale watch had sounded his call from off the crest of the dunes. "Instead

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[1]Ralph Henry Gabriel, *Evolution of Long Island*. Yale University Press.

THE CREW OF A WHALE BOAT IN ACTION

From an old painting

Walter R. Jones and Lambert Suydam witnessing the first experiment made by Captain Ottinger, U. S. Revenue Cutter Service, for throwing a line and sending the "Life Car" to a stranded vessel off the south shore of Long Island, April 1849.

of creeping along the stormy waters off Fire Island Beach, Sag Harbor whalers set out for a voyage that often encircled the globe. Sometimes, if luck was good, he came back in two years. More often, however, the time was three or more."[1]

It is recorded that the most successful voyage ever made was by the whale ship *Helen* in 1844, when Captain Maltby Cartwright of Shelter Island planned a trip for three years and it was shortened to six months. In coming by Montauk they sighted two whales, which they killed. As the oil barrels were filled they cut the whales up and sailed into Sag Harbor with everything full of oil and blubber hanging in the rigging.

Three years before Commodore Perry opened the ports of Japan to foreign trade, the whale ship *Splendid* found an abandoned junk off the Japanese coast. It was loaded with tea. Each man took a chest and on reaching home, March, 1851, found it quite the best tea they had ever tasted. This is supposed to be the first Japanese tea used in the United States.

By 1836 Sag Harbor owned twenty-one vessels, by 1843 more than double that number; each year showed an increase. Whaling dominated the town and all sorts of business sprang up connected with it.

"There were the coopers who made the barrels, there were the block and pump makers, there were the ships' carpenters, the riggers, the calkers, the blacksmith, the sailmakers, whaleboat makers, the masons for try-pots, the stevedores" and all the other business that goes with provisioning a crew of from a score to fifty men.

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[1]Ralph Henry Gabriel, *Evolution of Long Island*. Yale University Press.

Here is a list of provisions made by Captain Hedges for the bark *Monmouth* for one year:

60 barrels pork	700 pounds butter
60 barrels mess beef	7 barrels vinegar
24 barrels flour	3 barrels dried apples
8000 pounds bread	3 bags coffee
2500 pounds pilot bread	500 gallons molasses
400 pounds ham and shoulders	300 pounds cod fish
300 pounds cheese	16 pounds pepper

"Before a vessel could again put to sea the cooper's shop would be called on to make casks and barrels, and ship chandlers to furnish all kinds of equipment. Sailmakers and ship carpenters would find plenty of work overhauling the vessel and making her shipshape for the next cruise, while the blacksmith would be busy replacing her irons and tools."

Sometimes the trip was a great success, at other times it was a failure. This meant hard luck all around because the men who shipped for these voyages seldom drew wages. They sailed "on the lay" as it was called, sharing the profits of the trip.

The departure of a whaler "was always an event in the life of the little village of Sag Harbor. The vessel, of four hundred or five hundred tons, was rigged for seaworthiness rather than for speed. Just forward of the mainmast . . . was the huge boiler for trying out oil. Above the decks hung the curved whaleboats twenty-eight feet in length and sharp at both ends, boats rowed by four men and capable of being handled with the greatest speed and quickness. As they hung on the cranes each of them was equipped with the harpoons and long deadly lances used in the chase.

"On the deck below could be seen the captain and one or two mates supervising the departure. Here and there on the vessel walked the crew. There was a cook, a steward, a carpenter, a blacksmith, a cooper, a doctor, and one boatsteerer for each whaleboat. The common seamen were a motley lot, including Indians and half-breeds from the reservation in the Shinnecock Hills. When the last line had been cast off and the ship stood out to sea no one could foretell when or under what circumstances she would return. There were enough who never came back to give such a departure a touch of solemnity."

Occasionally accidents happened close home. The keels of the ships *Thames* and *Fair Helen* are to-day embedded in the sand where they went down off Conklin's Point. The *Andes* burned to the water's edge off Long Wharf, sand drifted in and formed what is now known as "Andes Shoal."

If sailing was an event, the return, as you may imagine, was more so. As soon as a ship was sighted down the bay a signal flag was run up on the windmill on Sherrill Hill. "Boats pulled off filled with the owners of the vessel and family and friends of the officers, while news of the arrival spread through the streets. Almost as one the people turned out to watch the weather-beaten whaler tack up to the crowded wharf." Every boat as it entered Gardiner's Bay fired a cannon as a signal for a pilot. "My grandmother," writes Amy Tuthill Wallace of Shelter Island, "always took her children with her and went to the highest hill, when she heard the report, hoping to see if it was the ship her brothers were on."

"What a scene of bustling activity the wharves and streets of Sag Harbor presented when the cry, 'Ship in the Bay,' was heard. Custom set a color on Beebe's Mill . . . and the lighthouse keeper on Cedar Island flew the Stars and Stripes to the breezes. Everyone rushed to the waterfront to learn what ship or ships had returned. The owners . . . dressed in long tailed coats and plug hats would embark in a small sloop and go down to the lighthouse to be the first to board the returning voyagers."

A ship invariably returned with additional members of the crew picked up in various places and for days after Portuguese, Hawaiian, Fijian, or Malay sailors roamed the streets to the delight of the children.

Everybody in town one way or another was interested in whaling, and the success or failure of a voyage affected many people. It was said the male portion of the town of Sag Harbor was divided "into those who were away on a whaling voyage, those who were just returning from one, and those who were preparing to start on one."

Ships were owned in several ways, the majority by companies. Howell Brothers, Hunting, Mulfred and Sleight, Charles T. Deering, and H. and S. French were important companies in Sag Harbor. Sometimes the captain himself would raise the money to build a ship and people would buy stock in it.

There were those who made their fortunes in whale oil and built themselves stately homes on the shady streets looking out over the harbor. Most of these homes were of brick and stood well back from the street with a box-bordered brick walk leading to the doorstep.

Inside the rooms were square and high-ceilinged, with paneled walls and carved marble mantelpieces and coal grates—a new type of home for Long Island—and the rooms contained all manner of treasures brought back from foreign parts.

In the museum room at the Sag Harbor Library you may see all sorts of relics of whaling voyages: harpoons, whale-oil lamps, a spyglass used on the whaleship *Cadmus*. (The *Cadmus* was famous for once having been the *Harve Packet* that carried Lafayette across the ocean.) There is a book of sea flowers lovingly mounted by a Sag Harbor girl, a shell basket from the South Sea Islands, as well as a cane and a yardstick and an ivory jigger or pie fork all beautifully carved. Scrimshaw work, this ivory carving was called, and during long, idle hours of the voyage the sailormen whiled away their time making such things to give away or sell when they reached shore.

There is also a powderhorn etched with pictures of the New England coast line, Long Island ships and whales, and soldiers marching. This powderhorn was used in the Revolution by a descendent of "Bull" Smith. Another treasure that dates far back of whaling times is a bowl with a compass drawn in the bottom. Leonard Howell, a trader, made it and brought it home from the West Indies. In the year 1800 he sailed again and never was heard from. "Either being lost in a storm at sea or more likely captured by the pirates and forced to walk the plank."

From far offshore and from every part of town you may see the beautiful white steeple of the Presbyterian Church on the hill. This church was dedicated in May,

1844, and there is a saying that "whale-oil helped to build it."

Years ago there were several celebrated taverns in Sag Harbor. One dated back before the Revolution and was kept by "Duke" Fordham. It was close by the present railroad station.

James Fenimore Cooper stopped at Fordham's on his frequent visits to town. Some of Cooper's relatives were Sag Harbor people, and he became much interested in all the business of whaling and owned a share in one of the vessels. Out of those Sag Harbor days he wrote his novel the *Sea Lions*. There is plenty of local color in it; the character of Dr. Ebenezer Sage was taken straight from life without even a change of name. Natty Bumpo, in the *Leatherstocking Tales*, was also a native of Sag Harbor, Captain Hand.

Whaling was a dangerous trade; many whalemen of course never came back—sickness and shipwreck took their toll besides those killed by whales. In the cemetery is a monument—a broken mast with a rope and harpoon coiled around its base—"to commemorate the noble enterprise the Whale Fishery and a tribute of everlasting respect to those bold and enterprising ship-masters who periled their lives in a daring profession and perished in actual encounter with the monsters of the deep." On the west side of the monument is carved a picture of a scene on the ocean in which a sperm whale has struck and wrecked a whaleboat loaded with men.

Stories innumerable have been written of the thrilling adventures of New England and Long Island whalemen. At the end of this chapter you will find the names of a few of them. "The Ballad of the Swabs" is a de-

lightful whaling yarn. George Sterling, who once lived in Sag Harbor, wrote it. The story goes that the ship *Thomas Dickinson* was headed home from Rio after a two-year cruise. Off Block Island the captain ordered all hands to swab decks, but instead they hove the swabs overboard and vowed with home in sight they'd do no more work of that sort. Upon which the captain ordered the ship's course reversed and:

Back to the Atlantic blue
The ordered course was laid,
And both mates used familiar words
Until new swabs were made.

Out of sight of land or spire,
Far from kith and kin,
Long they heard the creaking yards
Speak of discipline.

Three full days they swabbed the deck
With most painstaking care,
Till Dolly Madison herself
Could ha' eat her supper there.

. . . . . .

Again they lifted high Montauk
And low Block Island's sands;
But till they saw the roofs of home
Those swabs were in their hands.[1]

Jamesport, New Suffolk, Greenport, and Cold Spring Harbor on a smaller scale were all whaling ports during those years. At Greenport the Clark House was a famous stopping place. Captain John Clark was its builder; at one time he had sailed the packet *Andora* between

[1]George Sterling, "Ballad of the Swabs," *American Mercury*, October, 1925.

Southold and New York. The hotel was built for the entertainment of the captains, officers, and owners of the whaling ships when the industry was flourishing in Greenport, and in those days it was the custom for wives, sweethearts, and friends to visit the town for at least a week before the ship sailed on its long voyage.

Twelve or fourteen large whale ships owned principally by Jones and Hewletts hailed from Cold Spring Harbor. The inside harbor was docked up in those days, and the present sand bar was so slight that vessels of deep draught might enter.

Jones's woolen factory was kept busy turning off sailors' outfits, and on the west side of the harbor there were so many cooper shops for making casks and barrels that the section was nicknamed "Bungtown." The Cold Spring Whaling Co. became very prosperous. The whale products—oil, whalebone, buttons, etc.—were made ready for market. One of the factories is used as a lecture room by the present Biological School, and another was on the site of the present Fishery Commission Building.

Like most other booms whaling declined as quickly as it had risen. In 1845 Sag Harbor again suffered a bad fire, and before it had quite recovered a new call had sounded through the land: Gold in California! Never behindhand, free and adventuresome spirits of Long Island set out to seek their fortunes in another way.

It is said over two hundred and fifty men from Sag Harbor alone left for the "diggins" in the early days of the gold rush. It is not known that any became rich, "a few made small amounts, many died during their wanderings, and many more remained permanently in the West."

There is a temptation to follow the adventures of some of these men out to San Francisco, but that is not part of Long Island's story.

By 1860 Sag Harbor's whaling fleet had grown very small. In 1869 petroleum or coal oil was discovered. It was cheaper than whale oil and easier to get. Fewer and fewer whalers put out. The boom had come to an end. It is said the last whaling ship to sail out of the harbor was the *Myra* in 1871.

The work which had supported the town was gone. What should it turn to next? A cotton manufacturing plant was built and a watch case factory. Gone was the bustle around Long Wharf—foreign sailor men no longer filled the streets. To this day Sag Harbor lives in the memory of her whaling days and has a look and a distinction all her own.

SHIPBUILDING

Whaling among other things brought shipbuilders to Long Island. Fine ship timber grew here, oak and locust, and the sheltered beaches and hill-locked harbors on the north shore, like Cold Spring Harbor, Stony Brook, and Port Jefferson at the head of Setauket Harbor, made good working bases for ship carpenters.

Captain John Wilsie is said to have built the first ship at Port Jefferson soon after the close of the Revolution. They are still building boats there, principally pleasure boats now.

High up over Port Jefferson harbor stands a fine old white house in a garden. It belongs to a gentleman whose father and grandfather owned the shipyard below and helped build whale ships and schooners and the white-

winged clippers that slipped off the ways of Bayles's Shipyard. He himself worked in the yard when "business was humming" and lived in the family homestead down close by the water.

In Setauket, Captain Nehemiah Hand was one of the busiest shipbuilders; although crippled all his life he accomplished a tremendous amount of work. He wrote his own biography for the *History of Suffolk County* and tells with something like a chuckle: "I built the schooner *Flying Eagle* in 1853. I sold half of her to Capt. Benj. Jones and others. I sent her to Constantinople in the time of the Crimean war with a cargo of rum and pepper. I thought that would warm them up and make them fight if anything would."

Everybody seemed to need boats in those days. Cordwood and produce were carried to and from the city that way, and then there was the "menhaden fleet."

Do you remember Ezra L'Hommedieu suggesting the use of fish as fertilizer? This started another offshore industry on Long Island. At certain times of year vast shoals of mossbunkers, or menhaden as they were called, swept into the shallow water near the beaches. They were useless as food and for years no attention was paid to them. Now they suddenly became valuable, and farmers would turn fishermen for days at a time dragging in great nets full of fish and scattering them over their fields.

It took thousands of mossbunkers, however, to cover an acre, and as the demand increased companies were regularly organized to put in their entire time during the season "fishing for bunkers" and selling them to the farmers.

Down on Peconic Bay and elsewhere these companies had great names. There were the "Coots," the "Eagles," the "Peedoodles," the "Water Witches," and many more. Their "headquarters" was generally a small weathered board shack on the beach.

Like the whalemen these fishermen soon grew tired of waiting for their catch to come to them, so they equipped their boats with dragnets to fish in deeper waters and went out in fleets to do their work.

Oystering, too, was growing to be a big business that required smacks and sharpies and other small boats. The South Bay oystermen and those on the north shore were not only dredging for oysters but planting new beds, since tons and tons were being carried to Brooklyn and New York markets every year. Blue Point oysters were becoming famous; scallops, too, were in demand.

White sails were to be seen everywhere. From Long Beach one September afternoon in 1850 a young man wrote: "We counted within eye range from west to east sixty-four sailing vessels, sloops, schooners, and coasters belonging to various parts of the south shore of Long Island, some going to, others returning from, New York and places on the Hudson. Farther out on the ocean there were within sight at the same moment eleven square-rigged ocean-going craft, some just completing their maybe long and tempestuous voyage, others outward bound."

WRECKS

The treacherous, shifting sand bars of Long Island's south shore and the rocks off Montauk Point have been

a terror to seamen since earliest times. In winter gale and in fog they have taken heavy toll of human life.

In September, 1816, a Spanish vessel came ashore a little west of Southampton village. Most of her crew managed to escape and soon after disappeared. Gradually the ship went to pieces on the shoals, and as her siding began to break, streams of Spanish dollars poured out on the sands. Word went around that the "money ship" had been manned by pirates—hence the reason they had been so anxious to get away.

To this day no one has solved the mystery of the ship —where she came from or whither she was bound, but for years afterward "sand dollars," as they called them, were being picked up alongshore.

The *Louis Philippe*, a French ship from Bordeaux, went on the beach not far from Shinnecock in 1842. No lives were lost, and eventually the vessel was saved by the wreckers. Part of the cargo consisted of French trees and shrubs of many varieties, and these being on top were thrown overboard when it became necessary to lighten the ship. After drifting ashore they were planted by the people, and many a garden in the villages around about has Louis Philippe roses, laburnums, chestnuts, beeches, and pear trees.

The story goes that there were no Maltese cats on Long Island until one day late in the Seventeenth Century when an Italian bark was dashed to pieces off Shelter Island. The crew, having but one life apiece, were all lost, but the ship's cats floated ashore on a broken spar and started a new race in a new land.

The wreck of the *Bristol* and the *Mexico City* is a far

sadder story. The *Bristol* was an American ship bound home bringing many Irish immigrants. At four o'clock in the morning, October 21, 1836, a gale struck her off Far Rockaway, and she grounded on the shoals to be beaten by the sea until one great wave completely engulfed her and almost every soul on board was lost. They could see the lights on shore and many eager hands to help them, but the surf ran so high that all attempts to launch boats failed.

While the *Bristol* had been loading in Liverpool another American ship, the *Mexico City*, lay alongside her likewise loading. Seven days later she sailed to be buffeted by dreadful weather all across the Atlantic.

Sixty-nine days it took her to cross. Provisions were almost gone, and when the captain entered Sandy Hook on New Year's Eve with distress signals flying he was unable to locate a pilot. In spite of his own anxiety and the suffering and distress of the passengers and the crew, he was forced out to sea again.

The following day, in a blinding blizzard, the *Mexico City* went aground at Hempstead South (now Seaford), about ten miles west of where the *Bristol* struck. Due to the bravery and determination of Raynor Smith of Seaford, eight who managed to cling to the bowsprit were rescued but the others perished most miserably.

LIFE-SAVERS AND COAST GUARDS

Disasters such as these with coastwise shipping growing rapidly caused the United States government to take the first steps toward organized shore patrol

and rescue work all up and down the country's coast.

Immediately after the Revolution the need had been felt for an offshore patrol to enforce the custom law and generally protect coastwise shipping, so in 1790 the Revenue Cutter Service was established. Nothing, however, had been done toward life-saving except by those who voluntarily went to the rescue of ships in times of danger.

No one will ever know the many heroic rescues made nor the kind deeds done by men and women who lived close to the sea and gave their best as a matter of course to others in distress. "Every garret held its spyglass on a way-high beam, and every scuttle was a look-out frequently visited. If anything unusual was sighted alongshore—a ship in peril—the family horn was blown, which signal the next neighbor passed on. . . . At the sound of the rally every man left his plow or trowel or shop or sermon . . . and made for the beach."

Housewives built fires, made coffee, and prepared stores of lint, blankets, and flannels. If the surf ran not too high the men rowed out to the ship and rescued the seamen who were often brought in half dead to be tenderly nursed and cared for. Scarcely a little south side burying ground, however, but bears evidence of those who were brought ashore too late.

In March, 1849, an appropriation of $20,000 was made by Congress, and from that sum eight stations were built on Long Island and a few on the New Jersey coast. These first stations of course were small, poorly equipped, and manned by volunteer crews. "The life saving patrol kept lonely vigil alongshore at night and if a wreck was sighted in the offing the villagers were

warned by the firing of a cannon." You may judge how much aid they were able to give when on the Long Island coast alone during the winter of 1850 "nearly three hundred lives were saved by the prompt and vigorous action of the hardy surf-men." No doubt the surfcar invented by Captain Douglass Ottinger of the U. S. Revenue Cutter Service and first put into use in 1849 was a great help.

Gradually the government with the coöperation of the Life-Saving Benevolent Association (a group of men in New York personally connected with maritime matters) improved the service. Newer and better equipment was invented and provided, more stations and signals placed at danger points, and a body of paid men organized as life guards and beach patrols.

Various sections of the coast now are divided into districts. Long Island is in the Fourth District and in 1928 had twenty-eight coast guard stations[1] and a small regiment of picked men to serve them.

The name Coast Guard was not used until 1915. Up to that time it was the Life Saving Service. In that year the Life Saving Service was combined with the Revenue Cutter Service, so the title stands for both.

The Coast Guard operates under the Secretary of the Treasury in time of peace and under the Navy Department in time of war.[2]

"Semper Paratus" (always prepared) is their motto. They live up to it.

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[1]A list of stations may be found in the Appendix.

[2]The Treasury Department in Washington prints a most interesting pamphlet for free distribution called "The Functions, Duties, Organization and Equipment of the United States Coast Guard."

LONG ISLAND LIGHTS

Far offshore sailors can pick up Long Island's three big lighthouses, Fire Island, Shinnecock, and Montauk.

Montauk is the oldest. It was built back in 1797 on a point of land then called Turtle Hill.

Fire Island Light was built in 1826. In 1858 a new tower was erected about two hundred feet northeast of the site of the original lighthouse. In those days it was yellow. In 1891 they painted it in black and white stripes. On old Long Island maps you will find the lighthouse close to the western end of Fire Island at the inlet, but so much sand has washed in that the lighthouse is now three miles off Point Democrat, as the west end of Fire Island Beach is called.

Shinnecock Light on Ponquogue Point was built in the same year.[1]

These lighthouses are all under the jurisdiction of the Superintendent of Lighthouses, Staten Island, New York.

And when the little fisher-boats come beating up the bay,
We call them in by pier and port, or bid them sheer away.
So up and down our coast they ply, and fear its reefs no more.
While whistling-buoy and lighthouse keep their watch along the shore.[2]

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[1]For detailed description of each of the lighthouses see Appendix. A list of secondary lights, harbor and river lights, light ships, buoys, and other aids may be found in "Local Light List, New York and Approaches," published by U. S. Department of Commerce. Price $.20.

[2]Mary Austin, in "The Children Sing in the Far West."

WHALING STORIES

Moby Dick, by Hermann Melville, illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd, Mead.

Sea Lions, by James Fenimore Cooper. Putnam.

Down to the Sea in Ships, by Irwin Anthony. Penn Pub. Co.

Whaling, by Charles Boardman Hawes. Doubleday.

Cruise of the "Cachalot," Round the world after sperm whales, by Frank T. Bullen, illustrated by Mead Schaffer. Dodd, Mead.

Boy Whaleman, by George F. Tucker. Little, Brown.

"The Whalers," Chapter 25 in *The Maritime History of Massachusetts*, by Samuel Eliot Morison. Houghton Mifflin.

The Story of the New England Whalers, by John R. Spears. Macmillan.

Nimrod of the Sea, by William M. Davis. Loveriat Co.

The Yankee Whaler, by Clifford Ashley. Old Dartmouth Historical Society, New Bedford.

"Ballad of the Swabs," by George Sterling. Published in the *American Mercury*, October, 1925.

CHAPTER 13

THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD AND GREATER BROOKLYN

"There's hardly a wheel rut left to show
The way the coach road used to go."
Rachel Field.

UP TO the year 1844 Brooklyn and New York were three days away from the east end of Long Island. Stages ran regularly and sloops plied between the city and the various landings, but at the best it was a tedious trip. No wonder Long Islanders were stay-at-homes. In writing of a trip to Shelter Island a little girl said in her diary: "We had to sleep two nights on the sloop and wash in a tin basin, and the water felt gritty."[1]

Then came a great change: the first line of the Long Island Railroad was put through and you might go from one end of the Island to the other in five hours.

This first line was laid from Long Island City to Greenport, not because the little village of Greenport was an important terminus, but at that time there was no railroad between Boston and New York, and the plan was to run a ferry from Greenport to Stonington, Connecticut, which would connect with Boston trains. Five hours from

[1]Catherine Elizabeth Havens, *Diary of a Little Girl in Old New York.* Brown.

Brooklyn to Greenport, two hours on the ferry, and four hours from Stonington to Boston—eleven hours in all, a fast trip in those days.

When the railroad was completed it had ninety-six miles of track in operation, eleven locomotives, twenty-two passenger cars, and sixty-three freight cars. The little locomotives with but one pair of driving wheels were named instead of numbered. "Fanny" was considered "a very fast train on the level." "The earliest coaches were constructed after the pattern of the English railroad coach.... The conductor collected the fares from the outside of the car. Fifty passengers at a time might be seen strolling about the plains in the immediate neighborhood of the road, while their train was on the side-track waiting for an up train.... The departure of each train was announced by a man in the street with a hand bell who walked up and down proclaiming: 'This train will leave in —— minutes.'"

One far-seeing individual declared that "If the company becomes thoroughly alive to its opportunities and acts generously with its patrons the time is not distant when instead of four trains of small capacity daily, it will require forty, each of four times the capacity to accommodate its patrons."

Difficulties began at once for the railroad; loud were the complaints from those who had no mind to travel. It was dirty, it was noisy, tearing through the country "with such velocity," says one old historian, "that they could not tell whether the countenances of the passengers were human, celestial or infernal." More serious still, sparks from the engines set fire to whole tracts of woodland, "in some places entire forests for eight or

ten miles in length and from two to four in breadth were destroyed." Hundreds of deer and rabbits and other game perished in these fires. Many of them were seen, while the flames were raging, running to and fro, frequently rushing headlong into the midst of the fire. Fires became so many and so serious that there were threats to tear up the tracks unless something was done. So the railroad company took matters in hand and screened the locomotives.

These fires played havoc with the woodcutting industry. "For years woodcutters had earned their living by cutting wood to supply New York. The wood was hauled over wood roads to the "landings" which dotted both north and south shores. Here it was picked up by many sloops and schooners engaged in the wood business and taken to the city.

At the time of the War of 1812 Brookhaven township was estimated to be exporting annually no less than one hundred thousand cords of wood. The business grew as the market at the mouth of the Hudson grew. By the middle of the century cordwood had become one of the important resources of the Island.

Great as the ravages by fire were the woodcutting industry was not destroyed. "As late as the close of the Civil War, Suffolk remained the first woodcutting county in the state. But the latter years of the Nineteenth Century saw a decline. The fleet of small wood boats gave way before the competition of the railroad and the woodchoppers in the 'scrub oaks' became less numerous. They have never disappeared altogether, and to-day piles of wood still found at the sidings of the little Suffolk County stations bespeak an industry that

still exists to turn one of the products of the 'Pine Barrens' into revenue."[1]

In 1848 the "all-rail route" between New York and Boston was put through. This meant a great loss of patronage to the Long Island Railroad, and they soon discovered the mistake they had made in building the road through the center of the Island. There was scarcely a village of importance on the road beyond Jamaica. Sag Harbor, the flourishing town of the east end at that time, had only water connections with the railroad across Peconic Bay. Greenport, Southold, and Riverhead together could not equal the business of the whaling port. Farther west it was but little better; farmers, fishermen, and villagers of both the north and south shores were obliged to drive six or ten miles over sandy roads to reach the stations. It was easier in many ways and certainly cheaper to ship their produce the old way by boat. Altogether, when the railroad fell back on the Island for support, they found themselves in a bad way. The stage lines took advantage of the situation and improved their service.

"One of them was a three-horse stage that belonged to Judson Cornelius and was driven by Daniel Chichester from Amityville (which was originally called Huntington South) to Fulton Ferry. It would start about seven o'clock in the morning, making the first stop at Hewlett's Hotel, Main Street, Hempstead, where the horses were watered; thence on to Jamaica, stopping at Remsen's Hotel, then taking the old turnpike road past the Union Course, through East New York and Bedford down through Fulton Street to the American House at

[1]Ralph Henry Gabriel, *Evolution of Long Island. Yale University Press.*

the ferry. . . . It would reach this destination about 6:30 P.M. The fare was fifty cents, on the railroad it would cost $1.00. The stage returned the next day over the same route. It was a great treat to sit up on the front seat with the driver."

For some years the railroad was run at a financial loss. It was absolutely necessary to provide side lines. Tracks were laid from Hicksville northeast to Syosset in the heart of rich farming country in 1854. This branch tapped the trade of the north shore, and for many years Syosset remained an important center for collection and distribution. Later more lines were built and more and more people used the railroad.

These various lines were not all under one management as they are to-day; they were built by various people and so much competition, bickering, and wrangling resulted that occasionally Long Islanders must have wished a railroad had never been heard of. Not until 1895 was the Long Island Railroad completed as we know it now. By that time many other changes had come as you may read later.

People were beginning to travel more quickly, and mail also. The day was passing when letters were intrusted to a friend, or the sailing master of a sloop, or the stage driver, to be delivered. Many towns had post offices, and mail was sent in care of the postmaster, the postage prepaid. The post office usually was a room in a farmhouse or tavern, and mail was handled quite casually. One gentleman in Old Westbury recollects his grandfather telling him that Horatio Poole's on the Jericho Turnpike was where he used to go on horseback to look for letters in the pigeonhole of an old brown desk.

Oyster Bay had one of the first post offices on the Island. James Caldwell was the postmaster for almost fifty years; you called for mail at the door of his house.

"One day in 1847, a little boy, Charles Bayles came out of the doorway of the Job Wright house, where he lived, and followed some children across to the post office. They had been given a letter to post and as they handed the money through the window they met with a new experience. Mr. Caldwell did not take it with the letter in the usual manner but handed them back a tiny picture of Benjamin Franklin which they were told to attach to the letter. It was the first postage stamp, of which there were two kinds, five and ten cents, with the portraits of Franklin and Washington."[1]

GREATER BROOKLYN

Brooklyn city, meanwhile, had been growing in leaps and bounds since its incorporation in 1835, in spite of two bad fires that wiped out many blocks of property. One occurred in 1848 and the other in 1853. The last fire destroyed a beautiful group of houses on the Heights known as Colonade Row.

Adequate ferry service naturally helped the growth of Brooklyn. There was even talk at times of building a bridge over the East River from Brooklyn to New York; this talk invariably came up in winter when ice was in the river. However, it was considered merely a wild scheme. "Who," it was asked, "would mount such a structure to walk over the river so long as our present ferry conveniences exist?"

[1]Morton Pennypacker, *Historic Oyster Bay*. Published by North Shore Bank, Oyster Bay.

Churches, hospitals, dispensaries, schools, literary associations, and various charitable institutions for the care of orphaned children or old or handicapped persons were being endowed and built, and so many churches that Brooklyn won for itself the nickname of "the city of churches." By 1836 they felt old enough to start a historical society.

The Apprentices' Library that you read about in Chapter 11 was by this time called the Brooklyn Institute. Through the great generosity of its president, Augustus Graham, the scope of the work had increased. It now included a museum and it was housed in a larger building. Among other things there were evening classes of various kinds and a picture gallery. The little library once collected in a wheelbarrow had grown to twelve thousand volumes, and as the Institute it was to develop still more. To-day it is called The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. It includes the Brooklyn Botanical Garden and has splendid great buildings near the Plaza of Prospect Park.

On April 28, 1836, the corner stone for a city hall was laid and plans made for a most elaborate and extravagant building. The outside was to be of marble, with porches and columns, and the inside to be "Furnished in a most chaste and durable style." Perhaps it is just as well for several reasons that this overambitious building never rose any higher than its foundation. Ten years later, when work began on it afresh, the plans were modified and a suitable, substantial building was erected. In the early days you remember Flatbush was the county seat and court was held in the original building from 1685 until it was destroyed by fire in 1832. From that

year until the completion of the City Hall court was held in various places.

The year 1855 saw the beginnings of two important schools that you know to-day. They were the Packer Institute for Girls and the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute for Boys. Years later, in 1887, another fine school was given to Brooklyn by Charles Pratt, a man who had made a great fortune but remembered what it was like to be poor and have to struggle for an education. Pratt Institute was founded as a technical school where young men and women might learn all branches of mechanics and art. A fine museum and technical library are now part of the Institute, and the library has the distinction of being the first one in this country to provide a special room for the use of boys and girls.

In 1855 Brooklyn spread out still farther to take in Williamsburg, an adjacent town which had grown up since 1827, and also the old Dutch town of Bushwick, as well as Greenpoint on the banks of Newtown Creek. Greater Brooklyn it was now called. Among other improvements it boasted gas lamps in its streets and horse cars. No longer need one depend on stages or their own turnouts to get about. The shore front was greatly improved with adequate shipyards, docks, and warehouses for receiving and distributing goods. The harbor was dredged out to accommodate vessels with deep draught.

"BROOKLYN EAGLE" AND WALT WHITMAN

The *Brooklyn Eagle* and several other newspapers were flourishing. Two boys, a son and nephew of Dr.

Howard, published a children's newspaper from their home on Hicks Street. It was a monthly called the *Tyro*, dimensions three inches by two inches, and it ran for a year or more.

The *Eagle* began in 1841, a strongly Democratic paper. It was to have a stormy time in the war years to come. For a brief period Walt Whitman was its editor. It is said the staff was almost thankful for rainy days because then the editor accomplished some work at his desk. Sunshine and a south wind blowing were apt to prove too much for Walt—he was off and out to roam the woods of Prospect Hill or tramp down the Island.

Walt had grown up loving both the city and the country. The city was fascinating with its crowds and excitement, but if on Sunday he heard the minister read about the Lake of Galilee he was homesick for Long Island. "The tide at Cold Spring Harbor would be out at that time and the gulls inspecting the packed dark sands, and the men in the little boats in the offing would be hauling in fish on handlines with the salt in their nostrils and the salt wind in their hair." Then he would remember with glee that in a week he was going to visit his Grandmother and Grandfather Van Velsor in the rambling airy house in Cold Spring.

"There he enjoyed himself hugely with a tanned and somewhat ragged friend from Huntington . . . he explored the sands for gull's eggs. On some days the two boys would dig clams and cook and eat them, building a little fire of bleached driftwood that burnt green and pale yellow in the sunlight, throwing in the clams and pulling them out when the porcelain-like shells had

opened, and enjoying them ravenously and in dozens."[1]

When not much more than a big boy himself, Walt had taught school first in Flushing, then at Woodbury, Whitestone, Babylon, and Jamaica.[2] He was a great favorite with his pupils, the little children thought him as great a man as President Jackson and almost as great as Washington. "In every village he had been loved and wondered about and never quite understood and always missed when he suddenly strolled away."

In many ways he was still like the impulsive, black-haired boy who was so eager to see Lafayette the day he laid the corner stone of the Apprentices' Library. Editing a paper was no new job to him. In 1838 he had been editor, managing editor, make-up man, contributor, and distributor of his own paper, the *Long Islander*, which he started in Huntington. Down the South Country Road he jogged week after week in his horse and buggy with his stack of papers, now rattling over stones, now hub-deep in sand dust. "These weekly expeditions of his became famous in the countryside and isolated farmers and their families looked forward to them." Never too busy or too hurried to stop and talk in his bluff, genial way, Walt made friends from one end of his route to the other, friends who missed him sadly when he stopped publishing the *Long Islander* as suddenly as he had started—tired of it, that was all. Others carried the paper on, and Walt took different roads for a while.

The summer of 1855 found Walt Whitman back again

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[1]Cameron Rogers, *The Magnificent Idler*. Doubleday, Doran.

[2]The Woodbury schoolhouse is now a book shop, moved to the Jericho Turnpike near Syosset.

in Brooklyn getting ready to publish his first book of poetry—poetry he had dreamed and worked and brooded over for years as he roamed West Hills and the Long Island roads or lay on his back in the sand with the boom of the surf in his ears.

As usual he had no money, so he set up the type for his own book, and his friend Andrew Rome not only lent him the use of his office and printing press at odd hours but frequently contributed his own services as well.

The book was called *Leaves of Grass*, and came out early in July. It was a strange, frank, new variety of poetry; many heartily disliked it, many more said there was no poetry to it. But Ralph Waldo Emerson in Boston sent Walt a letter of appreciation that warmed his heart, and Thoreau came down from Concord to have a look at this citizen, while out in Springfield, Illinois, a lawyer, Abraham Lincoln, picked up a copy in his office and found something fine in it—something vivid and strong and free that interested him. Perhaps it meant the beginning of a new style of poetry. From then on time and again, as Lincoln came in or was leaving, he would pick up the book "as if to glance at it for only a moment, but instead he would often settle down in a chair and never stop without reading aloud such verses or pages as he fancied."[1]

Various attempts had been made to start a theater in Brooklyn, but for a long time Du Flon's Military Garden was the city's only successful place of light enter-

[1]Carl Sandburg, *Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years*, Vol. 2, p. 233. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

tainment. People would rather go over to Niblo's or the National Theatre in Chatham Street, New York.

During the summer of 1849, the Athenæum Military Garden managed by Mr. Clare ran quite a successful rival to Niblo. "In order to keep the company select, an admission of twelve and a half cents was charged, for which each person received an equivalent in ice-cream, lemonade, or other refreshments all of which together with the theater made the summer of 1849 a lively one."

A New York theater had been running a popular revue called "New York in Slices"; not to be outdone the Athenæum Military Garden produced "Brooklyn in Spots."

In 1850 they built the Brooklyn Museum. The museum part was on the second floor. It contained "a fine collection of stuffed birds, old pennies and other coins, musty coats, deformed skeletons, wax figures, wild animals, etc., etc." On the third floor was a theater and an admission of $.25 was charged. Many famous actors and actresses played at the Brooklyn Museum. Joseph Jefferson made his début there soon after it opened, and Edwin Booth's brother Junius Brutus Booth. The 23d Regiment Armory now stands on the site of the old museum.

For the first time in 1861 Brooklyn people listened to opera in their own city. That was when the Academy of Music opened.

When in April, 1858, running water was piped into the city, great was the rejoicing. No longer would water have to be carried in buckets from pumps at the ends of the streets. No longer need people live in dread of

fire breaking out and water lacking. Every house was gay with flags; bands played in the streets.

The Brooklyn Fire Department, which had grown since the days of leather buckets and one engine, took an important share in the great parade and celebration that marked the event.

Never had such fireworks been seen as those displayed in front of the City Hall on the night of April 28th. At least 150,000 New Yorkers crossed over the ferry to enjoy the novel sight of a fountain playing before the City Hall. "Its appearance as the spray glistened like silver in the rays of a large calcium light thrown upon it, or assumed rainbow hues in the light of the many colored fireworks, was as novel as it was strikingly beautiful."

With all this building and growing, far-seeing Brooklyn citizens realized that certain green spots must be set aside for the city that was to come. So in 1860 the State Legislature passed an act "to lay out a public park and parade ground for the City of Brooklyn." A Park Board was formed, of which James Stranahan was president. There you have the beginning of lovely Prospect Park.

No more beautiful site could have been selected than Prospect Hill—the ridge over which the Battle of Long Island had been fought so many years before. Hills wooded with fine oak, hickory, maple, dogwood, and chestnut trees, broad green meadows, and little ponds—all were there, and they called upon skillful architects, Olmstead and Vaux, to convert them into a park. The architects drew up the plans, but alas, for four years and

more they did nothing else, because war came, not to be fought over Prospect Hill this time but to carry away Brooklyn men and boys by the thousands and to bring suffering and sadness to the country such as had never been brought before.

CHAPTER 14

LONG ISLAND DURING THE CIVIL WAR

"North and South they assembled, one cry and the other cry,
And both are ghosts to us now, old drums hung up on a wall,
But they were the first hot wave of youth to-ready to die
And they went to war with an air, as if they went to a ball."

Stephen Vincent Benét: JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

UNTIL 1828 Negro slavery existed on Long Island as a matter of course. Probably every well-to-do farmer and landowner had one or more slaves working in his fields, caring for his horses, or working in the kitchen and dairy. It was sanctioned by the law of New York State. For all that many individuals felt it was wrong. Quakers, as you know, freed their slaves before the Revolution, and during that war slaves who enlisted in the army with the consent of their masters became free.

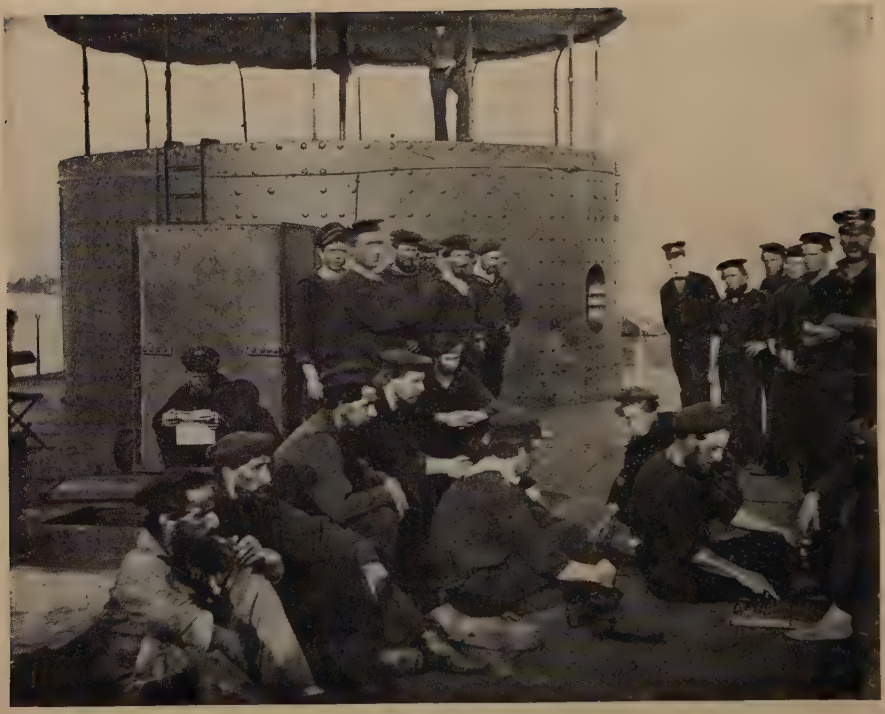
Gradually sentiment against slave owning grew in the North. One after another the states declared themselves against it. In 1828 New York State joined the ranks, and after that of course it was against the law to hold slaves here. Nevertheless, Negroes were sometimes smuggled through to slave states, a good paying business, alas!

Between North and South rankled the question,

COURTESY OF MR. I. N. PHELPS STOKES

A VIEW OF NEW YORK FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS

Painted by J. W. Hill about 1837. An engraved copy of this painting is in the collection of Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes of New York.



COURTESY OF MR. F. W. STONE OF "REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORP."

THE FIRST FIGHTERS OF THE TURRET

In this picture of the Monitor's *crew, taken in July, 1862, are seen the faces of old sailors from the sailing frigate,* Sabine, *mingled with those of the young recruits. . . . This picture was taken a few days after the fight with the* Merrimac. . . . *They have come up from their "murky quarters below deck and are playing checkers and idlying about in the sunshine." Many of these men were lost when the* Monitor *went down the following December.*

Should new states be admitted to the Union as free or slave? More and more complicated the issue grew and more and more bitter became the feeling between the two sections of the country, until February, 1861, the crisis came, and the Southern states withdrew and formed a Confederacy of their own. On April 14, 1861, the American flag on Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor was fired upon. The following day President Lincoln asked the country for seventy-five thousand volunteers.

"The telegraph had come into use since the last war and as quickly as wires could bring them answers flashed back to him, bringing offers of service from individual men, from companies and regiments. There was not a town in the North that failed to hold its meeting and send its assurance of support, not a lonely farmhouse in which a love of country did not flame up to overmaster all other affections. Men went about stern-lipped and women pale, but each was ready to make the needed sacrifice. So war opened."[1]

During the first year Long Island sent nearly 15,000 men into the field, and when in August, 1862, President Lincoln called on the country for 300,000 more there were many eager to join from here.

"Recruiting officers were seen everywhere. . . . The recruiting tents in City Hall Park, Brooklyn, increased to nine and the drums in front of each kept up their music from morning until night." The whole city, in fact, wore a military aspect; companies paraded the streets preparatory to being formed into regiments, business was at a standstill, nothing was talked of but war.

The first Brooklyn regiments to go were the 13th,

[1]Helen Nicolay, *The Book of American Wars*. Century.

28th, and the 14th. The latter because of its uniform was nicknamed "The Reg-legged Devils" and before the war was over they earned the name as fighters. The 23d, 47th, and other regiments were later organized and sent South. Throughout the war of course a certain number of troops were held in reserve in the city to do guard duty in case of riot, etc. Fortunately Brooklyn remained free from disturbance, but in the summer of 1863 New York was glad to have the help of the Brooklyn reserves during the Draft Riots.

Long Island men were scattered among many regiments from this as well as other states and, as might be expected, many joined the navy. A goodly number of Suffolk County men were in the 127th New York Infantry. Several companies of this regiment were made up of men from Southold, the Hamptons, and Huntington. The Hamptons also gave a considerable number to the 81st New York, of which Colonel Edwin Rose of Bridgehampton was commander.

Flushing raised a Battery of Light Artillery in which were recruits from all parts of the Island. Ground for a training camp was selected north of Myrtle Avenue, Flushing, on property owned by Thomas Leggett and rented by Adam Todd for a pasture. They named the camp Camp Todd.

When tents were pitched and daily drill began the town must have felt war was close to their door. Every day hundreds of visitors flocked to the camp afoot and on horseback to watch the drill, and the soldiers certainly were not allowed to suffer for want of food or comforts.

Farmers drove in with loads of vegetables, and town

residents brought all manner of dainties. The fair of the Queens County Agricultural Society was held near the camp grounds, and when it closed "all the prize pumpkins, potatoes, etc., were left to the boys in blue. For many days they lived in clover." One day never to be forgotten was when Mrs. William Hamilton sent with her compliments two huge clothes baskets filled with apple dumplings.

The Battery left Flushing ready to join its regiment in Washington on December 2, 1861, and throughout the war made a fine record.

BUILDING OF THE "MONITOR"

In just a hundred days the famous turret ship *Monitor* was built in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Thomas Fitch Rowland designed it and Captain John Ericsson was the constructing engineer of this first ironclad fighting ship dubbed a "Yankee cheese-box on a raft." It was launched January 30, 1862, and on March 8th was having the famous encounter with the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads under the command of Captain John L. Worden, a Brooklyn man.

In this battle Captain Worden was so badly injured that it was necessary to remove him from the turret ship. Days later his crew wrote him the following letter which must have warmed his heart:

DEAR SIR,

These few lines is from your own crew of the "Monitor" Hoping to God that they will have the pleasure of welcoming you back to us again soon, for we are all Ready and willing to meet Death or anything else only give us back our Dear Captain again. Dear Captain we have got your pilot-house fixed and all ready for you

when you get well again. . . . But we all join in with our kindest love to you hoping that God will restore you to us again and hoping that your sufferings is at an end now, and we are so glad to hear that your eyesight will be spared to you again. . . . We remain until Death, Your affectionate crew, the

"Monitor Boys."

Alas for the *Monitor* it had a sad ending after so brilliant a start. Nine months after the fight with the *Merrimac* it left Hampton Roads in tow of the *Rhode Island* for Beaufort, it being planned to attack some Southern fortifications. They ran into a gale, it became necessary to cut the hawser connecting the two crafts, and the *Monitor* went down, taking four officers and twelve men with her.

During the war the Navy Yard was a busy place night and day. War vessels were constantly being sent back for repairs, new ones were being built, and merchant vessels converted into fighting ships.

Admiral Hiram Paulding of Huntington was Commandant of the Navy Yard from 1861 to 1863. He was not a young man but he carried on the difficult work with all the energy of one. "No commander of a squadron at sea had the harassing work of the Commandant of this principal station. A sea commander had his fleet to care for and direct. The Commandant of the repair yard had the care of all the Atlantic fleets, in seeing that each vessel was fitted out in the least possible time, had proper crews, were provisioned and supplied with ammunition, was in every respect fitted to cope with the enemy, and thus keeping the squadron in an efficient state without effort on the part of the Fleet Commander."

The modest Admiral Paulding would have been the last man to speak of it, "but had this wise gentleman not busied himself personally and deprived himself of nightly and daily rest, there would have been no *Monitor* and *Merrimac* fight."

"The officers of the day, the officers of the guard, the sentinels on duty and the watch force of the Navy Yard, found this old gentleman at all hours of the day and night forcing forward, with all his weight of pleasant force and official power, the advancement and necessary hurry in fitting out the *Monitor*, then called the *Ericsson*, in order that she should reach Hampton Roads."[1]

Brooklyn had its hands full providing for Long Island men but it was never found lacking in hospitality to troops from other states that frequently passed through.

The 42d Massachusetts Volunteers were camped for a short time on the grounds of the Union Race Course outside Jamaica. When they broke camp they were delayed in Brooklyn waiting for transport. One of the men wrote back home: "Mr. George Lincoln city postmaster served supper to ten of our company, gave them a good bed, set a table in the morning for sixty. . . . William Gilmore . . . gave about two hundred and fifty meals; a staunch old democrat, said he could not go to war but wanted to feed the boys. One other man on Atlantic Street dealt out coffee for two hours while we waited for the boat and distributed cigars. One widow lady, name unknown, invited to supper about fifteen and gave lodging and breakfast to about twenty . . . The 42d says with a will, Bully for Brooklyn!"

Henry Ward Beecher, the minister of Plymouth

[1]Rebecca Paulding Meade, *Life of Hiram Paulding*. Baker Taylor.

Congregational Church on the Heights, was a staunch antislavery advocate and a great admirer of President Lincoln. For years he not only had been preaching freedom for Negroes but lecturing and writing on the subject as well.

Mr. Beecher was a born orator, outspoken and fearless, with a ready sense of fun. All civic problems were of deep interest to him and whatever he did he threw himself into heart and soul, winning men and women by his very magnetism. Plymouth Church on Sunday was crowded to the doors with its own congregation and visitors who flocked from all over "to hear Beecher."

Of course the same traits that won him friends and followers brought him enemies, particularly during these war years when feelings were running hot and high. More than once the church was threatened, but this only strengthened the loyalty of the members and never disturbed Mr. Beecher.

In the war years Plymouth Church was "continually used as a means not only for strengthening courage and stimulating enthusiasm but also practically for raising and equipping soldiers. The American flag floated from the roof of the building, meetings were held for the purpose of making articles necessary for volunteers. . . . Mr. Beecher equipped one regiment at his own expense."[1]

But finest of all perhaps was what he did while abroad the summer of 1863. At the beginning of the war England was strongly in sympathy with the South for many reasons, one of which was that she depended on the South for a vast amount of cotton. Friends of Mr.

[1]Lyman Abbott, *Life of Henry Ward Beecher*. Houghton, Mifflin.

Beecher's in England urged him to speak in behalf of the North on the matter of antislavery. He knew it would be a difficult matter, and for once in his life he dreaded an audience. It was even harder than he imagined. In Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and London he rose to speak to crowds who were totally hostile to him. They interrupted and booed and hissed until Mr. Beecher said he felt like "a ship-master attempting to preach on board a ship through a speaking trumpet with a tornado on the sea and a mutiny among the men." But his fighting blood was up and he won out in every place and sent many of the audience away with a changed view of the great issue that was at stake in a war being fought three thousand miles away. The influence of those speeches spread farther than he hoped or dreamed, and what Mr. Beecher did to change the attitude of England toward the North at that time is hard to estimate. Now you know why Henry Ward Beecher's statue has an honored place in front of the Brooklyn City Hall.

THE SANITARY FAIR

Fairs, concerts, entertainments, and benefits of all kinds were given to raise money. Men and women organized relief societies for making clothing, surgical dressings, and providing for families left destitute by the war. There was no American Red Cross in those days; the only organization that would in any way correspond to it was the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

On Washington's Birthday, 1864, Brooklyn and Long Island opened a mammoth fair at the Academy of Mu-

sic, the proceeds of which were to go to the Sanitary Commission. All sorts and kinds of things were for sale and on exhibition; the Academy was not big enough to house them all, so temporary buildings across the street were erected.

Perhaps the most popular feature of the whole fair was the New England Kitchen, reproducing the farmhouse of a century gone by. The great room with its enormous fireplace was furnished with antiques; Brooklyn and Long Island attics had been ransacked to lend pots and trammels, spinning wheels, an old clock, a hand churn, pieces of pewter, etc. "The ridge poles were strung with dried apples, pumpkins, glittering red peppers, seed bags and yarbs of healing virtues."

Out of the great pots swinging over the open fire came corn-meal mush or clam chowder, "while from the ovens at the side emerged spicy Indian puddings, smoking loaves of Boston brown bread and huge delicious dishes of pork and beans." Cider and doughnuts, mince, apple, and pumpkin pies abounded.

Quilting parties, apple bees, and old folks concerts were held in the kitchen occasionally to add to the jollity. No wonder it was constantly filled by a delighted and amused crowd.

The fair closed March 11th with a grand calico ball. $402,943.74 had been raised; Brooklyn and Long Island were mighty proud of what they had done and well they might be.

During this war as always men too old to volunteer, or those whom circumstance compelled to stay at home, turned their hand to anything they might do. The Christian Commission for Brooklyn and Long Island collected

and distributed books, magazines, newspapers, and comfort bags to soldiers in various hospitals and sent men to act as chaplains.

Walt Whitman went to Washington to care for a young brother who had been wounded. The boy recovered and returned to his regiment, but Walt stayed on—he had found his work nursing and caring for the wounded. Off hours he copied manuscript or did any spare job that might turn him in a bit of money with which to buy comforts for the men. He wrote so appealingly to friends in New York and Boston that frequent contributions came in.

The sick men looked on Walt as one of their family and confided to him their woes big and little. They talked about everything but their share in the fighting. Whitman wrote: "There hangs something majestic about a man who has borne his part in battles, especially if he is very quiet regarding it when you desire him to unbosom. I am continually lost at the absence of blowing and blowers among these old-young American militaires." He wrote their letters, read to them, and sat and "talked of harvest times, of autumn evenings fragrant with pungent delight of smoke from burning leaves, of shocked corn black against the sky and barn dances where the girls and cider both seemed so sweet. He seemed to know the wide country-side of America from the Rocky Mountains to New England coast and how each of them responded to the changing of the seasons."[1]

Day after day, night after night, winter and summer, Walt Whitman with his bluff presence and radiant

[1]Cameron Rogers, *Magnificent Idler*. Doubleday, Doran.

health seemed to bring a breath of the salt sea and the fresh meadows into the stifling, evil-smelling wards, and doctors and nurses quickly recognized that he could do something for the spirits of the men that they were powerless to accomplish. No one could have called Walt lazy or a slacker those days.

There was little time for writing poetry, although it was never far from his thoughts, and later out of these hospital years came his second volume of verses, *Drum Taps*, with its two fine poems on Lincoln: "When Lilacs Last in the Door-Yard Bloom'd" and "Captain, My Captain." Day after day Walt Whitman saw Lincoln in the streets of Washington and his love and admiration grew for the great gaunt man with such sad eyes. They never spoke, these two who might have had so much to say to one another. Lincoln never even knew Walt was there, and Walt little guessed the pleasure his poetry had given Lincoln.

The Civil War came to an end April 9, 1865. Brooklyn City and every town and village on Long Island joined in the general rejoicing, but six days later the thousands of flags that floated so joyfully to the breeze were silently taken down or put at half-mast—Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated.

CHAPTER 15

TRUCK FARMS, WINDMILLS, AND A BIG BRIDGE

"The open air I sing; freedom, toleration,
The common day and night, the common earth and waters,
Your farm, your work, life, occupation—
The democratic wisdom underneath like solid ground for all."

Walt Whitman.

PEACE again, and once more we turn to the story of the land. The day had passed when Long Island farmers and fishermen were called upon simply to feed their families or trade in their butter, eggs, milk, or catch of fish at the village store. Brooklyn and New York were now great hungry mouths calling to be fed, so farmers, fishermen, and dairymen must enlarge their business to meet the need. The day of the truck farm had come.

At the western end of the Island the gardens grew and grew "till they swallowed up the fields and night after night the lengthening caravans of truckmen rolled into Brooklyn and across the ferry to reach the markets of New York before the opening morning hours."[1]

For a time dairy farming flourished in the northern part of Queens County. In the years following the war

[1]Ralph Henry Gabriel, *Evolution of Long Island.* Yale University Press.

Westbury shipped more milk then any other station on the line, but this land was too valuable for crops to be held as pasturage and dairy farming gradually decreased.

The eastern end of the Island became famous for strawberries, cauliflower, asparagus, brussels sprouts, and cucumbers, not to mention potatoes. It would seem as though the Lathams alone grew enough potatoes on their Orient Point fields to supply the state. Carloads and wagonloads of these products were shipped to the city, and manure for field fertilizer was brought back. The local supply of hired help was no longer sufficient to work the fields, and Irish, German, and Polish immigrants found plenty to do for better wages than they had received in the "old country."

Windmills dotted the country to save the labor of pumping water by hand—Long Island in parts had a look of Holland those days. Along the Peconic River cranberry bogs were diked and cultivated—a pretty sight in autumn when the berries were turning scarlet, while the sandy banks of the creeks emptying into Moriches Bay were white with quacking ducks being raised in hundreds for the market.

Many remember passing on the train a tidy little farm in Astoria—a Chinese farm, where grew *tcich qua* (Chinese squash), balsam apples, great sweet radishes, and all sorts of vegetables strange to Long Island fields but beloved by the kitchens of Chinatown. The farm hands clung to their native dress for comfort, and it must have been funny to see them bobbing solemnly about in broad mushroom-shaped hats, blouses and

wide bloomers and junk-like shoes, weeding and cultivating and gathering the vegetables in great earthenware jars. Besides the farmhands there was "Willie," a white boy, known to all Chinatown. "Willie" drove the wagon to market every morning, made collections, and took orders for the next day.

From time to time efforts were made to cultivate the tract of Pine Barrens through the center of the Island. Individuals had success, but on the whole the section was not looked upon favorably for farms, in spite of the fact that the Long Island Railroad offered all kinds of inducements including "free transportation and fifty per cent. freight reduction on east-bound traffic to all new settlers coming to the region." The scrub oaks still remain scrub oaks.

For nine months of the year oystermen were busy digging off Blue Point, Babylon, Bayshore, or Sayville, and the balance of their time was put in clamming, crabbing, or fishing; "baymen," they called themselves, and they formed an organization. Like farming the oyster business had to grow to keep up with the demand; as old beds were exhausted new beds were planted, and a sailboat with windlass and dredge was used instead of the old hand tongues. This planting of new oyster beds was a business in itself. Acres of bay-bottom were leased as one leased fields. According to state law a man might not plant an oyster bed where one already existed. This led to many difficulties; the "baymen" and oyster planters, as you may imagine, were deadly rivals. At one time something very like an oyster war was carried on between them.

A LONG ISLAND ARTIST

Had you lived in the vicinity of Setauket, Smithtown, or Stony Brook in those days you probably would have been familiar with the sight of a strange-looking wagon drawn by a team of horses. One whole side was of plate glass, and the interior was like a tiny room—stove, ventilator, skylight, and all. The artist who owned this traveling studio was William Sidney Mount of Stony Brook.

"There are four brothers of us," he might have told you, "and we all paint or make music. I was born in Setauket but after Father died we came to live with my uncle, Micah Hawkins, in the big green house at the crossroads in Stony Brook. Once upon a time the house was an inn and post office; if you come and see me some day I'll show you the old gun closets and the saddle bin under the staircase and Queen Anne's face on the door knocker: we've painted her cheeks pink.

"I went to New York when I was a boy and was apprenticed to an older brother to learn sign painting. It was a good business and it helped me but I wanted to paint other things, portraits and landscapes, and I loved the country, especially this part of Long Island, so I came back, fixed up the old attic and this wagon for studios and have been painting just the familiar things around me ever since. Lots of my pictures have been painted around our old barns and outbuildings, the farm hands think it's great fun to pose for me occasionally, especially the Negroes. Once in a while I go up to New York in my rusty old sloop, but not often."

Mount's pictures were great favorites in his own day.

They usually told a story: "The Dance after the Sleigh Ride," "Cider Making," "Raffling the Goose," "The Farmer's Nooning," "Turning the Grindstone," "Bargaining for a Horse," etc., familiar sights of Long Island at that time.

Mount died in Stony Brook in 1868. The old house now belongs to Mr. Edward P. Buffet, who has several of Mount's paintings and many family relics.[1]

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

For years, as I have told you, there had been talk of building a bridge over the East River between New York and Brooklyn. People scoffed at the idea and put up all manner of objections. "It would be a shocking deformity to both cities and the beautiful strait flowing between them," wrote one gentleman back in the year 1849. "Our two cities are fast moving up the East River and another generation will see them extending to Hell Gate and the approaches to the Sound. . . . How could the government maintain the Navy Yard at its present location with such a barrier at its portals? No, it would be immediately removed. No man in his senses would doubt it! Lastly, how in the name of all that is rational could it be made to pay?"

Yet in the same year an editorial appeared in the New York *Tribune* declaring: "The bridge is the great event of the day. New York and Brooklyn must be united and there is no other means of doing it. The thing will certainly be achieved one of these days and the sooner the better."

[1] Two of William Mount's paintings are in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, "Raffling the Goose" and "A Long Island Farmhouse."

Eighteen years later (1867) sufficient money had been raised and construction on the long-debated bridge begun. Brooklyn bore two thirds of the expense, New York one third.

John A. Roebling was the engineer. He had built the famous suspension bridge at Niagara. In August, 1869, while he was superintending some surveying for the Brooklyn Bridge, he met with an accident that two weeks later caused his death.

His son, Colonel Washington A. Roebling, then took up his work. Day after day, night after night, while the great bridge towers were being sunk in their caissons, Colonel Roebling never left the work. Heedless of warning he often stayed in the compressed air of the caisson far longer than he would have permitted a workman to do. One afternoon in the spring of 1872 he was carried out of the New York caisson nearly insensible and for many hours he was not expected to live. He rallied and returned to the work but finally was obliged to give up and go away for a time.

"Fearing like his father he might not live to finish the bridge and knowing how incomplete the plans and instructions were, Colonel Roebling spent the winter writing and drawing, and the papers written while illness made it impossible for him to leave his room contained the most minute and exact directions for making the cables and for the erection of all the complicated parts of the superstructure of the bridge."[1] For the next eleven years he worked against handicaps of ill health that would have killed the spirit of the average man. He might not return to his beloved bridge but from his

[1]Rufus Rockwell Wilson, *Historic Long Island.* Berkeley Press.

window in an invalid chair he watched the work day after day through a telescope, consulting frequently with his subordinate engineers. "There was no telephone then, his staff had to come to him for their orders; but the crippled man never relaxed his control of the great undertaking." There was nothing crippled about his spirit, "from his invalid chair he carried his father's plans through to triumphant success."

On May 24, 1883, amid the booming of cannon, the shrill whistling of a thousand steamers, and the applause of great masses of citizens, the Brooklyn Bridge was formally presented to the cities of New York and Brooklyn in the presence of the President of the United States, Chester A. Arthur, officers of his cabinet, the Governor of the State of New York and his staff, senators and representatives from many states, and the mayors of both cities. The President and his escort started across the span from the New York side in "twenty glistening coaches drawn by the handsomest horses in the city."

"It was a perfect May day. The bridge itself was a blaze of flags and bunting that snapped in the cool breeze. Everywhere as far as the eye could see the two cities were dressed for a holiday." Every horse car and vehicle sported colors; warships, ferryboats and small crafts were all bedecked. Business stopped; everyone who could get foot room was on hand to enjoy the celebration. Roofs and windows along Brooklyn Heights were black with people, and on the New York side "grandstands had been erected on the roofs of the Fox Building, the Staats-Zeitung Building, Harper Brothers Publishing House and all other structures near the end

of the bridge."[1] The roof of the Fox Building afforded the best view, being the New York skyscraper of the time—*six stories high.*

The formal celebration was held at the Brooklyn end of the bridge with the Honorable James Stranahan presiding. Later President Arthur, the governor, and other prominent guests drove to Colonel Roebling's residence on Columbia Heights to attend a reception, so the program states, but no doubt they were the ones who went to offer their congratulations to the man who had made the bridge a reality.

Celebrating went on in the city for the rest of the day and far into the night, topped off by a gorgeous display of fireworks from the bridge. That was not all: "thousands were massed at both ends of the new bridge all night waiting for a chance to cross over. The first man to pay his penny for the privilege was Stephen Herbert of Brooklyn. He started across at a brisk pace, but a few seconds later one Victor Lutz of New York, burning with the desire to make the name Lutz forever famous, tore past running for dear life to be the first to cross the bridge."[2]

The early agitation regarding the building of the Brooklyn Bridge seems very amusing to-day when we look at the four other great arches that now span the river. Instead of being "a shocking deformity" we know they add beauty and dignity to the river—and still the Navy Yard seems able to hold its own.

After almost fifty years, however, the first bridge is still the most lovely and graceful of them all. There may

[1] New York *Times*, May 20, 1928.
[2] *Ibid.*

have been greater feats of engineering in building the later bridges but none carry a more dramatic story of devotion and sacrifice than the Brooklyn Bridge.[1]

Other East River Bridges

	Begun	Completed
Williamsburg Bridge.	1896	1903
Manhattan Bridge	1901	1909
Queensboro Bridge	1901	1909
Hell Gate Bridge.	1912	1917

[1]The year the bridge opened Charles Barnard wrote a fine article about its construction for *St. Nicholas Magazine* ("The Brooklyn Bridge," Vol. 7, p. 689).

CHAPTER 16

OF HORSES AND MANY THINGS

"Lure of lawn and hammock, rod and bat and ball,
Fade before the coming of a stronger lure than all,
Faint before the whisper of the padding feet that pass,
Fail before the witchery of hoof-beats on the grass."
Will Ogilvie: THE CALL.

FROM the day of Governor Nicolls and his New Market Race Course on Hempstead Plains in 1664, Long Island has made a fine playground. The Beaver Pond at Jamaica provided a lot of fun for the dwellers in Queens County. There was a race track around the pond in 1700 and plenty of skating and sleighing in winter. During Revolutionary days there was an inn at Jamaica called the Pettit House. No coaching or sleighing party was considered quite perfect without a stop at Pettit's, and you remember the fun the British officers had hunting and racing on the Island during the war.

Breeding fine horses, hunting and swapping horses, are part of Long Island's very story. In 1827 the New Market Course was renamed the Washington Course. The Huckleberry Frolic was one of its annual events, evidently something of a free-for-all affair. No fences inclosed the course, so no admission was charged. Horses were brought from Brooklyn, Babylon, Huntington,

and distant places on the Island to take part in the race.

"The purses were made up by some one passing around in the crowd with a tumbler, in which they would put either one, two or four shillings which would probably amount to ten or twelve dollars," for this they would trot horses for the whole afternoon and often away past sundown.

"Once in 1818 the famous horse Eclipse ran a three-mile heat at New Market and won the day and the purse with ease, beating Black-eyed Susan and Sea Gull, then called the best three-mile horses of the day."

Besides the Washington Course there were soon others: the Union Track at Jamaica, and farther east the Huntington Track, the Massapequa Track at South Oyster Bay, and the Babylon Track. Later the Fashion Track was laid out a short distance from Bowery Bay on the north shore and the Sheepshead Bay Track at Brighton Beach. Belmont Park, probably now the finest course of its kind in the country, came into existence many years later.

Famous horses trotted over these courses in their day: Flora Temple, Messenger, Lady Suffolk, and many others bred on Long Island.

On March 27, 1823, "the greatest match ever run in the United States" was held at the Union Track, a trial of speed between the North and the South. Racing had long been a sport of the Southern states, and Kentucky especially was noted for its fine horses. Now they brought their best to match against Long Island. The interest in this race was intense; a record-breaking crowd gathered to see it, people from all parts of the country. In New York all sorts of notices and advertise-

ments were posted announcing special boats to Brooklyn and setting forth the advantages of some particular route to reach the course. From the main ferry on the great day it was said that the carriages stretched in an unbroken triple line all the way to the grounds.

In describing the extensive preparations that were being made for handling the expected crowds one paper ended: "and finally a sufficient number of peace officers together with the sheriffs of Kings and Queens will attend to preserve order."

Rufus King of Jamaica and John Randolph of Virginia sat side by side "under a big tree on high seats" cheering on their favorite horses. Eclipse was the hope of the North and Sir Henry was the favorite of the Southern sportsmen. Eclipse won the day.

There were many people, of course, who could not go to the race grounds, and for their benefit a primitive forerunner of the modern baseball scoreboard was devised and thus advertised:

> Mr. Niblo, an enterprising inn keeper of the city announces that immediately after the termination of the match race between "Eclipse" and his antagonist, on Tuesday, he will dispatch a rider on a fleet horse, with the results which will be made known by displaying a white flag from the top of the Bank Coffee House, if "Eclipse" should be victorious. If his opponent should win the race, then a red flag will be raised to denote the fact. By this arrangement, the results will be known in the city about forty minutes after the race is run. . . .

"Fulton Market announced that it would be cleared and prepared as a place of reception for those ladies and gentlemen who may not have it in their power to attend the race to-morrow, but may desire to be early informed

of its results. The Market being opposite the white flag at Brooklyn which will be hoisted about two o'clock, affords a convenient place of expectation."[1]

This was the beginning of a series of similar National Races, the last of which came off on May 13, 1845, when Peytonia of the South before a crowd of 70,000 people met and defeated Fashion, the pride of the North. That race was the last of its kind before the Civil War.

The great race course on Long Island to-day is Belmont Park, near Jamaica. All during the season races are held there. The United Hunts opens the season with a two-day meeting each spring and closes it in the fall with a similar meet just before the opening of the New York Horse Show.

The space now given over in the papers to automobile advertisements years ago was devoted to horse dealers and carriage and harness makers. You read plenty of things like this:

Elegant Carriages of the Best Class.
Suspension Victorias, Cabriolets, Coupes, T Carts,
Mail Phaetons, Stanhope Gigs, Two Wheelers.
Landaulets, Rockaways, Surreys, Dos-a-Dos,
Buckboards, Vis-a-Vis, Spiders, Depot Wagons and Broughams.

A man by the name of Henry Willis of the village of East Williston built a two-wheel side-seated cart which became as popular in England as it was on Long Island. The "East Williston Cart" it was called.

The waters of the Sound on one side and the Atlantic

[1]Max Farrand, "The Great Race—Eclipse against the World!" in *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1921.

Ocean and Great South Bay on the other attracted those who liked to bathe and sail and fish for the sport of the thing, while the South Bay marshes full of game birds brought the gunners.

During the eighteen-forties "New York gentlemen who were fond of fishing and shooting would make a trip down to the south shore . . . to a place called 'Scio.' This was Jim Smith's old hostelry near Jerusalem (now Seaford). This hotel was famous as a stopping place for those driving out from New York and Brooklyn. . . .

"The proper thing was to arrive about sunset in good time for a nice supper, broiled snipe, trout out of Smith's Pond . . . and last but not least fried and stewed eels fresh out the Bay with home-made wheat and rye bread and butter" . . . not to mention gin and tansy which was a favorite brew of those times. "After satisfying the appetite a whale-oil lamp was provided, and they would retire for the night lying in the center of a thick feather bed to be awakened about 2 A.M. to get down to the creek to take a skiff across the Bay or a sailboat to Fire Island so as to be there at break of day when snipe, ducks, and geese would begin to fly."

Frequently some bayman went along to act as guide. Uncle John Verity, John Alibi, and Raynor Rock seem to have been favorites. Raynor Rock had a little hut on Fire Island not far from the old lighthouse where his crew of fishermen lived when they were making a catch to send to Fulton Market.

There were numerous roadhouses and inns like "Scio." Uncle Jesse Conklin's on Cap Tree Island was one. Cape Tree Island is the east end of Oak Island

Beach, and if you want to know the kind of parties they had there read Hopkinson Smith's story called "The Gentle Art of Dining."[1]

Oak Island and Fire Island have always been popular with south shore people. If you came out from the city in the train in the early days you got off at Babylon and took a horse car to the dock from where the steamboats ran regularly to the islands. Both beaches are so narrow you have your choice of bathing either in the bay or the ocean. Never a shade tree grows on either of them, nothing but bayberry, beach plum, and marsh grass, nevertheless there is a fascination about both islands. To-day all the western end of Fire Island outside the lighthouse reservation belongs to the State of New York and is held as park property. Quite a summer colony has grown up on the island about opposite Bay Shore called Point o' Woods.

Back in 1855 the Surf Hotel was built on Fire Island. It was run by Mr. Sammis, who knew how to feed people as well as give them a good time. Sammis's roast clams and chowder were famous. The Surf Hotel withstood the winter seas and gales but one dark night it burned down.

Rockaway Beach, as you read, became a popular island resort years before any of the other near-by beaches. Stages advertised special rates for week-end trips, and the Marine Pavilion was considered the last word in elegance. The opening up of Brooklyn's playground, Prospect Park, and the laying of the Ocean Parkway boomed Coney Island.

Throughout the Civil War, in the midst of many other

[1] "The Gentle Art of Dining," by Hopkinson Smith in his *Woodfire in No.* 3.

things that engrossed him, James Stranahan never lost the vision of what Prospect Park was going to mean to his city. Actual work might have to stop for a time, but the interest of the Park Board must not flag, and due to his perseverance work on the park began again soon after the close of the war.

Mr. Stranahan's plan for beautifying the city carried beyond the park; in his mind the natural boundary of Brooklyn on the southwest was the Atlantic Ocean. A boulevard was laid out from the city to Coney Island called the Ocean Parkway. Coney Island in those days was just a stretch of white beach and sand dunes with one or two small hotels and a bathing pavilion. The Ocean Parkway brought it within easy driving distance of Brooklyn, and it at once became a popular spot for families to spend a long summer day with picnic baskets and gay pails and shovels.

It is a fine inheritance for any city to have had citizens like Washington Roebling and James Stranahan. Mr. Stranahan must have been a charming gentleman to know, with his varied interests, generous sympathy, lively imagination, and keen wit. It is said he seldom lost a man who worked for him.

Prospect Park is his living memorial, but that we might not forget there is another memorial to him at the park's very gates placed there during his lifetime.

Stranahan
A citizen of Brooklyn
Honored for many noble services
Most gratefully as chief founder of Prospect Park
Erected by his fellow citizens during his lifetime
And unveiled in his presence June 6, 1891.

Frederick MacMonnies, once a Brooklyn boy, was the sculptor of the statue. It is a very human figure of a "dignified gentleman wearing his years with courtly grace." Many people must have seen Mr. Stranahan strolling through the park that way—hat and umbrella in his hand and his overcoat over his arm.

Coney Island, that strip of beach where Lady Moody once kept her pigs, sprouted rapidly into a lively spot, and when Daniel Morrill, the toll gatherer, counted three hundred vehicles driving to the island of a warm 4th of July (it fell on a Sunday that year) the staid and good people of Gravesend bewailed the existence of a place whose attractions caused such wholesale Sabbath breaking—but Coney Island continued to flourish.

More hotels were built; the western part of the island was called Brighton and the eastern end Manhattan. The Sheepshead Bay Race Track was an additional attraction at Brighton Beach in the early 'nineties, and after the races Tappan's Inn, kept by one Joe Villipigue, offered the best kind of refreshments.

Along the ocean front a concourse was laid out, board walks and iron piers built, and one bathing pavilion advertised: "1,230 bathing rooms that by night are lighted by 8,000 gas jets and 13 electric lights." Not only the Ocean Parkway brought hundreds of visitors daily during the season, but a small branch railroad was run to the island over a trestle, and steamboats plied regularly between the island and the Battery, New York, and Jewell's Wharf next to Fulton Ferry in Brooklyn.

In 1876 a new method of getting down to the island

came into vogue for men: the high-wheel bicycle. On summer nights a perfect stream of them might be seen bowling along down the Parkway. They were the forerunner of the bicycle we know to-day that was to become so tremendously popular eight or ten years later. A snappy winter day with snow on the ground was sure to bring out any number of trotters and cutters with their bells for a spin down the Parkway to the island. The less prosperous took a sleigh ride around Prospect Park, "all the way around for $.25."

Winter storms did their worst to Coney Island; piers were smashed and board walks torn up, but three hotels managed to withstand the siege for many years: the Manhattan Beach, the Oriental, and the West Brighton. The latter in its palmy days had four tower dining rooms for the special accommodation of coaching parties. It was quite the thing in the late 'eighties and early 'nineties to drive down for dinner at one or the other of these hotels and later enjoy the band concert and fireworks.

Anton Seidl's string orchestra for a number of seasons gave delightful concerts at the Brighton Beach Hotel, and Patrick Gilmore's band played at Manhattan Beach. Gilmore was later succeeded by Philip Sousa and his Marine Band.

On the west end of Coney Island, known as West Brighton, sprang up a different type of resort: a place far less desirable, of side shows and noise and crowds and smells like a huge county fair. "Hot Dogs" must have started in West Brighton; they rivaled clam chowder with the west-enders, being more filling for five

cents, and one could enjoy them on the beach between swims or even on the merry-go-round. The ice-cream cone was there, too, only the ice cream was licked out of little paper cups and called "Hokey Pokey."

Season after season novelties were introduced to amuse the crowd. Ferris wheels, scenic railways, shoot-the-chutes, roller coasters, loop-the-loops, and what not, until the West End has grown to be what it is to-day—a place to go and forget that you are too old to play and act foolish. The man who advertised his bathing pavilion with hundreds of gas jets and thirteen electric lights would open his eyes should he steam into New York Harbor some night and see Dream Land and Luna Park—a distant fairyland of sparkling lights.

About the year 1870, Long Island began to be considered a fine place to spend one's summer holidays, and each year it grew increasingly popular. The Long Island Railroad made the most of this, you may be sure, and published booklets setting forth the advantages of every little town. Hotels were built, especially along the south shore and on Shelter Island. When Shelter Island became a summer resort the people quickly did away with a very unsightly, not to mention ill-smelling, menhaden factory that had been there for some years.

On Orient Point the Inn had already been fashionable for some time; it was a great place for newly married couples from Connecticut to sail over and spend their honeymoon. In 1838 the *Long Islander* published a long and amusing poem by John Orville Terry about the various attractions of the Inn, especially its food (at

that time Orient Point was known as Oyster Pond Point). Two verses ran:

There's a place on Long Island called Oyster Pond Point
That stretches far into the sea,
When times are so bad they're all out of joint
You can there with good living your palate anoint
With all living creatures that be.

Tomcod and tom turkey, tripe, terrapin, teal,
Tarts, turnips, potatoes and tea,
Mead, milk and mock-turtle, and mutton and meal
And a balcony high on the housetop to steal
A view from the ocean and sea.

Almost every hotel advertised croquet as one of its leading attractions, and lawn tennis. Many farmers' wives found taking summer boarders most profitable. Fishermen had few days off now; there was always someone who wanted to hire their boats or be taken for a sail.

Several prominent men in New York discovered the charm of Long Island as a summer home long before it became fashionable. William Cullen Bryant, the poet and editor of the *Evening Post*, wrote to a friend in 1843: "Congratulate me, there is a probability of my becoming a landholder in New York. I have made a bargain for about forty acres of solid earth at Hempstead Harbor, on the north side of Long Island. There when I get money enough I mean to build a house." But he didn't build; instead he remodeled the old Quaker homestead built on the place in 1787 and made it a spacious, comfortable home surrounded by garden and orchard sloping down to the water's edge.

How he reveled in the wooded hills about Roslyn!

Mr. Bryant was a passionate lover of trees and flowers and all out-of-door things, and his friends soon found he could outwalk most of them. Here is a letter written from "Cedarmere" on July 4, 1850: "To-morrow I must go back to town—the foul, hot, noisy town. How it will smell of the tons of gun powder that have been burnt in it to-day! I hear the thunder of the guns even here but it does not disturb the birds. The fire bird and the song sparrow have been singing all day among my locusts and horse chestnuts in spite of it. We have given the world the go-by to-day. We have been no further than the garden from the foot of which we saw in the morning a sloop go down the bay with a fiddle on board and a score of young women in sun bonnets. Nobody has been to see us but a little boy two years old, whom at his particular desire, I took to the barn to see the pigs and chickens, and whom I was obliged to refresh with a liberal handful of cherries which I climbed the tree to gather. Between eleven and twelve o'clock I had a rather sweltering time in the garden gathering the first of the raspberries and the last of the strawberries. If we had a quiet friend or two, like yourself, the day I know would pass more agreeably but we get a good deal of contentment from it as it is. . . . If you care for sea-bathing, the tide is swelling up, and when it meets the grass I think I shall take a plunge myself."[1]

In 1873, Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun* bought Dosoris, one of two small islands off Glen Cove on the north shore, connected with the mainland by a causeway and bridge. Every morning, evening, and Sunday during the pleasant weather he worked with

[1] Park Godwin, Life of William Cullen Bryant. Appleton.

his men laying out the grounds, constructing paths and roads and flower beds and transplanting trees and shrubs. People came from a great distance to see Mr. Dana's garden and he took as much pleasure in showing it to his friends as he did in working in it himself. Charles Dana was a great lover of horses and a fine judge of them. In 1814, many years before Mr. Dana came to Long Island, the famous horse, Eclipse (properly named American Eclipse to distinguish him from the famous English horse by the same name), was bred at Dosoris, and Mr. Dana never allowed his box stall to be changed.

Theodore Roosevelt brought his family to Oyster Bay because he and his cousins had had such good times there as children "hunting, exploring, and cheerfully risking their necks in and about the woods and waters of Long Island's north shore." Now he wanted his own children to enjoy the same thing. In his *Autobiography* is a most delightful chapter called "Outdoors and Indoors" in which you get a glimpse of the charms of Sagamore Hill and what good times the family enjoyed at Oyster Bay—picnicking on Janes Hill, romping in the hay barn, crabbing in the cove, and "listening to the bird songs at nightfall from the porch." No place to them was ever like Oyster Bay, no White House could take the place of Sagamore Hill.

"At Sagamore Hill," he writes, "we have a great many things—birds and trees and books, and all things beautiful, and horses and rifles and children and hard work and the joy of life. We have great fireplaces, and in them the logs roar and crackle during the long winter evenings."

FLORA TEMPLE ON THE UNION COURSE

September, 1856.

COURTESY OF HARRY WORCESTER SMITH, ESQ.

A GREAT RACE OF LONG AGO

Defeat on the Long Island Union Course of Sir Henry by American Eclipse, May 27, 1823.

This is a reprint from the original broadside or poster made for the race, now in the library of Harry Worcester Smith, Esq., at Lordvale, North Grafton, Massachusetts.

Bandanna handkerchiefs were also printed like it and sold as souvenirs.

Many who came only to spend the summer decided to buy ground and build homes of their own, so cottage colonies, some simple, others fashionable, developed, especially along the north and south shores where the water was an added attraction.

Boat builders at Port Jefferson and other places were kept busy with orders for "cats," sloops, and "knock-abouts." Flushing and Oyster Bay both built yacht clubs and other places followed their example. There were numerous boat races and sailing parties, and on Saturday afternoons and holidays the South Bay and the north shore harbors were pretty sights full of white sails. No motors in the boats in those days; if you were becalmed you poled home!

Fox hunting became a great sport among those who were wealthy enough to own hunters and had the leisure to follow the hounds several days a week. A group of sportsmen obtained the lease of an old farmhouse and outbuildings on the eastern end of Hempstead Plains, the same which is now the house of the Meadowbrook Club. There in the summer of 1877 the first Long Island hunt club started with a pack of hounds brought over from Ireland.

The hunting centers were Hempstead, Westbury, and Cedarhurst. One might hunt about six days a week with either the Meadowbrook (Westbury), Queens County (East Williston), or Rockaway (Cedarhurst) hunt clubs. The Queens hunted over the north country, the Meadowbrook over the north and south, and the Rockaway over the south side only. "The north country took a great deal of doing while the south country took less, and the going was not quite so good . . . very flat

and showing the lack of care given to the land by the Quaker farmers of the north side."[1]

Many of those who enjoyed this type of sport chose Hempstead to live in. It was near both the Meadowbrook and the Queens County, and the Plains were just lovely open country glorious to gallop over. Later these people scattered over Wheatley Hills and Locust Valley, bought up great tracts of land, including some of the old Quaker farmhouses, and established big estates, but in the 'eighties life was simpler.

The summer of 1886 the first international polo game was held in this country, not on Long Island but at the Westchester Club in Newport. For years polo had been a great game in England, brought out of India by returning army officers. American sportsmen had taken part in some of the games played on the famous English field at Hurlingham, and some of them brought it back to this country, where a team became expert enough to dare invite the men from Hurlingham to come over and play them.

Our first international team was made up of William K. Thorn, Raymond Belmont, Foxhall Keane, and Thomas Hitchcock. The English won and took home the Westchester Cup.

In 1902 the American team went to Hurlingham, but once more the English kept the cup. Seven years passed before the Americans tried again; in the meantime they had truly learned the game of polo. This time the Big Four, Lawrence and "Monty" Waterbury, Harry Payne Whitney, and Devereux Milburn, with a string of

[1] Henry S. Page, *Over the Open*. Scribner.

ponies including the famous Cottontail, went over and brought the cup back home.

In 1911 and again in 1913 the English team came over and the matches were played off at Meadowbrook. Still the American team kept the cup. In 1914 the English returned once more and that time the American team lost. "A great many of those who made up that picture at Meadowbrook on the day of that 1914 final were never to see or play more polo. The war drew down the curtain on most of the pleasantries of the world."[1] It was seven years later before either team had the heart or strength to try again. Then the American team went across and brought the cup back to Meadowbrook, where it remains to the present time.

Late spring and all summer up to the time the racing season opens, polo is in the air around Westbury and Locust Valley country. Every fine day ponies booted and blanketed trot with their grooms in groups to one of the several practice fields. There are men on Long Island who do nothing else but raise and train polo ponies. It is great fun to watch them being put through their tactics.

Blue sky overhead, with planes wheeling about, greenest and softest of turf under foot, the teams in their white helmets and gay shirts, polo is a pretty sight and a glorious, clear-cut, exciting game to watch. Paul Brown, a young Long Island artist, catches the spirit of the game in his clever sketches.

The pony plays the game as skillfully as his rider.

[1]Robert F. Kelly, *Forty Years of International Polo* (published in the printed program for 1927).

If there is any doubt in your mind about that, read Rudyard Kipling's "Story of the Maltese Cat."[1]

The inclosure for the ponies is a popular spot with horse lovers on the day of the games. The ponies' names are always printed in the International program, and Cottontail, Pit Boy, Tobiana, Shamrock, Don Q., Quickstep, Tallyho, Wrack 'Em Up, Chop Sticks, Naughty Girl, and the whole string of the year come in for their fair share of applause when their grooms parade them around Meadowbrook field on the day of the Big Game.

In 1924 the Prince of Wales came to the International match, and in 1927 His Highness Sir Sajjan Singh, Maharajah of Ratlam, came with the English team out of India. A real Maharajah, indeed, diamond earrings, puggerie (turban), and all!

Hempstead Plains has witnessed many strange sights in its time, but none more picturesque than that year when at night the Indian grooms, after bedding down the ponies in their stalls at Mitchel Field, would gather around in a ring on the grass and cook their supper over little open stoves, laughing and chattering in a strange tongue, while the fire threw quick lights and shadows over their parti-colored puggeries and swarthy, bearded faces.

Horse racing, hunting, sailing, tennis, polo, but little was known about golf on Long Island until 1891, when Mr. Samuel Parrish and a group of other gentlemen in Southampton summer colony decided to experiment with the good Scotch game on a twelve-hole course

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[1]Rudyard Kipling, "The Maltese Cat" in *The Day's Work*. Doubleday, Doran.

laid out among the Shinnecock Hills by Willie Dunn, the Scotch Canadian professional.

Mr. Parrish writes: "In the beginning, so quietly and unobtrusively was golf introduced into this country that it was some time after the Shinnecock Club house had been built and the game was being played in the "Hills" in all its red-coated, white collared and monogrammed brass-buttoned splendor (a picturesque but for many years past an abandoned feature of the early days of golf, I still have the buttons; the moths the coat) before the game became sufficiently well known to attract the slightest notice from the newspapers. . . . From 1893 on, however, a veritable craze swept over the country, and the Shinnecock Club became the Mecca for golfing pilgrims from all sections of the country, seeking information before starting in to construct their own links."[1] That was 1893; now in 1928 there are eighty-five golf courses on Long Island and adjoining the Shinnecock Club on the north is the National Golf Links of America, where many international team matches are played off.

Artists began to discover the Island in the 'eighties. The old houses, the windmills, the surf, and the dunes drew painters singly and in groups to the Hamptons. The Tile Club often made week-end sketching tours down the Island. William Chase, who already was a famous painter of portraits and landscapes, became so fascinated with the Shinnecock Hills that he built a

[1]Samuel L. Parrish, *Some Facts, Reflections, and Personal Reminiscences Connected with the Introduction of the Game of Golf in the United States.* Privately published

house there and in 1891 established a summer school.

Artists came from all over the country to study with him and live in a group of charming cottages near the art school, which was about three miles from Mr. Chase's home. The "Art Village," they called the settlement.

There were still Indians, half-breeds, living in the Shinnecock Reservation. Ordinarily they did not welcome white visitors, but Mr. Chase made friends with them and they were curious about his school, curious enough to be willing to pose for his students. 1902 was the last summer Mr. Chase held his art classes in the Long Island hills, though he and his family continued to spend their summers there.

What a jolly family they must have been, those Chases! There were eight children who played in the Shinnecocks, picnicked on the beach, and modeled all sorts of things out of the natural clay in the Hills. Several of them were born at Shinnecock and "the fact was always proclaimed in Japanese fashion with a fish floating from the housetop."[1]

William Chase disliked pictures that obviously told a story. He was gifted enough to do something far more difficult in his painting: "lead the imagination over the lonely winding road through the sand dunes to the sea and make one feel the wide sweep of the wind across the moors." The sky over the Shinnecock Hills so fascinated him that he sometimes "spent hours at his wide studio window simply painting the changing clouds."

Every autumn for many years Thomas Moran, the famous landscape painter, returned from the West to his

[1]K. M. Roof, *The Life and Art of William Merritt Chase*. Scribner.

home on Long Island. There were two places on earth he said he loved best, the Grand Canyon and East Hampton—certainly a contrast. Perhaps it rested him to paint the dunes and the shady East Hampton lanes and smell the salt of the Atlantic after living and working in the midst of high mountains.

This same love of the sea no doubt has kept another artist, a native of Long Island, William Steeple Davis, from ever going far from his little studio down on Orient Point to study or work. He finds so many subjects right off the end of his own wharf as you may guess from the titles of some of his paintings and prints: "Drying Nets," "A Square Rigger," "Mist on Long Island Sound," "Scallop Boats," "Moonlight Marshes," "Out of the Fog," "High and Dry," "An Anchorage for the Night," etc.

As for the ponies and horses that are so much a part of Long Island's picture in paddock and pasture and on race track and polo field, they have their artists, too. I have spoken of Paul Brown. You never miss him at hunt meet or polo match catching nice bits for his sketch book. As for Franklin Voss of "Merriefield," he has been riding and hunting on Long Island all his life and his father and grandfather before him. He divides his time between the sport he loves best and painting horses and hounds. Many of the horses are painted with their riders, outdoor portraits with Long Island fields and woods for background.

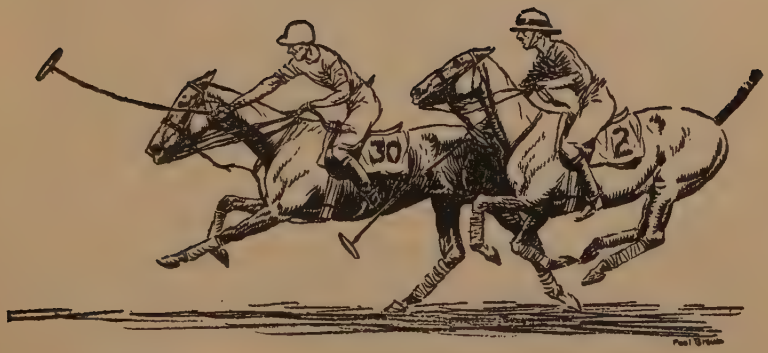
There is another man on the Island who has grown up among horses and has been making pictures of them ever since as a small boy he used the blank pages of his mother's receipt book for a sketch block. Edward Miner

has his studio up Powell Lane in Westbury, a tidy little place with a garden in front and a door with a jockey "up" for a knocker. Once inside you see what makes it different from any other painter's studio in the country: there is another door in the rear through which a horse may walk right in and make himself at home in an inclosure while he poses for his picture. Even the floor has a familiar sound to his hoofs, since the boards are laid like the floor of his own box stall. Finished and unfinished sketches of horses and colts are about everywhere, with saddles and bridles and paints and brushes and pipes and books and all the other odds and ends that make an artist's studio such a delightfully informal place.

Together with his other work Mr. Miner is an artist for the National Geographic Society, and probably many of you know his pictures of cattle and horses which he did for two special numbers of the *National Geographic Magazine*.

So as a home, a sporting ground, and a fine place to work in, Long Island was discovered for a second time, and its new inhabitants with their new ideas brought it closer to the outside world than any number of railroads and bridges. Late in the 'nineties the first automobiles made their appearance; in time they were to bring the Island even closer to the city. Funny, clumsy, high-bodied affairs those first machines were, driven by gentlemen in dust coast and goggles and ladies likewise in dust coats and goggles plus large hats swathed in veils. Quite often the automobile refused to work. That was

too much for the small boy who had dashed out to watch this new invention go honking by; sooner or later he was bound to shout out, "*Get a Horse!*"



Polo sketch made especially for this book by Paul Brown.

CHAPTER 17

BIRDS AND WILD FLOWERS

"We have crossed the meadows and reached a tangled thicket of alder and bayberry bushes, of wild roses with a few delicate blossoms still open to the bees and sunshine. . . . Out of sight a cat-bird is mewing discordantly, and on some of the lower twigs a Maryland yellow-throat . . . hops busily about. A swallow flies close above our heads, through the sweet sunny air. Across the thicket comes the ever recurrent sighing of the sea."—Frances Theodora Parsons: A LONG ISLAND MEADOW.

NO ONE could tell Long Island's story and forget the wild flowers and the birds.

You have heard a great deal about the flowers and trees and shrubs that were brought here from a distance, but Long Island has beautiful native trees, and wild flowers. Evergreens, hickories, oaks, chestnuts, and perhaps nowhere is the flowering dogwood more plentiful or beautiful. West Hills, when the dogwood is in blossom, is a sight never to be forgotten.

Hardy flowers, like daisies, asters, goldenrod, butter-and-eggs, or white sweet clover flourish in the fields and along the roads. The lupine and low-growing aster and wintergreen vine with its pretty white blossoms and jolly red berries so good to eat are tucked away among the stunted pines and oaks in the sandy soil of the Pine Barrens. On the dunes grow bayberry bushes, the beach

plum, the wild pea and beach rosemary, and the polagala and the mouse-eared everlasting keep the Montauk Downs rosy and white in summer.

In spite of plowing and building and burning over there are still sections of the Hempstead Plains where the bird-foot violet grows in all its blue beauty. Years ago the Plains must have been a good sight—there were more flowers then and the grass grew higher, "a man might lose his way in it," we are told, and another old account says: "the cattle lying down in the grass were lost to sight." Railroad fires and intensive cropping of course helped to reduce it, but in open spaces now the beard grass is still beautiful as it bends to the wind a tawny copper color in the fall.

The wind never seems to cease over Montauk. No wonder the few shrubby-looking trees that survive on the Downs are stunted and storm twisted, but Nature has taken care that the flowers she put on Montauk Downs and the Hempstead Plains shall have leaves so narrow that they offer little resistance to the wind or else lie so close to the ground that the gale goes over them.

In Long Island's sandy soil you naturally do not find many rock-loving plants nor ferns in great abundance, and toward the western end of the Island, where there has been so much building and road making within the last thirty years, many of the more delicate wild flowers that perhaps never grew here in great plenty have almost entirely disappeared. If one knows where a patch of anemone, trillium, arbutus, or blood-root is to be found one is apt to share the secret only with those who they know will pick them sparingly. Often now

we find these wood-flowers in big gardens where they have been tenderly transplanted in the hope that they might live and increase.

If you know about The Wild Flower Preservation Society and The Garden Club of America you know one real reason for their existence is to help people to know how to protect the wild flowers. They send out pamphlets with hints for the preservation of wood plants, shrubs, and wild flowers. Some they say to pick freely, some they ask us not to pick at all, and to pick others with care, being sure to leave a few behind, since they are the flowers that grow only from seeds, and if we take them all there will be no more left for another year.

Mrs. William Starr Dana's *How to Know the Wild Flowers* and Neltje Blanchan's beautiful book called *Nature's Garden* open our eyes to the loveliness in the common flowers we pass every day, and there is a most delightful wild flower picture book published by the National Geographic Society.

Louis Harmon Peet has written a book called *Trees and Shrubs of Prospect Park*, and the same subject has been treated by Alfred Gundersen in his pamphlet, *Trees of Prospect Park and Brooklyn*, published by the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens.

In an essay called "A Long Island Meadow," Frances Theodora Parsons tells some of the many things she found in a south-side field on a day in the latter part of August. In conclusion she says: "The meadow is putting on its dress of gold and purple, the red-gold pendants of the jewel-weed, the yellow gold of the goldenrod, the blue purples of the asters, the pinker shades of the

seaside gerardia, the lavender of the bell-like flower-heads of the lion's foot, and the varied purples of the blossoming grasses now more luxuriant than ever.

"The bird voices grow daily more rare. An occasional song-sparrow makes a hoarse effort, but is less successful than are the myriads of insects, the cricket, locust and grasshoppers. These fill the air with a droning soothing chorus that blends with the low roar of the sea beyond the distant sand hills."[1]

Long Island has always been a grand rendezvous for birds, but changing conditions have affected them as you will see. "When the state was first settled waterfowl fairly swarmed our bays, rivers and lakes and shore birds flocked by thousands every spring and fall along Long Island."[2]

An old account says: "The woods as well as the open fields, abound with quails and partridges; the swamps with wood cock and the plains with grouse and plover, while the surrounding waters, especially the extended south bays, are the common resort of innumerable multitudes of wild fowl from the stately goose down to the smallest snipe."

But the hunter was too greedy. Year after year thousands of game birds were killed until, like the wild flowers, many of them disappeared. The song birds suffered, too, as the Island became more thickly populated. "Late plowing and extensive cultivating and early mowing destroy great numbers of eggs and young birds and the spraying of fruit trees and potato plants

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[1]Frances Theodora Parsons, *According to Season*. Scribner.

[2]Elon Howard Eaton, *Birds of New York State*, Vol. 1. University of State of New York.

often poison birds who eat the caterpillars. . . . Telephone and telegraph wires . . . being strung at about the height many birds fly many fly against them and are maimed or killed. Sometimes the same thing happens when flying low, they strike against the wire back stop of a tennis court.

"Along the coast birds fly against the lighthouses while they are migrating in the night and keepers pick up many in the morning. During the night of September 23, 1887, 356 blackpoll warblers were killed among the other birds dashing against Fire Island Light."[1]

So as The Garden Club of America came to protect the wild growing things The Bird Club of Long Island was organized in 1915 by Theodore Roosevelt to protect the birds. The club works with the National Association of Audubon Societies, so that every man and woman, boy and girl on the Island is welcome to become a member and have the pleasure of studying birds as well as protecting them.

A little automobile bearing the name of the Bird Club of Long Island may often be seen on the roads. It is driven by the "Bird Lady," as the children call her. From school to school she goes showing her pictures and telling her story and sending the children away with their appetites whetted to know more about the birds and to do their best to care for them.

If you pass a house with a green and white sign on one of the trees you may know that this family belongs to the Bird Club of Long Island. They may be fond of cats but they keep none and coax the song birds to nest in summer and to stay long after frost and snow have come by

[1]Elon Howard Eaton, *Birds of New York State*, Vol. 1.

building shelters for food and providing water, suet, grain, and other food for them.

From the porch of Sagamore Hill at Oyster Bay one June afternoon years ago Theodore Roosevelt counted more than forty birds and their songs. In a chapter of his *Autobiography* called "Outdoors and Indoors" he remembered that summer day and wrote so delightfully of it that I hope you will find the chapter and read it for yourself. I cannot resist quoting from the chapter called "At Home," in his *Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter*, because it gives such a sense of the delight of knowing birds and having them for neighbors.

"Among the Long Island singers," he says, "the wood thrushes are the sweetest, they nest right around our house and also in the open woods of oak, hickory and chestnut where their serene leisurely songs sing through the leafy arches all day long, but specially at daybreak and in the afternoons. Baltimore orioles, beautiful of voice and plumage, hang their nests in a young elm tree near the corner of the porch; robins, catbirds, valiant king birds, songsparrows, chippies and bright colored thistle-finches nest within a stone's throw of the house, in the shrubbery or among the birches and maples; grasshopper sparrows, humble little creatures with insect-like voices, nest almost as close in the open field, just beyond the line where the grass is kept cut; humming birds visit the honeysuckle and trumpet-flowers; chimney swallows build in the chimneys; barnswallows nest in the stable and old barn, wrens in the bushes near by. Downy woodpeckers and many other birds make their homes in the old orchard; during the migration it is alive with warblers. Towhees,

thrashers and Maryland yellowthroats build and sing in the hedges by the garden; bush sparrows and dainty little prairie warblers in the cedar-grown field beyond. Red-wing blackbirds haunt the wet places. Chickadees wander everywhere; the wood-pewees, red eyed vireos, and the black and white creepers keep to the tall timber, where the wary thievish jays chatter and the great crested fly-catchers flit and scream. In the early spring when the woods are still . . . the flickers call and drum on the dead trees, and the strong plaintive note of the meadow lark is one of the most noticeable and attractive sounds. On the other hand the cooing of the mourning dove is most noticeable in the still hot summer days. In the thick tangles chats creep and flutter and jerk and chuckle and whoop as they sing. I have heard them sing by night. The cedar bird offers the most absolute contrast to the chats, in voice and manner and habits. They never hide, they are never fussy or noisy; they always behave as if they were so well bred that it is impossible to resent the inroads the soft, quiet, pretty creatures make among the cherries. One flicker became possessed of a mania to dig its hole in one corner of the house just under the roof . . . oven birds are very plentiful and it seems to me that their flight song is most frequently given after dusk than in the daylight. It is sometimes given when the whippoorwills are calling. In late June evenings, especially by moonlight but occasionally even when the night is dark, we hear their song from the foot of the hill where the woods begin."

Not far from Theodore Roosevelt's home on the Cove and close by his last resting place on the hill is a bird sanctuary, twelve acres of woodland, a lovely restful,

P. A. JULEY AND SON

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This picture was taken one summer day at Sagamore Hill, after he became President of the United States.

COURTESY OF FRANK M. CHAPMAN AND "COUNTRY LIFE"

No one could tell Long Island's story and forget the wild flowers and the birds.

tuneful place—a fitting and abiding memorial to one who loved birds as he did.

The land was given to the National Association of Audubon Societies by W. Emlen Roosevelt and his wife Christine Roosevelt, and the bird pool and fountain at its gate was the gift of more than two thousand members of the Audubon Society.

Close by in a little white house lives the man who has the sanctuary in his charge. Dr. Swope watches the coming and going of the birds, discovers their secrets, and under his expert care and protection the Roosevelt Bird Sanctuary is developing into a place where one may not only see the birds, but may learn the best methods of attracting them through feeding devices, bird baths and nesting boxes, and discover the value of shrubbery for producing bird food, the value of open spaces and of thickets (in July the birds have a royal feast in the blackberry tangle) and of properly constructed brush and vine shelters. One hundred and twenty-one species of birds have already been found within the boundary of the sanctuary.

There are other sanctuaries on the Island tucked away in big gardens and one close by a village street. Its belongs to a library, a special library for boys and girls,[1] and on the south lawn is a big rock pool planted about with dogwood, blueberry, ilex, and other berry-bearing trees and shrubs that invite the birds to feast and build their nests and let the children watch them from the low French windows. On the west wall of this library is the painting of a map of Long Island showing all the native birds and wild flowers.

[1]Children's Library, Robert Bacon Memorial in Westbury.

Back in 1844 J. P. Giraud wrote a book called *Birds of Long Island* in which he tells about 560 species, their character, plumage, habits, etc. It is a most interesting book even though it has no pictures.

Birds of New York, by Elon Howard Eaton, is published in two parts. Part 1 is the Game Birds and Part 2 the Song Birds, and it is illustrated by fine photographs and colored drawings made by Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

What Bird Is That?, by Dr. Frank Chapman, is a perfect little pocket museum of the land birds of this section of the country and tells about the birds by season, while Neltje Blanchan's *Bird Neighbors* introduces us to one hundred and fifty birds commonly found in the gardens, meadows, and woods about our homes.

Ernest Harold Baynes has written a fascinating book called *Wild Bird Guests and How to Entertain Them* There is a chapter on Bird Clubs and how to organize them. Theodore Roosevelt wrote the preface for it.

Out of his own joy in watching and studying the birds in his Long Island garden Richard Harper Laimbeer wrote *Birds I Have Known*. It is illustrated with most remarkable photographs taken by himself and makes one long to become as intimate with the birds as Judge Laimbeer.

Brooklyn children long ago found it hard to see the birds, much less be able to attract them. One can't very well make a sanctuary of a back yard when the next-door neighbor will keep a cat. So about the only place to find the birds in numbers was in Prospect Park and other smaller parks. In 1899 the Children's Museum was opened in Bedford Park and ever since has given

the city children an opportunity to become familiar not only with birds and wild flowers but animal life as well. The Children's Museum is part of the great Brooklyn Academy of Arts and Sciences, only it is in an old house by itself, not like a museum at all.

CHAPTER 18

BROOKLYN BECOMES NEW YORK AND MONTAUK POINT BECOMES A HOSPITAL CAMP

THIS is the chapter in which we will have to say good-bye to Brooklyn as part of Long Island—her story from the year 1896 belongs to New York City.

You have seen how first by the ferries and later by the combination of Brooklyn Bridge and the ferries the two cities were growing closer and closer together in their interests. For a long time there was talk of consolidating them as Greater New York. This consolidation was not only to include Brooklyn but also Staten Island and the southern part of Westchester County.

Quite naturally many old Brooklyn residents opposed the plan, fearing their city would lose its identity, but men like James Stranahan saw the wisdom of the change and urged it. In 1894 it was finally put to the vote by the people in the villages, towns, and cities included in the proposed consolidation. In 1896 the actual consolidation took place and Brooklyn became part of Greater New York.

In 1898 Greater New York was divided into four boroughs: Manhattan, the Bronx, Queens, and Richmond. Once again, as in the time of Governor Dongan, Long Island was divided into counties. What had for-

merly been Kings County was included in Queens as far east as Hempstead and a new county, Nassau, was created between Queens and Suffolk.

By 1895 the Long Island Railroad beyond Jamaica was completed as we know it to-day. In 1899 came a new addition that involved a great feat of engineering: a tunnel was run under the East River and a terminal built in New York. No longer need commuters depend on bridges and ferries to reach the city, although there were many who vowed you would not catch them risking their lives riding away down under water. One year later the independent existence of the Long Island Railroad was at an end; it became part of the Pennsylvania Railroad System.

With the building of the East River tube Long Island ceased to be an island as far as passengers were concerned. For freight, however, the ferryboat was a constant necessity up to the year 1917, when a railroad bridge, with the longest arch in the world, 1,600 feet in length, was swung over the East River at old Hell Gate.

In 1898 Long Island's story swings down to the eastern end of the Island. Quite suddenly Montauk Point had become the site of an army camp and hospital. The United States was at war with Spain.

For some time this country had been warning Spain to cease from ill using the natives on the Island of Cuba. Spaniards living in Cuba retaliated by threatening the lives of American residents there until General Fitzhugh Lee, American Consul General at Havana, asked for a United States warship to guard American life and property in Cuba.

The battleship *Maine* was sent. She anchored in the harbor of Havana on January 25, 1898. On February 15th she was blown up at her moorings. Then the United States fleet steamed from Key West for Cuba and President McKinley called for 125,000 volunteers. Long Island regiments were mobilized at Camp Black on Hempstead Plains near Garden City.

At that time Theodore Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He had made up his mind if war came he was going to have an active part in it. "With his friend Leonard Wood, a surgeon in the army and a veteran of several Indian campaigns, he had already discussed the possibilities of raising a regiment of mounted riflemen from among the skilled horsemen of the western plains. When Congress therefore authorized three regiments of cavalry he immediately offered to raise one of them. General Alger, Secretary of War, accepted the offer."[1] Leonard Wood was made colonel of the regiment and Theodore Roosevelt lieutenant colonel. It left for Cuba under the title First Volunteer Cavalry, but it soon became known to fame as the Rough Riders. After reaching Cuba Colonel Wood was made commander of the Brigade and Roosevelt colonel of the Rough Riders.

"It is as typical an American regiment as ever marched or fought," Roosevelt wrote to Senator Lodge. "I suppose about 95 per cent. of the men are of native birth, but we have a few from everywhere, including a score of Indians and about as many men of Mexican origin from New Mexico; then there are about fifty Easterners, almost all graduates of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, etc.,

[1]Herman Hagedorn, *Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt.* Harper.

and almost as many Southerners; the rest are men of the plains and the Rocky Mountains. Three fourths of our men have at one time or another been cowboys or else are small stockmen. . . . You would enjoy seeing the mounted drill, for the way these men have got their wild half-broken horses in order is something marvelous."[1]

The war was short and to the point, and it was disease and not bullets that did the most harm to our troops. Cuba in summer has a bad climate for those not accustomed to it, there was lack of proper kind of food, and the sanitation was dreadful. Hundreds and hundreds of soldiers were attacked by yellow fever; there was no hope of recovery for them in that climate, they must be brought North as quickly as possible.

New York and Brooklyn naturally feared the epidemic that might result from bringing infection into port, so Montauk Point was chosen as the best place to open a camp and hospital for returning soldiers.

The harbor of Fort Pond Bay was deep and wide enough to accommodate transports, and landings could be made close to camp. This was historic ground: the Bay had been the rendezvous of warships during the Revolution and the War of 1812, and had taken its name from the fort which Montauk Indians had built there generations before.

Nurses and doctors did heroic work at Wycoff, as the camp was called. Ninety per cent. of the officers and men reached the camp very sick or only just recovering, and they began to arrive before either camp or hospital had time to be fully equipped. "For the first few days

[1] *Selections from the Correspondence of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge.* Scribner.

there was great confusion and some want even after we got to Montauk," writes Colonel Roosevelt in his *History of the Rough Riders*, "the men in the hospital suffered from lack of almost everything, even cots. But after the first few days we were well cared for and had abundance of all we needed, except that on several occasions there was shortage of food for the horses, which I would have regarded as even more serious than a shortage for the men, had it not been that we were about to be disbanded. . . . On the whole however the month we spent on Montauk before we disbanded was very pleasant."[1]

Altogether twenty-five thousand men were cared for at Montauk and only one hundred and twenty-six lost. The lighthouse had never looked down over such a sight before. Barracks sprouted up overnight as it were, "camp laundries were erected, disinfecting plants and bakeries were established, and numerous diet kitchens formed which were presided over by the best cooks from Boston and New York."

The Rough Riders fell for their share of yellow fever and other sickness but were finally disbanded from Montauk. The night before they were mustered out they gave vent to their feelings by "improvised dances. In these the Indians took the lead . . . the cowboys and miners cheerfully joining in and forming part of the howling, grunting ring that went bounding around the great fires they had kindled."[2]

Long Islanders had a soft spot in their hearts for this First Volunteer Cavalry, not only for the work it helped

[1]Theodore Roosevelt, *History of the Rough Riders*. Scribner.
[2]*Ibid.*

to accomplish in Cuba but because the man who had brought the regiment together in the first place belonged to them by adoption. Theodore Roosevelt returned to find himself a popular hero. The next thing he knew they had nominated him for governor of New York State.

CHAPTER 19

FROM 1898 TO 1918 AND BEYOND

"Who cries that the days of daring are those that are faded far?"—Clinton Scollard.

TWENTY years passed, 1898 to 1918. Long Island was steadily growing, keeping up with the times. The automobile had come to stay, and the telephone and telegraph were now accepted as a matter of course, along with gas and running water, cement roads, electric light and power, moving pictures, motor boats, and victrolas. About 1909 a man by the name of Glenn Curtiss began to experiment with airships on the Hempstead Plains.

Farms were no longer isolated, and the train service enabled more and more people to work in the city and live in the country.

One might cross the Atlantic now with less thought and anxiety than Molly Cooper once gave to a "voyage to Connecticut," and after about 1902 a steamer need never be out of communication, for the radio had come.

Nikola Tesla, a scientist, for some time had been experimenting with a wireless station down near Port Jefferson. People said he was trying to communicate with Mars, but Mr. Tesla was doing something far more practical.

In 1904 a wireless station, one of the most powerful

in the world, was built at Sayville. Up to the time of the war it was owned and operated by a German concern, the Telefunken Wireless Company. Now, in 1929, there are "five radio broadcasting stations in Nassau and Suffolk counties: at Bellmore, Freeport, Bay Shore, Farmingdale, and Long Beach. The three transoceanic commercial stations are at Sayville, Rocky Point, and Riverhead. Besides these there are three ship-to-shore commercial stations."[1]

On January 1, 1899, Theodore Roosevelt was inaugurated governor of New York State. One year later he was elected to the Vice-Presidency and the year following he became President of the United States through the sudden death of President McKinley. On March 4, 1905, he was inaugurated for a second term. Oyster Bay was mighty proud of her adopted citizen and to think of Sagamore Hill as the summer White House.

Long Island became possessor of its own Cathedral Town. Back in 1869 Alexander T. Stewart, a New York merchant, had bought up a big section of the town pasture of Hempstead, planted it with trees, and begun the development of Garden City. Later, in his memory, the Episcopal Cathedral of the Incarnation was built by Mrs. Stewart and two church schools endowed, St. Mary's and St. Paul's.

How David Frothingham, the first Long Island printer, would have opened his eyes at something else started in Garden City in 1910—a great press and publishing house set in the midst of a garden.

[1] Long Island Almanac for 1929.

Each year brought more people to the Island to live —Greater New York was pushing farther and farther east. Dutch and English had settled the Island, now many more nationalities were represented. There was a German colony in Hicksville, and Irish, Italian, and Polish immigrants came to find work that was natural to them in the fields of the truck farms. Truck farms were no longer so numerous at the western end of the Island, home building was pushing them east.

So on went Long Island with the rest of the country in a happy-go-lucky fashion until the year 1914, when the Great War broke over Europe and the shadow of it stretched across the ocean.

Europe and her people had come too close by 1914 for the United States to be indifferent to her problems and suffering. Food, clothing, and money were sent across the sea in vast quantities. Long before America entered the war, many of her young men had gone over and were flying for France in the Lafayette Escadrille. This went on for three years and then in April, 1917, the United States joined the Allies to fight against Germany.

Along with the rest of the country Long Island trimmed itself for war. It was so close to the Port of New York it was sure to be one of the points of mobilization.

Thanks to the Allies, for the duration of the war we never needed to fear the German fleet coming into New York harbor, but submarines were no longer taboo as a means of warfare, in fact, they were a very important means, and to guard against them the harbor of New

York was closed by a wire net placed across the Narrows from Brooklyn to Staten Island. This net was manufactured by the Navy Yard in Brooklyn and held in position by floating buoys tied at intervals to the top of the net.

The Sayville wireless was promptly taken over by the government, and the property and forces of the Coast Guard passed from the Treasury Department to the Navy, and Aërial Observation Stations were established by means of kite balloons at Brooklyn, Rockaway Beach, Bay Shore, and Montauk.

Yachts and motor boats no longer cruised about the Sound and the Bay just for fun, nor rocked at anchor in the coves. Their owners were thinking of other things, and the majority of yachts and pleasure boats had been offered to the government and were out on business of one kind and another, painted gray with big black numbers on their bows.

Once again Hempstead Plains echoed to the bugle and saw tents and soldiers, but it was to see a new sight in this war, "the men who took wings." In 1907, an aëronautical division had been established under the Signal Corps, to build planes and train men to fly. This was the beginning of the present Army Air Corps. The Wright brothers, who began their experiments with flying at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1903, and to whom all aviators owe so much, built the first American Army airplane.

When we entered the war, however, aviation in this country was still in its infancy. France and England and Canada had gone far ahead of us in producing planes

and training men. Many of our aviators were sent abroad to learn to fly, and we adopted the Canadian methods of training here.

Two aviation camps were established on Hempstead Plains, Hazelhurst Field and Mitchel Field. Airplanes were housed in the hangars at night like ponies in their stalls and daylight saw them "churning the air" in battle formation and doing other maneuvers. At times fifty to sixty planes could be counted aloft. Thick as hornets though they were, Hempstead folk became so familiar with the sight and sound of them that they hardly stopped to look up.

At Bay Shore was a training station for naval aviators and another at Far Rockaway.

When Camp Mills was established Hempstead and Mineola shared the excitement of having a camp in their midst like Flushing at the time of the Civil War, only Camp Mills as a training station and later as a debarkation camp was on a far larger scale than Camp Todd had been.

By August, 1917, Camp Mills had four thousand men, by September eighteen thousand, and by the end of the month thirty thousand. In the fall of 1918 the Long Island Railroad was double-tracked from Floral Park to Hempstead Crossing to handle troop trains. A base hospital, No. 2, was likewise established at Camp Mills.

There was another camp down east near Yaphank in the midst of the scrub oak, and those who grubbed up pine stumps out of the mud for days at a time to create Camp Upton were never after enthusiastic over that particular part of Long Island.

Every town and village had its Red Cross Unit organ-

ized and working, and clubs, churches, and associations of all kinds helped in whatever way they could. The armies overseas needed food, so the people at home went on scant rations and conserved their resources in every possible way. Everyone buckled down to business, no more races or hunt meets, no more polo.

The women did not all stay at home during this last war to work and wait but went out to help as best they might, and Long Island sent its full quota across the sea to serve as nurses, hospital aids, canteen workers, or motor corps drivers. Many worked with the women and children in the devastated villages of France and Belgium. Others did the same type of work here in hospitals, training camps, and canteens. There was great need for them in the hospitals here when the wounded began to be sent back.

When in 1918 the war ended and the men who returned from France had scattered to their homes once more, camps and training fields gradually closed out and disappeared.

On Long Island, however, two posts created by the war remained. Aviation had come to stay and Mitchel Field was made a permanent army aviation post and the Naval Aviation Station at Rockaway remained.

Long Island with its surrounding waters and lack of high hills was going to make an ideal proving ground for airplanes and hydroplanes. Long before the war Glenn Curtiss was satisfied with that. He had experimented with bombing from airplanes in 1910, and he and Lieutenant Fickel gave a demonstration in sharpshooting from the air at Sheepshead Bay.

At the Curtiss Plant in Garden City was built the *America*, a flying boat constructed with the idea of attempting a trip across the Atlantic. But war came in Europe before the test could be made, and the *America* was sold to England for a scouting plane.

The war proved not only that airplanes might become a wonderful means of defense but they had innumerable scientific and commercial possibilities: for transportation and exploration, to carry mail, make surveys and aërial photographs, etc. Immediately after the war the Post Office Department began to operate experimental air mail routes between certain cities in the United States, and in 1920 the Transcontinental Air Mail from New York to San Francisco was inaugurated—and now we take that as a matter of course.

Building airplanes has brought a new industry to the Island. There are factories at Long Island City, College Point, Farmingdale, and Garden City. The two commercial fields on the Island are both near Garden City, Curtiss Field and Roosevelt Field, the latter named for Theodore Roosevelt's youngest son, Quentin, who lost his life flying for France.

Fire Island and Montauk lighthouses have a rival now, a great white signal that flashes out over Hempstead Plains and far beyond. It is a beacon to those who are heading in for Curtiss Field at night over a road that is charted for them through the air from the Pacific to the Atlantic. This airway, known as the Model Airway, was opened from McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, to Mitchel Field by the Army Air Service in August, 1922. "It is a route provided with regular landing fields and supplied with meteorological information. A system of

COURTESY OF FAIRCHILD AIRPLANE MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
FARMINGDALE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

Airplane flying over Hempstead Plains, between Garden City and Westbury.

Begun in 1867. BROOKLYN BRIDGE *Opened May 24, 1883.*

After almost fifty years the first bridge to span the East River is still the most beautiful and graceful of them all. There may have been greater feats of engineering in building the later bridges but none carry a more dramatic story of devotion and sacrifice than the Brooklyn Bridge.

checking the progress of planes over the airway is effected by means of radio. This air route, over which the first regularly established aërial traffic moved across the Allegheny Mountains, was begun as an experiment to determine the equipment necessary at landing fields, to test equipment, to familiarize pilots from all our fields with cross-country flying, and to secure valuable data for commercial aviation."[1] The Airway has been extended with many branches until it touches the West Coast, and is open now for mail pilots and commercial airmen. On January 1, 1927, the Airways Section reported that there were about 3,608 landing fields in the United States, 102 Army, 40 Navy, 66 Air Mail, 310 Municipal, 225 Commercial, and 2,762 Emergency.[2]

Twenty-five years between the Wright brothers flying over Kitty Hawk and Commander Byrd flying over the South Pole! It is almost unbelievable the progress aviation has made, the changes that have come since Glenn Curtiss experimented with his early planes over Long Island in 1909.

It is said that ninety-five per cent. of the men whom Uncle Sam has taught to fly have touched the controls of a Curtiss flying boat or a Curtiss JN4.

So we have followed Long Island's story from the coming of the *Half Moon* to the coming of the airplane and found that history is made not merely of great events and battles and dates and famous people, but by the sum of things that happen day by day and year

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[1]Clayton Bissell, *Brief History of the Air Corps and Its Later Development.* Bureau Air Service, Washington, 1927.

[2]*Ibid*

by year. Significant things are apt to grow quietly. We live in the midst of history in the making.

Do you doubt that?

One afternoon in May, 1927, a young mail pilot dropped down on Curtiss Field in his small monoplane and calmly announced he was flying to Paris—alone.

Early in the morning a few days later some of you watched Lindbergh take off the runway on Roosevelt Field and held your breath 'til the *Spirit of St. Louis* cleared the tree tops and heading north faded out of sight.

Out of sight—yet all that day and night and all the next day from the Atlantic to the Pacific people followed him with their thoughts and good wishes and bade him Godspeed and breathed a great sigh of relief before they began to shout for joy, when the cables flashed back, "Lindbergh has landed at Le Bourget!"

No one will ever be able to tell you there is no romance in the history of your own day.

CHAPTER 20

NEW ROADS BACK TO OLD TOWNS

"The pleasantest things are always found by accident when you're looking for something else."—Christopher Morley.

PERHAPS *Long Island's Story* has made some of you curious to take the new roads back to the old towns.

If so let's hope you ll choose a spring holiday to see East Hampton when the dogwood and fruit trees are all abloom in the dooryards of the fine old houses set back from the elm-shaded main street, and the grass is fresh and green in the little burying ground close to the duck pond around which the old and the new roads meet. The first Lion Gardiner is buried in this cemetery, you climb over a stile to see the granite effigy of the old soldier in his armor and broad-toed Cromwellian boots and find the grave of East Hampton's first minister, Rev. Thomas Jones, buried as he wished "with his head to the east" that he might face his congregation on Resurrection morning.

East Hampton people love their traditions and have cherished their landmarks. There is Clinton Academy and John Howard Payne's "Home Sweet Home," and close by the old Mulford house where once lived Samuel Mulford, who, you remember, fought so hard for whale-

men's rights. Then there are the windmills, and down the road toward Amagansett a fascinating old place close to the road with a jolly iron jockey out in front to welcome you to the East Hampton Riding Club, once the Abraham Baker house and furnished to-day as it might have been in the old times.

Sometimes it takes a person from a long way off to set our feet on our own roads. I first learned of the unspoiled beauty of the beach and dunes at Amagansett, not from a Long Islander but from a Scotchman who spent his Sundays and holidays tramping the by-roads of the Island alone.

When he returned to the city, ruddy of face, with a sprig of bayberry in his buttonhole, he always brought back the very air of the open fields and the sea. *Amagansett*—with what evident delight he rolled the name off his tongue.

The whale watch would open their mouths in astonishment now at the sight of the homes on the dunes at Southampton. In fact, Southampton has grown to be so much of a fashionable summer colony and so many of the early homes have been remodeled, it is hard to remember it is one of the first towns, if not *the first town*, settled on the Island, did not the names and dates on the signposts of the roads and lanes remind us of the fact. Old Town Road was opened in 1640, and in the same year North Sea Path; Job's Lane in 1663, Gin Lane and Toylsome Lane in 1664, Captain's Neck Lane and Ox Pasture Road in 1676, Windmill Lane in 1713, and so on.

Southampton has its own Art Museum now on Job's Lane with a fine garden around it. Samuel L. Parrish gave it to the town in 1897, and in 1903 an addition was built to it by James C. Parrish to be used as a lecture hall and theater.

Perhaps when you leave Southampton you will jog back west along the south shore through the Shinnecock Hills rolling down to Shinnecock Bay (though I rather hope you take that part of the road in October, when the hills sloping down to the sea are a blaze of color). Instead you may take the North Sea Road through Noyack to Sag Harbor and recapture memories of the whaling days in the wharves and warehouses and stately homes and the brick-paved walks and the white church on the hill. When you go to Sag Harbor don't miss the museum in the Public Library. You remember I told you a few things you might find there.

October is a rare month to see the Quaker country through the middle of the Island, when corn is stacked in the fields, pumpkins are ripe, and barberry hedges rival the dogwoods and maples with their glow.

There is a smell of apples in the air around Jericho. Alas, the cider mill near the crossroads has gone with its gallant old owner, and no more will we stop for a glass at the little red bar that always made its appearance like magic every autumn in front of the mill. One glass of John Hicks's cider and you could not resist a gallon jug to take home. The mill was always open for you to poke about among the vats and presses; it was all so homely

and peaceful and good smelling that no wonder Christopher Morley wrote:

> So when deep disgust takes hold
> And I am dumb and dry,
> I'll quit the folk who pester me
> And tell the world good-by
> And settle at the cider-mill
> In Jericho, L. I.

Boys still sell Jelly Apples along the road in Jericho from Hallowe'en to Thanksgiving, and you may see the Meeting House where Elias Hicks preached and some of the old Quaker homes around the ponds before you choose your road for Huntington or Oyster Bay.

If your choice is Huntington keep to the Jericho Turnpike as far east as the Woodbury Road, because that will carry you past Walt Whitman's schoolhouse, and the Woodbury Road is lovely at any time of year. As you ride through Cold Spring Harbor you will get a good whiff of marsh grass and salt clams, and you can look across to Bungtown and see the State Fish Hatcheries on the causeway close to St. John's Church. (If it happens to be spring when you are about here and are fond of watercress go look in the little brook behind the church.)

Friday afternoon is a good time to visit Huntington because the old Conklin House will be open then. The Conklin House is now the home of the Huntington Historical Society, and you will find all sorts of things there to interest you.

You already know something of the history of the First Presbyterian Church in Huntington and how it suffered during the Revolution. A tablet on the outside

tells you about the old bell that has been ringing out over Huntington for one hundred and fifty years and more. It was first hung in 1715, then in 1777 it was carried away to New York by the British on the frigate *Swan*. Through a petition it was restored and recast in 1783, and since then has been in constant use.

I wish there were time and space in *Long Island's Story* to tell you more of the history of the old churches. Of the devotion and sacrifice made by the men and women who worked to establish them through opposition and hardship. Fire and the fortunes of war might destroy their church buildings, but their faith never flickered and they rebuilt with ever new hope.

On the hill behind the town library in Huntington is the burying ground over which Fort Golgotha was built. Among the other old residents buried there is Silas Wood, who was the first to write a history of Long Island. With his horse and buggy he jogged the length and breadth of the Island gathering all the facts he could about the early Dutch and English settlers. He published a book called *A Sketch of the First Settlement of the Towns of Long Island* in 1824 and later wrote *A Geography of the Town of Huntington*, and everyone who has written a history of Long Island since has been indebted to Silas Wood.

Where are the stones that mark the bones
  Of those who die in Oyster Bay?
There are no stones to mark the bones
Of those who die in Oyster Bay.
  On clams and such nutritious food
They live till Resurrection Day.

So runs an old rhyme composed by Samuel Youngs. Fish evidently played an important part in the town's history, since it was named for its good oysters and for nothing else.

In the very heart of the village of Oyster Bay you will find the old Townsend house, "Little Raynham," let us hope with its door open, so that you can go inside to enjoy the quaint rooms and see the panes of glass on which John André wrote the names of the Townsend girls; the cupboard in which he hid Sallie's doughnuts, and the mahogany desk which belonged to Solomon Townsend, the son of the house, who commanded a brig at the age of twenty. A much-traveled desk it is, having crossed the Atlantic thirty-six times before 1776. Outside in the garden are two links of the great chain that was stretched across the Hudson from West Point to Constitution Island during the Revolution.

As you stand on the porch of Little Raynham and look straight ahead you are looking off on what was the site of a fort in Revolutionary days. It has vanished now and its name with it.

Oyster Bay can boast of the oldest house left standing on Long Island, the Job Wright house, but you will have to hunt for it. It is up a little lane off South Street by the side of Hutchinson's Hardware and Plumbing Supply Store, and a sad-looking wreck it is at the present time.

Youngs Cemetery was once a little country burying ground belonging to a few early families of Oyster Bay. Now it is a place where hundreds and hundreds of people from far and wide come every year to pay reverent respect to the last resting place of Theodore Roose-

velt. His grave with its simple stone is on the crest of the hill; the Bay is below on one side with Sagamore Hill in the distance, and on the other a wooded glen where birds sing all day long.

The Cove Neck Road that leads to Sagamore Hill winds off toward the shore as you leave the cemetery, and at the left of the road is the Youngs house where Captain Daniel Youngs entertained President Washington on his spring visit to Long Island. Many generations of Youngses have lived there, and out of the vivid recollections of her childhood in the old gray house Captain Daniel's great-great-grandchild, Mary Fanny Youngs, has written a little book of poems about old Oyster Bay and the children who "dug clams, fished for horse foot crabs, went to the blacksmith shop and hid in the hay mow, and on Sundays watched the sparkling blue harbor through the open windows of the little church."

When We Were Little[1] has the very salt and savor of the north shore in it. Of course such a book would delight Colonel Roosevelt and he wrote a preface for it. "Naturally," he says, "these little poems appeal very strongly to me for I love the Long Island fields and woods at all seasons . . . and I love the old houses from kitchen to garret and the life that was once lived in them. . . . Miss Youngs writes of the quaint old-time Long Island life of which not only her father and I but she herself and my children were part. It was not the life of the 'summer resident.' It was the life of those who lived winter and summer in the simple pleasant

[1]Mary Fanny Youngs, *When We Were Little*. Dutton.

houses beside the shore or on the neighboring hills of northern Long Island."

Sagamore Hill is quite hidden from the Cove Neck Road; one reaches it by a winding lane that leads up through the woods. Many famous people have gone up that way. Once when Theodore Roosevelt visited Oyster Bay as a boy, a bayman, Jake Valentine, told him that a century and more before that time the old Sagamore, Mohannis, as chief of his little tribe, had signed away his rights to the land around the cove. Years after, when Roosevelt bought the hill to make it his home, he remembered the old chief and named his house "Sagamore Hill."

As you go out Cove Neck remember Molly Cooper who lived out at the end of the Neck in the days before the Revolution and trudged those three miles in to Oyster Bay to do business or attend meeting at all hours of day and night and in all kinds of weather.

It was a very different kind of a road then, and if we may judge from her diary Cove Brook, now a tiny stream running under the road, was a serious hazard on the way. "I am going to meeting," she writes, "but I know not how to get over the Brook the tide is so high." . . . "When we came to the Brook we were afraid to go over the ice, so went around the swamp"; and again, "Esther and I came home very late in the night and I fell in the Brook. I am tired and distressed." Poor Molly!

You may wonder how "Roslyn" got its name; it sounds Scotch and it is. Toward the close of the Revolution, so the story goes, there were companies from the Scottish regiments stationed at Hempstead Harbor, as

Roslyn was then called. One of their favorite songs was a popular ballad of the time called "Roslyn Castle"; they sang it, they whistled it, and the bagpipes played it. After the soldiers left the people never forgot their song nor how it echoed and reëchoed through the hills and across the water. When in 1844 a change of name was proposed for Hempstead Harbor somebody remembered about the old Scotch song and suggested Roslyn for the new name of the town.

Close by the Clock Tower is the Bogert house where Henry Onderdonk, the mill owner, lived when Washington visited Roslyn, and directly across the pond is his grist mill, only they are serving tea there now instead of grain. It has had a long and useful history, this mill, since Doane Robinson built it in 1701. Much of the grain grown on the Island was brought here to be ground; some was even carried over the Sound from Connecticut and the boats tied up to the huge iron ring that hangs from the north wall. The old mill wheel has ceased to turn, but you still hear the delightful sound of rushing water as it splashes down the flume, and as you munch your English muffins you can see the wooden pegs in the heavy hand-hewn oak beams overhead and see the crane and the mill stones, the hopper and the winnowing basket, and much of the equipment used from 1701 to 1916, for the grist mill is by way of being a museum as well as a tea room.

Part of Onderdonk's paper mill stands and a few of the houses of Washington's time are still tucked into the sides of the hills over the water. One of the pleasantest things about Roslyn is the way its roads wind about. As you follow Bryant Avenue out toward Glen Cove

you will pass "Cedarmere," Mr. Bryant's home, still gracious and hospitable in its garden over the harbor.

When you go to Hempstead, that village on the plains that grew up around a "Town Spot" and where so many things happened in Long Island's early history, go to St. George's rectory on Prospect Street and stand in the gateway of the old house. Straight ahead of you at the end of Liberty Street and across Front Street is the white church with its golden weathercock. Liberty Street was called Parson's Lane back in 1735, when on St. George's Day Governor Crosby with his family and escort rode out from New York for the dedication of the church which the Reverend Robert Jenney, and those who had gone before him, had worked so hard to build. It was a great day, and it is not hard to picture it all again; the troops drawn up on either side of the Lane from the rectory to the church and His Excellency the Governor "attended by the most considerable gentlemen of the county" walking down to the church where a very excellent sermon was preached "before a most crowded audience."

"A generous offering was made for the church on this occasion. The Governor gave the King's Arms painted and gilded, Secretary Clarke a crimson damask set of furniture for the communion table, pulpit and desk and John March a silver basin for baptism." All these things you may still see when you visit St. George's, as well as the prayer book and chalice and paten which Queen Anne sent over thirty years before when the church made its beginning in a rude little meeting-house.

The church building has undergone many changes

since that St. George's Day, and we might never have known just how it looked had not a boy by the name of Walter Nichols drawn a picture of it on the flyleaf of one of his school books.

Hempstead has grown into a thriving town now, quite a shopping center; in the old days it was the center to which the people from the surrounding villages of Westbury, Norwich, Oyster Bay, Bethpage (now Farmingdale), Jerusalem, and Wheatley drove in for church and town meeting over the roads that branched out from the "Town Spot" like the spokes of a wheel. The Presbyterian Church stood in about the same locality it does now on Fulton Street; Fulton Field was then the town burying ground, and close by was a famous tavern known as Sammis's Inn. It was not at all unusual in the early days to have the church and the tavern quite close together.

The Presbyterian Church in Hempstead is the oldest Presbyterian organization in the United States. You may read its history on a tablet in the churchyard. It has weathered hard times inside and out since its establishment in 1644, when it sometimes served as a stockade for protection against the Indians. Reverend Richard Denton came from Halifax, England, to found it, and during the Revolution it was used by the British troops for a stable and barrack. It was burned down in 1803 but was rebuilt at once. The building you see to-day was built in 1846.

On Greenwich Street and Front Street are many delightful houses. St. George's rectory on Prospect Street is one of the oldest in town. Farther along on Prospect Street is the Searing homestead, still beautiful in spite of everything, with its fine porch supported by columns,

and a balcony over the front door. There are some houses that make you feel sad; they put up such a brave fight to maintain their dignity in the midst of squalor. The Searing house is one of them.

There are green parks in Hempstead and a brook still ambles its way through the town.

So much for a few of the new roads and a hint of the old towns. There are many more to choose for yourselves, east as well as west. There is Southold to visit and the old Caroline Church at Setauket; it still flies the Union Jack for a weathervane, and you will want to see Flushing in springtime when its trees are loveliest. The Friends Meeting House is there, and the Bowne house, and what remains of the Prince homestead and garden, and St. George's Church with the memory of its young clergymen, William Muhlenberg, and his school for boys. The Rufus King Mansion in Jamaica is open for visitors every Monday, and near by is Grace Church to which he was devoted. Rufus King drew the plans for the second church building consecrated in 1822, and Grace Church, like many another on the Island, had an "ancient and honorable" but troubled history in the days of its first rector, the Reverend Patrick Gordon, who was sent over by the Bishop of London in 1702 under the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts."

Last of all, should you one day cross old Hempstead Plains by the new way, by airplane, remember, as you look down, Governor Nicolls's race course, sheep parting, huckleberry frolics, camp grounds, and all the other things that have made it part of *Long Island's Story*.

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APPENDIX

FIRE ISLAND LIGHT STATION, NEW YORK

The Act of Congress of March 3, 1825, appropriated $10,000 for the erection of the original lighthouse built on the east side of Fire Island Inlet, south side of Long Island. The lighthouse was built the following year. The illuminating apparatus originally installed consisted of eighteen lamps, with fifteen-inch reflectors, producing a white flash every minute and a half, the light being 89 feet above high-water mark. In 1842 the light was refitted, the number of lamps being changed to fourteen, with twenty-one-inch reflectors.

The Act of Congress of March 3, 1857, appropriated $40,000 for rebuilding the lighthouse and installing therein illuminating apparatus of the first-order, Fresnel system. Work on the present tower, the plans for which were prepared under the direction of engineer officers of the United States Army, was begun during the summer of 1857, and completed in 1858, the light being exhibited for the first time on November 1st of that year. The tower is located about 200 feet northeast of the site of the original lighthouse. It is built of brick, 150 feet high, the light being 167 feet above high water, and can be seen at a distance of nineteen nautical miles in clear weather, the observer's eye being fifteen feet above the sea. Until August, 1891, the color of the tower was yellow, or cream color, but at that time it was changed to alternate bands of black and white, two of each color, each band being about thirty-five feet wide. In 1912, the brick work having shown signs of disintegrating, the outside of the tower was covered with a coating of reinforced concrete. The light has an intensity of 170,000 candlepower and shows a white flash of five seconds' duration each minute.

In the earlier years of the Lighthouse Service sperm oil was used in the lamps as the illuminant; about 1867 lard oil came into general use and continued until 1885 at this lighthouse, when it was displaced by kerosene. In 1907 the old-style wick lamp using kerosene was replaced by a 55 mm. incandescent oil vapor lamp, which type of lamp is still in service.

MONTAUK LIGHT

The light at Montauk Point, on the bluff at the east end of Long Island (once called Turtle Hill), was first established in 1797. It is passed by all vessels approaching Long Island Sound from seaward and is a good point of departure for those about to leave the Sound. Its natural location and a tower which is 80 feet in height give the light an elevation of 168 feet; the tower masonry is of fine, hammered Chatham freestone. Two lights are shown from the lantern, a flashing white light of 130,000 candles, visible about 19 miles in clear weather, and a lesser fixed red light which covers Shagwong Reef. The station has for a fog signal a first-class air siren.

SHINNECOCK LIGHT

Shinnecock Bay Light Station, on Ponquogue Point, southeastern shore of Long Island, was established in 1858. Incoming transatlantic vessels now make Shinnecock after sighting Nantucket Shoals Lightship. For this reason it is a very important aid and has a distinctive characteristic of a group of three white flashes of 350,000 candles. The light is mounted on a red-brick tower 160 feet in height. In clear weather, the light is visible for approximately 19 nautical miles.

COAST GUARD STATIONS
FOURTH DISTRICT (LONG ISLAND)

Name	*Act*	*Built*
Ditch Plain	Sept, 30, 1850	
Hither Plain	Dec. 14, 1854	1871–72
Napeague	Dec. 14, 1854	
Amagansett	Mar. 3, 1849	1849
Georgica	Dec. 14, 1854	
Mecox	Mar. 3, 1849	1849
Southampton	Mar. 3, 1849	1849
Shinnecock	Dec. 14, 1854	
Tiana	Dec. 14, 1854	1871–72
Quogue	Mar. 3, 1849	1849
Petunk	Dec. 14, 1854	
Moriches	Mar. 3, 1849	1849

Forge River	Dec. 14, 1854	1871–72
Smiths Point	Dec. 14, 1854	
Bellport	Mar. 3, 1849	1849
Blue Point	Dec. 14, 1854	
Lone Hill	Sept. 30, 1850	
Point of Woods	Dec. 14, 1854	
Fire Island	Mar. 3, 1849	1849
Oak Island Beach	Dec. 14, 1854	
Jones Beach	Dec. 14, 1854	1871–72
Zachs Inlet	Mar. 3, 1849	
Short Beach	Dec. 14, 1854	1878–79
Point Lookout	Dec. 14, 1854	
Long Beach	Mar. 3, 1849	1849
Rockaway Point	Dec. 14, 1854	
Eatons Neck	Mar. 3, 1849	1849
Rocky Point (East Marion)	Aug. 23, 1894	1896

INDEX

A

Academy of Music, *see* Brooklyn Academy of Music.
Adventure Galley, 93, 94.
Advertisements: runaway slaves, 49; stage lines, 101; storekeepers, 183; carriage, 267.
Aërial Observation Stations, 305.
Agricultural development, 171–175.
Ailkes, Frederick, 48.
Airmail routes, 308.
Airplanes, 302, 306, 308.
Airways, 308–309.
Alibi, John, 268.
All Saints' Day Stamp Riots, 109.
Allen, Colonel Ethan, 154–155.
Amagansett, 4, 12, 312.
America, the, 308.
"American Eclipse," 265, 266, 276.
American headquarters, after Battle of Long Island, 122.
Amersfoort, 22, 23, 24, 25; becomes Jamaica, 64.
Amityville, 233.
"An Oration on the Rights of Animals," 186.
"Andes Shoal," 215.
André, John, 144, 145, 316.
Andrews, Samuel, 162.
Andros, Governor Edmund, 87, 88.
Anne, Queen of England, gifts to St. George's, Hempstead, 320.
Applegate, John, 204.
Apprentices, 37, 49.
Apprentices' Library, 207, 236.
Aqueduct, 66.
Army Air Service, 305.
Arnold, Benedict, 145.
"Art Village," 282.
Articles of Association, 115.
Artists, 281–284.
Ascot Heath, 152.
Astoria, Chinese farm, 256.
Athenæum Military Garden, 241.
Atlantic Ocean, 17, 267.
Automobiles, 284.
Aviation, 307–309.
Aviation camps, 306.

B

Babylon, 195, 257, 269.
Babylon Race Track, 265.
Baiting Hollow, 64.
Baker, Abraham, 312.
"Ballad of the Swabs," 218.
Banjo Billy, 148.
Battle of Long Island, 120–122; retreat after the battle, 123–126; site of, 242.
Battle of Sag Harbor, 137.
Baxter, Ensign George, 42, 53, 54.
Bayberry, 16, 269.
Bayberry bushes, 78, 286.
Bayberry candles, 77.
Bayberry picking, 78.
Bayles, Charles, 235.
Bayles's Shipyard, 222.
"Baymen," 20, 257.
Baynes, Ernest Harold, 294.
Bayshore, 257; wireless station, 303; naval aviators, 306.
Beach hills, 16.
Beach patrols, 227.
Beach plums, 16, 269, 287.
Beaver Pond, 264.
Bedford Park, 294.
Beecher, Rev. Henry Ward, 249–251.
Bellmore, radio station, 303.
Bellomont, Governor, 93, 94, 97.
Belmont, Raymond, 278.
Belmont Park, 66, 265, 267.

Bethpage Quaker meeting-house, 168.
Bird Club of Long Island, 290–291.
"Bird Lady," the, 290.
Bird Neighbors, 294.
Bird sanctuaries, 293.
Birds, 289–295.
Birds I Have Known, 294.
Birds of Long Island, 294.
Birds of New York, Pt. 1, game birds, Pt. 2, song birds, 294.
"Black Dick" (Admiral Howe) arrives with fleet, 119.
"Black-eyed Susan," 265.
Black Peg, 201.
Blanchan, Neltje, 288, 294.
Block, Adrian, 13, 14, 15, 21.
Bloodgood's Nursery, 189.
Blue Point Bay, 17, 257.
Boat builders, 277.
Boats, 222.
Bogart House, 319.
Books, early school books, 84.
Booth, Junius Brutus, 241.
Boston, 7, 53, 87; imprisons Andros, 88; port closed, 111; British leave, 117.
Boston Tea Party, result of, 111.
Boundary lines, 51, 54.
Bouweries, 22, 46.
Bowne, Hannah, 165.
Bowne, John, 162–163, 165.
Bowne house, 165, 168, 322.
Bownes, Samuel, 159.
Braddock, General, 106.
Bradford, William, 90.
Bradish, Joseph, 93.
Breukelen, 22, 24, 62, 75; becomes Brooklyn, 64.
Bridges, 28, 180; East River, 263.
Brighton Beach, 271.
Bristol, the ship, 224–225.
British army, stationed at Southampton, 134.
British evacuate Long Island, 25, 155.
British fleet, 192, 196.
British forts: Fort St. George, 139–140; Fort Salonga, 141; Fort Franklin, 146.
British headquarters, 129.
British officers, in Sag Harbor, Southampton, and East Hampton, 134; in Flushing, 150–151.
British troops in Huntington, 142–144.
Brookhaven, 35, 62; township leads in woodcutting, 232.
Brooklyn, 25, 28, 48, 51, 198–210; at time of Revolution, 117; woodyard established, 150; playground for British officers, 152–153; fire department, 204; St. Ann's Church, first Sunday school, 206; first library, 207; first mayor, 210; Greater Brooklyn, 235–243; ferry service, 235; churches, hospitals, schools, libraries, City Hall, 236; schools, newspapers, 237; Walt Whitman, 238–240; running water, 241; Prospect Park, 242–243; in Civil War, 245–251; becomes New York, 296; aërial observation station, 306.
Brooklyn Academy of Music, 241, 295.
Brooklyn Botanical Gardens, 236.
Brooklyn Bridge, 235, 259–263; opening celebration, 261.
Brooklyn City, 22, 210, 235–237, 240–243.
Brooklyn City Hall, 236–237; scene of celebration when water was introduced, 242.
Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, 237.
Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, 237–238.
Brooklyn Ferry, 26, 98.
Brooklyn Heights, 200; fortified in 1776, 117; plan of fortifications, 118; British headquarters, 129; evacuated, 155; fortified in 1812, 196–197.
"Brooklyn in Spots," 241.
Brooklyn Institute, 236.
Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, 236.
Brooklyn Museum, 241.
Brooklyn Navy Yard, 202, 248–249; 305, *Monitor* built, 247, 304.
Brooklyn village, 198–204; becomes an incorporated village, first fire department, first public school, private schools, 204; trustees' meeting, first barber shop, 205.
Brown Brothers Pottery Works, 185.

Brown, Paul, 279, 283.
Bruijkleen Colony, 22, 26, 28.
Bruijkleen Veer, 22.
Bryant, William Cullen, 274–276.
Buel, Rev. Samuel, 135–136, 143, 184.
Buffet, Edward P., 259.
"Bungtown," 220, 314.
Burying Hill, 142–143.
Bushwick, 22, 25, 62; British occupy, 129; taken into Brooklyn, 237.
Buttermilk Channel, 18.
Byrd, Commander Richard, 309.

C

Cabot, Sebastian, 28.
Caldwell, James, 235.
Camp Black, 298.
Camp Mills, 306.
Camp Todd, 246.
Camp Upton, 306.
Camp Wycoff, 299–301.
Canarsie, 46.
Canarsie Indians, 3, 7.
Candle making, 78.
Canoe Place, 3.
Cap Tree Island, 268.
Caroline Church, 322.
Cartwright, Captain Maltby, 213.
Cathedral of the Incarnation, 303.
Cattle, on Hempstead Plains during Revolution, 151; on Montauk Point, 130.
Cattle raisers, 32.
Cedar Island, 193, 216.
Cedarhurst, 277.
"Cedarmere," 274–276, 320.
Center Island, 65.
Chain stretched across the Hudson from West Point to Constitution Island in 1778, 145, 316; forging of chain, 145.
Chapman, Dr. Frank, 294.
Charles I, King of England, 28.
Charles II, King of England, 87.
Chase, William, 281–282.
Chichester, Daniel, 233.
Children's Library, Robert Bacon Memorial, 293.
Children's Museum (Brooklyn), 294–295.
Chinese farm, 256.
Christian Commission for Brooklyn and Long Island, 252–253.
Christmas, 74.
Churches, 45, 46, 315; Brooklyn, 236.
Churchill, Sergeant Elijah, 139–142.
City Hall Park, Brooklyn, 245.
City Hall Park, New York, scene of stamp riot, 109.
Civil War, 244–254; causes of, 244–245.
Clamming, 257.
Clams, 32.
Clark House (Greenport), 219–220.
Clinton, Mayor De Witt, 196.
Clinton Academy, 184, 311.
Clover Hill, 200.
Clowes, William, 186.
Coal oil, 221.
Coast Guard stations, 226–227; in Great War, 305; list of, 328–329.
Coast Guards, 225–227.
Cold Spring Harbor, 18, 64, 146, 314; Washington visits, 173; mills, 185; whaling, 219–220; shipbuilding, 221.
Cold Spring Whaling Co., 220.
Colden, Cadwallader, Lieutenant Governor, 108–109, 171.
Colonade Row, 235.
"Colonel Smith's Lady," 38.
Colonial governors, 61–68, 87–104.
Colonial legislature, 86.
Colonial life, 68–85.
Committee of Safety, 88.
"Commodities," 29.
Common, the, 32, 35.
Coney Island, 1, 16, 17, 42, 269, 270, 271–273.
Conklin, Uncle Jesse, 268.
Conklin House, the, 314.
Conklin's Point, 215.
Connecticut, 18, 19, 30, 31, 32, 38, 43, 55, 61; governor of, 55.
Connecticut River, 30.
Constable, the, 35.
Continental Congress, first congress called, 112; second congress called, 114; appeal to, 131.

Convention, the, 116.
Cooper, James Fenimore, 218.
Cooper, Molly (Mrs. Joseph), extracts from her diary, 79–82; 318.
Cooper, Mrs. Joseph, *see* Molly Cooper.
Coote, Richard, Earl of Bellomont, 93.
Coram, 18.
Corchaug Indians, 3.
Cordwood, 232.
Cornbury, Governor, 98; complains of whalemen, 102.
Cornelius, Judson, 233.
Cornwallis, Lord, 121–122.
Corstiaensen, Hendrick, 13.
Cortelyou House, 122.
Courant, 100.
Courts of Justice, 24, 86.
"Court of three men," 34.
Cove Brook, 318.
Cove Neck, 79, 318.
Cove Neck Road, 317.
Cow keeper, the, 32, 36.
Cow Neck, 65; Quaker settlement, 159; meeting-house, 168.
"Cowboys," 133.
Crabbing, 257.
Cranberry bogs, 256.
Crane, Ichabod, 48.
Crosby, Governor, 320.
Curtiss, Glenn, 302, 307, 309.
Curtiss Field, 308.

D

Daggett, Herman, 186.
Dairy farming, 257–258.
Dana, Charles A., 275–276.
Dana, Mrs. William Starr, 288.
Danckaert, Jasper, 2.
Davis, William Steeple, 283.
Dearing, Samuel, 35.
DeBevoise, Bob, 201.
DeBevoise, Carel, spelled also "de Beauvaise," 48, 200.
DeBevoise, Sarah, 201.
Decatur, Commodore, 194.
Declaration of Colonial Rights, 113.
Declaration of Independence, 113, 118.
Deep-sea fishing, 211, 223.
de Hart, Simon, 75.
Denton, Daniel, 5, 65.
Denton, Rev. Richard, 321.
Denyse's Ferry, 119, 209.
deSille, Nicasius, 23, 24, 127.
Devil, the, 18.
"Devil's Frying Pan," 15.
"Devil's Gridiron," 15.
"Devil's Rock," legend of, 19.
Dircksen, Cornelius, 26, 27.
Doctors, 46.
Dodge, Phœbe, 164.
Dongan, Governor Thomas, 39, 86, 87.
Dosoris, 275–276.
Downing, Coe S., 200.
Dream Land, 273.
Drift whales, 38.
Drum factory, 185–186.
Duck farms, 256.
Duck shooting, 268.
Du Flon's Military Gardens, 208, 240–241.
"Duke" Fordham, 218.
Duke of Clarence (Prince William Henry, the "Sailor King"), visits the Lloyd Manor House, 147; visits Flushing, 151.
Duke of York, 62, 64, 85; becomes James II, 87.
Duke's Laws, 62–65, 86.
Dunbar, Mr., 100, 138.
Dutch, the, 6, 7, 21, 28, 29, 30, 41, 43. 44, 55, 70.
Dutch burgomasters, 49, 61.
Dutch children, 71, 72, 74.
Dutch church, the first, 23, 24.
Dutch Colonial houses, 70.
Dutch East India Company, 2.
Dutch family life, 68–85.
Dutch gardens, 69–70.
Dutch government, 21–60.
Dutch governors, 21–60.
Dutch lullaby, 72.
Dutch navigators, 15.
Dutch parties, 73–74.
Dutch Reformed Church, 45.
Dutch schoolmasters, 82.
Dutch settlers, 6, 15; history of, 315.
Dutch territory, 51.

Dutch tiles, 72.
Dutch West India Company, 29, 40, 48, 52.

E

Eagles, Mrs., 199, 209.
Earle, Alice Morse, 23, 48, 70, 78, 84.
Earmarks, 36.
East Hampton, 31, 33, 62, 66, 76, 77, 311–312; during Revolution, 130; Clinton Academy, 184, 311; Moran, 282–283.
East Hampton Riding Club, 312.
East Riding, 64.
East River, 14, 22; frozen during Revolution, 152.
East River Tube, 297.
East Williston Cart, 267.
Easter, 74.
Eaton's Neck, 18.
Eberlein, Harold Donaldson, 70.
"Eclipse," *see* "American Eclipse."
Education of children, 37, 82–85.
Eliot, Jared, 171.
Elliot, John M., 187.
English, the, 7, 21, 28, 29, 44, 51, 70.
English, first English child born in New Netherlands, 30.
English children, 74.
English colonial houses, 68.
English family life, 68–85.
English fleet, 55.
English gardens, 69–70, 76.
English Puritans, 68.
English schoolmasters, 82.
English settlements, 30, 31–39, 41, 43, 61.
English settlers, 6, 9, 31–39; history of, 315.
English territory, 51.
English troops arrive on Long Island, 119.
Erasmus Hall Academy, 184.
Ericsson, Captain John, 247.
Erskine, General (Sir William), 134–135.
Explorers, 188.
Extracts from the diary of a Quaker preacher, 161–162.
Extracts from Washington's diary regarding his visit to Prince's Nursery and his tour down Long Island, 172.

F

Factories, 185–186.
Fairbanks, Richard, 99.
Fairfield, Daniel, 78–79.
Far Rockaway, 181; wreck of Bristol, 225; naval aviators, 306.
Farmers, 20, 26, 29, 32, 77–78, 246–255; during Revolution, 151; turn fishermen, 171, 198, 199, 211, 222.
Farmer's Almanac, 175–177.
Farmingdale, Quaker meeting-house, 168; Agricultural Institute, 175; wireless station, 303.
Farms, condition after Revolution, 170; truck farms, 255–257.
Farret, James, 29.
"Fashion," 267.
Fashion Race Track, 265.
Feake, John, 162.
Ferry, old Brooklyn, 24, 26, 27, 198, 199.
Ferryboats, 27.
Ferry charges, 27.
Ferry house, 26.
Ferry man, 26, 27.
Ferry Road, *see also* Old Ferry Road, 22, 98.
Ferry Tavern, 152–153.
Fertilizer, 173.
Fickel, Lieutenant, 307.
Fire Department, Brooklyn, 204; celebrates at water introduction, 242.
Fire Island, 17, 268, 269.
Fire Island Inlet, 17.
Fire Island Light, 228, 308; detailed description, 327.
Firebuckets, 204.
Firewood, supplied to British troops, 151–152.
First Volunteer Cavalry, *see* Rough Riders.
Fiscal Schout, 24.
Fish, 32; as fertilizer, Indian custom, 173; menhaden, 222.
Fishermen, 198, 211, 223.

Fishing, 171, 257, 258.
Fitzpatrick, John C., 142.
Five Dutch Towns, 21, 22, 28, 209.
Five Nations, 6.
Flatbush, 22, 24, 25, 51, 62, 120; British occupy, 129; Erasmus Hall, 184; county seat, 236.
Flatbush Avenue, 24.
Flatlands, 22, 51, 62; woodyard established, 152.
Flatlands Plains, renamed Ascot Heath, 152.
Fletcher, Governor Benjamin, 89, 90, 92–93.
"Flora Temple," 265.
Floyd, Colonel Richard, 114.
Floyd, General William, 112–114, 119, 152.
Flushing, 41, 43, 45, 62, 69, 75, 322; British occupy, 129; during Revolution, 149-152; woodyard established, 152; evacuated, 155; Quaker settlement made, 159; Washington visits, 172; ferry to New York, 180; nurseries, 187–189; in Civil War, 256; yacht club, 277.
Flushing Battery of Light Artillery, 246–247.
Flushing Coach, 101.
Flying Eagle, 222.
Forest fires, 231–232.
Fort Franklin, 146–147.
Fort Golgotha, 143, 315.
Fort Green Park, 154.
Fort Hamilton, 119, 208–209.
Fort Hill House, 146.
Fort James, 66, 67, 88.
Fort Neck, 9.
Fort Pond Bay, 299.
Fort St. George, 139; capture of, 140–141.
Fort Salonga, capture of, 141–142.
Fortification of Brooklyn Heights, in 1776, 117–118; in 1812, 196–197.
Fortune, the ship, 13.
"Four Chimnies," 123.
Fox, George, 166; preaches at Shelter Island, 159; preaches in Oyster Bay and Flushing, 162.
Fox hunting, 277–278.
"Fox Oaks," 162; poem about, 163.
Franklin, Benjamin, 114, 170; first postmaster general, 100; first postage stamp, 235.
Freemen, 35, 36.
Freeport, wireless station, 303.
French, the, 70.
French and Indian War, 105.
French Huguenots, 37, 69.
Frenchmen, 25.
Friends, *see* Quakers.
Friends Academy, 168.
Friends Meeting-House, Flushing, 322.
Frothingham, David, 186–187, 303.
Fruit trees, first imported, 69.
Fuertes, Louis Agassiz, 294.
Fulton, Robert, 194.
Fulton Avenue, 98.
Fulton Ferry, stage terminus, 233.
Fulton Field, Hempstead, 321.
Fulton Market, 266, 268.
Fulton Street, 22, 26, 98.
Fulton's first ferryboat, 28.
Furman, William, 199.
Furman Street, 200.

G

Gabriel, Ralph Henry, 20, 32, 34.
Gadsden, Christopher, 112.
Gage, General Thomas, 109.
Garden City, 303, 308.
Garden Club of America, 288.
Gardens, colonial gardens, 69–70, 76; truck gardens, 255–257; Mr. Dana's garden at Dosoris, 276.
Gardiner, Colonel, 135.
Gardiner, Elizabeth, 30.
Gardiner, John, Lord, 95.
Gardiner, John Lion, escapes from British in 1812, 195.
Gardiner, Lion, 30, 31, 37, 38, 311.
Gardiner's Island, 3, 30, 31, 130; visited by Captain Kidd, 95–96; English and Americans visit in 1812, 194.
General Assembly, 63, 65, 86.
"Gentle Art of Dining," 269.

Geography of the Town of Huntington, A, 315.
George III, King of England, 107, 110.
German immigrants, 256, 304.
Gilde, Simon Cornelius, 58–59.
Gilmore, Patrick, 272.
Giraud, J. P., 294.
Glen Cove, 65.
Glover, Colonel, 123.
Goede Vrouw, 15.
Gold in California, 220–221.
Golf, 280–281.
Golf courses, 281.
Gordon, Rev. Patrick, 322.
Governor General, 21.
Governor's Island, 18, 26.
Governors, *see* Dutch Governors, English Governors.
Gowanus, 2.
Gowanus Cove, 75.
Gowanus oysters, 75.
Grace Church, Jamaica, 322.
Graham, Augustus, 236.
"Grand Sachem of Paumanacke," 3.
Gravesend, 24, 25, 42–43, 53, 54, 62, 157, 165.
Gravesend Bay, 119.
Graydon, Colonel, 154.
Grazers, 177.
Grazing grounds, 32, 46, 171, 177.
Great Plains, 36.
Great South Bay, 17, 268, 277.
Great War, the, 304–307.
Great White Owl, 4.
Greater New York, boroughs of, 296–297; in Great War, 304.
Greene, General, 119, 120.
Greenpoint, 237.
Greenport, 219.
Grenville, George, 107.
Grist Mill, Roslyn, 186.
Guerney, the ship, 55.
Gundersen, Alfred, 288.
Guy's Snow Scene of Brooklyn, 205–206.

H

Hale, Nathan, 82, 127–129, 145.
Half Moon, 1.
Hall, Mayor George, 210.
Hallowe'en, 74.
Hamilton, Alexander, 170; at Battle of Long Island, 125.
Hamilton, Colonel Archibald, 150.
Hamilton, Mrs. William, 247.
Hammon, Jupiter, 147.
Hamptons, the, 33, 211; men in Civil War, 246.
Hand, Captain, 218.
Hand, Captain Nehemiah, 222.
Hardy, Commodore, 192, 196.
Hardy, Midshipman, 143–144, 196.
Hartford, Connecticut, 54.
Hauppaug, 12.
Hazelhurst Field, 306.
Hedges, Judge Henry P., 77.
Hell Gate, 14, 15, 59.
Hell Gate Bridge, 264, 297.
Hellegat, *see* Hell Gate.
Hempstead, 16, 19, 41, 43, 45, 46; records, 37; English meeting at, 55, 57, 62, 65, 67, 75, 83; British soldiers destroy crops, 151; evacuated, 155; marshes, 178; mills, 185; wool industry, 186; hunting center, 277–278, 306, 320–322; Presbyterian Church, 321.
Hempstead Harbor, 18, 318; woodyard established, 152.
Hempstead Plains, 20, 150, 264, 277, 322; hunting ground during Revolution, 151; grazing ground, 171; sheep parting, 177; Indian grooms, 280; wild flowers, 287; Camp Black, 298; aviation fields and Camp Mills, 305–306.
Hempstead South, wreck of *Mexico City*, 225.
Hempstead, "Town Spot," 46, 320.
Herdsmen, 177.
Hessian troops, arrive on Long Island, 119, evacuate, 155.
Hessians, the, 129.
Hewlett, Samuel, 36.
Hewlitt, Captain John, his house in Woodbury, 72, 91.
Hicks, Edward, 183–184.
Hicks, Elias, 165–166, 314.

Hicks, Isaac, 189.
Hicks, John, 313.
Hicks's Nursery, 189.
Hicksville, 304.
High wheel bicycle, 272.
Highways, 98.
Hitchcock, Thomas, 278.
Hodgson, Robert, 156; preaches in Hempstead, 157–159.
Hog Back, 15.
Hog Island, 3, 65.
"Hokey-Pokey," 273.
Holiday celebrations, 74.
Hollis, 127.
"Home Sweet Home," 76, 311.
Hornbook, 84.
Horse Neck, 65.
Horse breeding, 264.
Horse racing, 65, 152.
Horserace Lane, 38.
Hospital camp on Montauk, 297, 299–301.
Hotels, "Scio," 268; Surf, 269; Manhattan Beach, Oriental, West Brighton, 272; South Shore and Shelter Island, 273.
How to Know the Wild Flowers, 288.
Howard's Halfway House, 155.
Howe, General, lands on Staten Island, 119; captures Hale, 129, 149.
Howell, Leonard, 217.
Hubbard, James, 42, 54.
Huckleberry Frolic, 264, 322.
Hudson, Hendrick, 1, 2, 4, 23.
Hudson River, 21.
Hull, Captain John, 128.
Hunt Clubs, 277–278.
Hunter, Governor, 103.
Hunting, 264.
Huntington, 18, 62, 67, 128; during Revolution, 142–144; Presbyterian meeting-house, 142; refugees to Nova Scotia, 147; mills, 185; Walt Whitman, 238–239; men in Civil War, 246; Presbyterian cemetery, 314–315.
Huntington Bay, 18.
Huntington Harbor, 143.
Huntington Historical Society, 185, 314.
Huntington Race Track, 265.
Huntington South, *see* Amityville.
Huntting's Inn (Nathaniel Huntting), 134.

I

Increase Carpenter's Tavern, 126; Woodhull Tablet, 127.
Indenture papers, 50.
Indian picture writing, 11.
Indians, 2–12, 13, 31, 33, 39, 41, 43, 44, 159, 282, 321.
Inlet, the, *see* Fire Island Inlet.
"Innerwick," 150.
Inscription on monument to Quakers at Sylvester Manor, 159–161.
Irish immigrants, 256, 304.
Iroquois Indians, 6, 7.
Irving, Washington, 15, 28, 40, 48, 73.
"Island of Shells," 7.
Isle of Wight, 30.
Italian immigrants, 304.

J

Jackson, John, 202.
Jackson, Robert, 46.
Jackson, Thomas (Stonewall), 209.
Jamaica, 3, 46, 57, 62, 67; English meeting at, 55, 264, 322; weekly fair established, 89; celebrates close of French and Indian War, 106, woodyard established, 152; playground for British officers, 152–153; evacuated, 155; Union Hall Academy, 184.
Jamaica and Rockaway Turnpike, 182.
Jamaica Bay, 23.
Jamaica Race Track, 264, 265.
James II, King of England, dissolved assemblies, 87; abdicates, 88.
Jamesport, 219.
Janes Hill, 276.
Japanese tea, 213.
Jay, John, 112, 113.
Jefferson, Joseph, 241.
Jefferson, Thomas, 188.
Jenny, Rev. Robert, 320.
Jericho, 165; Quaker settlement, 159; Quaker meeting-house and homes, 168;

cider mill, 313; Quaker homesteads, 314.
Jericho Turnpike, 168, 182, 314.
Jersey, the, 154.
Jerusalem Quaker meeting-house, 168.
Jewell's Wharf, 271.
Job Wright house, 235, 316.
Jones, Rev. Thomas, 311.
Jones, Walter and John, 185.

K

Keane, Foxhall, 278.
Kidd, Captain William, 93–97.
Kieft, Governor William, 8, 28, 40, 42, 54.
King, Rufus, 174–175, 266, 322.
King Mansion, 175, 322.
King Philip, 7.
Kings County, 3, 24, 64, 86; attitude toward Revolution, 114–115; inhabitants ordered to assist Colonel Ward, 117–118; forests destroyed, 151; taken into Queens County, 297.
King's Head Tavern, 152–154.
King's Highway, 97–99.
Kissena Nurseries, 189.
Knickerbocker's History of New York, 15, 28, 40.

L

Labadist travelers, 75.
"Lady Suffolk," 265.
Lafayette, General, 155; second visit, lays corner stone of Apprentices' Library, 207, 208.
Laimbeer, Richard Harper, 294.
Land grants, 22.
Landing fields, 308, 309.
Laurence, Effingham, 167.
Leatherstocking Tales, 218.
Leaves of Grass, 240.
Lee, Robert E., 209.
Lefferts House, 25, 129.
Legend of Sleepy Hollow, 48, 73.
Leisler, Captain Jacob, 88–89.
Letter from a British soldier stationed at Huntington during the Revolution, 149.
Letter from a member of the 42 Massachusetts Volunteers, while at camp in Brooklyn during Civil War, 249.
Letter from Colonel Nicolls to Peter Stuyvesant, 56.
Letter from Peter Stuyvesant to Colonel Richard Nicolls, 57.
Letter from Peter Stuyvesant to magistrates of Midwout regarding their treatment of Dominie Polhemus, 47.
Letter from Peter Stuyvesant to States General in Holland complaining of the type of labor sent, 50.
Letter from Peter Stuyvesant to States General on the surrender of New Amsterdam, 58.
Letter from sailors on the *Monitor* to Lieutenant John L. Worden, 247–248.
Letter from States General to Peter Stuyvesant on question of religious tolerance, 45.
Letter from States General to Peter Stuyvesant on question of seats in church, 46.
Letter from States General to Peter Stuyvesant on subject of smuggling, 52.
Letter from Theodore Roosevelt to Henry Cabot Lodge about Rough Riders, 298–299.
Letter from William Cullen Bryant at "Cedarmere" to a friend on July 4th, 275.
Letters, 234–235.
Lewis and Clark Expedition send back plants to Prince's Nursery, 188.
L'Hommedieu, Ezra, 187, 222; aids farmers, New York representative in Continental Congress, 173–174.
"Liberty of Conscience," 45.
Life-guards, 227.
Life-savers, 225–227.
Life-saving, 226–227.
Life-Saving Benevolent Association, 227.
Life-saving service, 227.
Life-saving stations, 226, 227.
Lighthouses, 228.

Lincoln, President Abraham, reads *Leaves of Grass*, 240; calls for volunteers, 245; assassinated, 254.
Lindbergh, Charles, 310.
Little Neck, 39.
Little Plains, 20, 65.
"Little Raynham," 144–145, 316.
Livingston, Robert, 173–174, 187.
Lloyd, Joseph, 83.
Lloyd Manor House, 147.
Lloyd's Neck, 18, 83, 146.
Locust Valley, 278; Quaker meeting-house, homes, and school, 168.
Long Beach, 17; wireless station, 303.
Long Island, Dutch territory, English territory, 51; name changed to Nassau, 64; occupied by the British, 130, 133–135; base supplies during Revolution, 151–152; lighthouses, 228; railroad, 230–234; regiments in Civil War, 245–247; artists, 259; as a summer resort, 273; sports, 265–285; years from 1898–1918, 302–310; radio stations, 303; in Great War, 304–307.
Long Island Biological Association, 220.
Long Island Herald, 186.
Long Island Meadow, A, extracts from, 286, 288–289.
Long Island Railroad, 230–234, 257, 273, 297, 306.
Long Island Sound, 14, 18, 19, 79, 267.
Long Island *Star*, reports first trip of *Nassau*, 202; reports moonlight excursion, 203.
Long Islander, the, 239; poem in, 273.
Long Islanders, 34; turn to Connecticut for protection, 131.
"Long Island's First Printer's Devil," 187.
Long Wharf (Sag Harbor), 215.
Loosely and Elms, 152–153.
Lord Percy, 134, 135, 136.
Louis Philippe, the ship, wreck of, 224.
Love Lane, 201.
Lovelace, Governor Francis, 66.
Loyalists, 130; appeal for help, 139; in Queens County escape to Nova Scotia, 147.
Ludlow, Gabriel, 147.
Luna Park, 273.

M

MacMonnies, Frederick, 271.
Magistrates, 54.
Maharajah of Ratlam (His Highness Sir Sajjan Singh), 280.
Maidstone, 31.
Mail pilots, 309.
Mail service, 99–101; improvements, 234.
Maltese cats, 224.
Malvern, 65.
Manhasset Indians, 3.
Manhasset, Quaker meeting-house, 169.
Manhattan Beach, 271.
Manhattan Beach Hotel, 272.
Manhattan Bridge, 263.
Manhattan Island, 13, 15, 21, 27, 28, 59; Stuyvesant's land on, 46.
Manorville, 65.
Manumission record, 164.
Marine Pavilion, 269.
Marshall, John, 204.
Marshing, 178–180.
Martin, James, account of the retreat after Battle of Long Island, 124.
Maryland Four Hundred, 121–122.
Maryland troops, at Battle of Long Island, 121–122.
Massachusetts, 31, 32, 41, 87; records, 42; calls meeting to oppose Stamp Act, 108.
Massapequa Indians, 3, 9.
Massapequa Race Track, 265.
Mastic Neck, 114.
Mather, Frederick Gregory, 132.
Matinecock, Quaker meeting-house, 168.
Matinecock Indians, 3.
McEvers, James, 109.
McKinley, President William, 303.
Mayor, 21, 61, 210.
Meadowbrook Club, 277.
Meadowbrook Hunt, 277–278.
Mecox Bay, 3.
Meeting-houses, 35, 37, 46; Quaker, 159, 168.

Meigs, Lieutenant Colonel Return Jonothan, 137.
Melrose Hall, 25.
Menhaden factories, 223.
"Menhaden fleet," 222.
Meracock Indians, 3.
Merrimac, the, 247, 248, 249.
"Messenger," 265.
Mexico City, the ship, 224–225.
Middle Country Road, 181.
Midwout, 22, 64; becomes Flatlands, 24.
Milburn, Devereux, 278.
Miller's Place, 65.
Mills, 185–186.
Miner, Edward, 283–284.
Ministers, 45, 46, 48.
Missionaries, 9, 24, 75, 188.
Mitchel Field, 280, 306, 307, 308.
Mohannis, 318.
Monchonock, 31.
"Money ship," the, 224.
Mongotucksee, 3.
Monitor, the, 247, 248.
Montauk, 12, 32.
Montauk Downs, 287.
Montauk Indians, 3, 11, 31, 299.
Montauk Light, 228, 300, 308; detailed description, 328.
Montauk Peninsula, 16.
Montauk Point, 1, 3, 223; cattle on, 130; grazing ground, 171; hospital camp, 297, 299–300.
Montauk's chief, 31, 37.
Moody, Lady Deborah, 41–43, 53, 54, 156.
Moody, Sir Henry, 42.
Moore, John, 25.
Moore, Sir Henry, Governor of New York, 109.
Moran, Thomas, 282–283.
Moriches Bay, 17, 256.
Morley, Christopher, 314.
Morrill, Daniel, 271.
Mossbunkers, 222.
Motor boats, 305.
Mott family, 148.
Mount, William Sidney, 258–259.
"Mouse eaten book," 37.
Muhlenberg, Rev. William, 322.
Mulberry trees, 189.
Mulford, Samuel, 102–103, 311.
Musketo Cove, 65.

N

Nantucket Island, 211.
Nassau County, 86; created, 297; radio stations, 303.
Nassau County Fair (Mineola Fair), 89.
Nassau, the steamboat, 202.
National Association of Audubon Societies, 290, 293.
National Golf Links of America, 281.
National Races, 265–267.
National Theatre, 241.
Natty Bumpo, 218.
"Nature's Garden," 288.
Naval Aviation Station, 307.
New Amsterdam, 42, 55; surrender of, 57–59; becomes New York, 61.
New Amsterdam, governor of, *see* Governor.
New England, 31, 43, 46, 51, 66.
New England coast, 28.
New England colonies, 44.
New England Primer, 85.
New Jersey, 87.
New Market Race Course, 20, 65, 264.
New Netherlands, 18, 21, 30, 43, 44, 55, 56; becomes English territory, 61; Dutch reclaim, 66–67; again becomes English territory, 67.
New Suffolk, 219.
New Utrecht, 22, 23, 25, 62.
New Year's Day, 74.
New York, 28, 61, 87; charter of liberties won, 86; protests the Stamp Act, 107; sends privateers, 191.
New York Bay, 1, 67.
New York City, 13, 59; cut off from supplies, 136; takes in Brooklyn, 296.
New York *Gazette*, 66, 90, 106.
New York Harbor, 66, 304.
New York Horse Show, 267.
"New York in Slices," 241.
New York State, 6.
New York *Weekly Post Boy*, 106.

Newtown, 25, 41, 62; British occupy, 129; woodyard established, 152.
Niblo, William, 200, 266.
Niblo's Garden, 241.
Nichols, Walter, 320.
Nicholson, Francis, Lieutenant Governor, 87, 88.
Nicolay, Helen, 105, 113.
Nicolls, Colonel Richard (Governor), 20, 56, 57, 61, 64, 65, 263, 322.
Nieuw Utrecht, *see* New Utrecht.
Nissequogue Indians, 3.
Nissequogue Road, 38.
North Country Road, 181.
North Hempstead, 18.
North, Lord, Prime Minister of England, 110.
North Riding, 64.
North River, 13.
North Sea Road, 313.
North Shore Bank (Oyster Bay), 162.
Norwegians, 25.
Noyack, 313.
Nurseries, 69, 189.
Nutten Island, 18.

O

Oak Island, 17, 269.
Oak Island Beach, 268.
Ocean Parkway, 269, 270, 271–272.
"Old Crib," 38.
Old Ferry Road, 198.
Old Mans, 65.
Old Westbury, 166–167; post office, 234.
Olmstead and Vaux, 242.
"Oloffe the Dreamer," 15.
Onderdonk, Henry, 37, 186, 319.
Orient Point, 1, 19, 193; inn, 133.
Ottinger, Captain Douglas, 227.
Overseers, 33.
Oyster Bay, 62, 64, 79, 314, 315–316; during Revolution, 144–146; woodyard established, 152; Quaker settlement, 159; old Quaker homes, 169; first post office, 235; Roosevelt, 276; yacht club, 277.
Oyster planting, 257.
Oyster Pond Point, 193, 274.
Oystering, 223.
Oystermen, 17, 223, 257.

P

Paas (Easter Monday), 209.
Packer Institute, 237.
Page, Henry S., 278.
Paper mills, 186.
Paper money, 90.
Park Board, 242, 270.
Parrish, James C., 313.
Parrish, Samuel, 280–281.
Parsons, Cornelia Mitchell, 165.
Parsons, Frances Theodora, 288.
Parsons, Samuel and Robert, 189.
Patchens, 200.
Patchogue Indians, 3.
Paulding, Admiral Hiram, 248–249.
Paumanacke, 3.
Payne, Elijah Freeman, 115.
Payne, John Howard, 76, 311.
Payne, William, 184.
Peconic Bay, 3, 223.
Peconic River, 256.
Peddlers, 182–183.
Peet, Louis Harmon, 288.
Pelletreau, Captain Elias, silversmith of Southampton, 77.
Penn, William, 85, 87.
Pennsylvania Railroad System, 306.
Penny, Joshua, 193–194.
Pennypacker, Morton, 187, 235.
Percy, Lord, 135.
Petroleum, 221.
Pettit House, 264.
"Pettycoat Gentry," 130.
Pewter, 77.
"Peytonia," 267.
Philip Livingston House, Washington's Brooklyn Headquarters, 122.
Phillpott, Tony, 200.
Pierreponts, 200.
Pinckster, 209.
"Pine Barrens," 233, 257, 286.
Pirates, 51, 90–97.
Pirating, 92–97.
Pitt, William, 114.
Plainedge, 166.

Plymouth Congregational Church, 249, 250.
Point Democrat, 228.
Point o' Woods, 269.
Polhemus, Dominie, 22, 47.
Polish immigrants, 256, 304.
Polo, 278–280.
Polo ponies, 279–280.
Poole, Horatio, 234.
Port Jefferson, 221–222; boat builders, 277.
Port of New York, 304.
Porter, Captain David, 195–196.
Post offices, 234–235.
Postage, 100–101.
Postage stamps, 235.
Potter, Elizabeth Williams, 143, 144, 196.
Potter, Nathaniel, 144, 196.
Pratt, Charles, 237.
Pratt Institute, 237.
Prime, Rev. Ebenezer, 143.
Prince, Robert, 69, 149, 187.
Prince, William, 187–188, 190; entertains Duke of Clarence, 151; entertains Washington, 172; helps road-building, 180.
Prince, William Robert, 188–189.
Prince homestead, 188, 190, 322.
Prince of Wales, 280.
Prince's Linnæan Botanic Garden and Old American Nursery, 187–189.
Prince's Nursery, 149, 187–189.
Princess, the ship, 44.
Printing press, the first Long Island, 90.
Prison ships, 154.
Prisoners on parole, 154–155.
Privateering, 105, 191–192.
Privateers, 191–192.
Prospect Hill, 242–243.
Prospect Park, 24, 25; proposed, 242, 269–271, 272.
Prospect Park Plaza, 236.
Public schools, first public school on Long Island, 204.
Punk's Hole, 65.
Purple Heart, order of, 139; winning of, 140–142.
Putnam, General Israel, given command of Brooklyn forces, 120.

Q

Quaker, 85.
Quaker Cross, The, 165.
Quaker gardens, 168.
Quaker houses, 168, 278.
Quaker meeting, 45; break between Orthodox and Hicksite, 166.
Quaker meeting-house, in Flushing, taken by British during Revolution, 163; in Oyster Bay, 162; in Westbury, 166.
Quaker women, independence of, 164–165.
Quakers, 35, 43; refugees to Nova Scotia, 147, 156–169, 199; suffering during Revolution, 147–149.
Quakers, Hicksite, 166.
Quakers, Orthodox, 165–166, 167.
Queens County, 3, 9, 86; attitude toward Revolution, 115; during Revolution, 147–152; forests destroyed, 151; dairy farming, 255; sports, 264.
Queens County Agricultural Society, 247.
Queens County Hunt, 277–278.
Queen's Rangers, 144.
Queensboro Bridge, 263.
Quogue, 12.

R

Race between "Eclipse" and "Sir Henry," 266.
Race between "Peytonia" and "Fashion," 267.
Racetracks, 264–265.
Radio stations, 303.
Railroad, the Long Island, the first route laid, 230–231; difficulties begin, 231; forest fires, 231–232; competition, 233–234; consolidation, 234; attempts to cultivate Pine Barrens, 257; encourages summer visitors, 273; completed and combined with Pennsylvania Railroad, 297; double-tracked in Great War, 306.

Railroad bridge, 297.
Ram Island, 3.
Randolph, John, 266.
Rapalje, Daniel, 154.
Rapalje, Diana, 206.
Rapalje, Mrs. John, 125.
Recruiting for Civil War, 245–246.
Red Cross, 306–307.
"Red Legged Devils," 256.
Refugees of 1776 from Long Island to Connecticut, The, extracts from, 132.
Refugees from Long Island to Connecticut, 131–132.
Refugees to England, 147.
Refugees to Nova Scotia, from Queens County, 147.
Refugees to West Indies, 147.
Remsen Farm, 202.
Representative government, 53, 63.
Restless, the ship, 14.
Retreat after Battle of Long Island, 123–126.
Revenue Cutter Service, 226, 227.
Revolution, 118–155.
Riverhead wireless station, 303.
Rivington's *Gazette*, 153.
Road building, 180–182.
Roads, 35, 180–182; bridle paths, 1 6.
Robinson, Doane, 319.
Rock, Raynor, 268.
Rockaway Beach, 17, 269.
Rockaway Hunt, 277.
Rockaway Indians, 3.
Rocks, legend of the, 18–19.
Rocky Point wireless station, 303.
Roebling, John A., 260.
Roebling, Colonel Washington A., 260, 270.
Rogue Lane, 185–186.
Rome, Andrew, 240.
Ronkonkoma, Lake, 19.
Roosevelt, Christine, 293.
Roosevelt, Quentin, 308.
Roosevelt, Theodore, comes to Oyster Bay, 276; organizes Bird Club of Long Island, 290; writes of birds, 291–292; organizes Rough Riders, made commander, 298; at Camp Wycoff, 300; nominated for Governor, 301; Governor and President, 303; grave of, 317; preface to book of poems, 317.
Roosevelt, W. Emlen, 293.
Roosevelt Bird Sanctuary, 292-293.
Roosevelt Field, 308.
Rose, Colonel Edwin, 246.
Roslyn, 318–320; Washington visits, 173; paper mills, 186; Bryant, 274, 276; grist mill, 319.
"Roslyn Castle," 155, 319.
Rough Riders, 298–301.
Rowland, Thomas Fitch, 247.
Royal Mail Coach, 97–99.
Running water brought into Brooklyn, 241–242.
Rustdorp, 46.

S

Sachems, 2, 3, 44.
Sag Harbor, 4, 313; established as a port, 103–104; committee meet to ask embargo, 130–131; British Army in, 134; first printing press, 186; sends privateers, 191; fortifies in 1812, 193; as a whaling town, 212–221; houses, 216–217; Presbyterian Church, 217.
Sag Harbor Library, the museum of, 187, 217, 313.
"Sagamore Hill," 276, 317; summer White House, 303; origin of name, 318.
Sage, Dr. Ebenezer, 218.
Sailing vessels, 223.
St. Ann's Church, 206.
St. George's Church, Flushing, 322.
St. George's Church, Hempstead, dedication, gifts, 320.
St. George's Day, 320.
St. George's Manor, 39.
St. George's Rectory, Hempstead, 320, 321.
St. John's Church, Fort Hamilton, 209; Cold Spring Harbor, 314.
St. Mark's Church, 59.
St. Mary's School, 303.
St. Nicholas, 74.
St. Nicholas Eve, 74.
St. Patrick's Day, 152.
St. Paul's School, 303.

Salem, 41.
Salem Church, 41.
Salisbury Plain, 65.
Salt marshes, 16, 178–179.
Sammis, Mr., 269.
Sammis's Inn, 321.
Sand dunes, 16, 33.
Sands, Mrs. Ann, 206.
Sanitary Fair, 251–252.
Sayville, 257; wireless station, 303; wireless station in Great War, 304.
Scallopers, 20.
Schenck, John Martinse, 23.
Schoolhouses, 46, 83–85.
Schoolmaster, 48–49, 83, 85.
Schoolteachers, 46, 48–49.
"School treat," 83.
Schooling, 82, 184.
Schott, Mary, 45.
"Scio," 268.
Scrimshaw work, 217.
Scrub oak, 19, 257.
"Sea Gull," 265.
Sea Lions, 218.
Seaford, wreck of *Mexico City*, 225.
Searing Homestead, 321–322.
Secatogue Indians, 3.
Seidl, Anton, 272.
Setauket, 12, 222; Caroline Church, 322.
Setauket Indians, 3.
Seven Ponds Inn, 313.
Sewan, 5, 7.
Sewanhacky, 7.
Sheep, 177.
Sheep parting, 177–178, 322.
Sheepshead Bay, 307.
Sheepshead Bay Race Track, 265, 271.
Shell heaps, 7.
Shelter Island, 3, 70, 130, 159, 230; as a summer colony, 273.
Shinecoc Indians, 3.
Shinnecock, 12.
Shinnecock Bay, 17.
Shinnecock Hills, 16; grazing ground, 171, 313.
Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, 281.
Shinnecock Indian Reservation, 282.
Shinnecock Light, 228; detailed description, 328.
Shipbuilders, 221, 222.
Shipbuilding, 20, 221–222.
Ship timber, 221.
Short Beach, 17.
Silk industry, 188–189.
Simcoe, Colonel, 144.
"Sir Henry," 266.
Sketch of the First Settlement of the Towns of Long Island, A, 315.
Skunk's Misery, 65.
Slave laws, 49.
Slave smuggling, 244.
Slaves, 49; freed by Quakers, 164; freed in New York State, 244.
Slaughter, Governor Henry, 89.
Smallwood, Colonel, 121.
Smith Benjamin, 204.
Smith, Bull, 38.
Smith, F. Hopkinson, 269.
Smith, Martha, 38.
Smith, Raynor, 225.
Smith, Richard, 38.
Smith, Colonel William, 38, 152.
Smiths, Blue, 38.
Smiths, Rock, 38.
Smiths, Tangier, 38.
Smiths, Weight, 38.
Smithtown, 37, 38.
Smugglers, 52, 90–97.
Smuggling, 52, 90–97.
"Sons of Liberty," 108, 110, 111.
Sound, the, *see* Long Island Sound.
Sousa, Philip, 272.
South Country Road, 181, 239.
South Oyster Bay Race Track, 265.
South Shore, 223.
Southampton, 16, 17, 31, 33, 34, 62, 66, 130, 212; sends an appeal to help Boston, 112; British army in, 134; golf, 280; old roads, 312–313; Art Museum, 313.
Southold, 32, 36–37, 62, 66, 67, 74, 322; men in Civil War, 246.
Spanish American War, 297–301.
Spirit of St. Louis, 310.
Spirit of the Revolution, 142.
Sports, 264–285.
Spring Fleet, the, 147.
Spring Hill, 171.

Stage lines, 199, 230; coach for passengers and mail between Brooklyn and Sag Harbor, 101; from Amityville to Fulton Ferry, 233–234; to Rockaway Beach, 269.
Stamp Act, 107–110.
State Fish Hatcheries, 314.
State Institute of Agriculture at Farmingdale, 174.
States General in Holland, 8; colonists appeal to, 40.
Steamboats, 202; to Coney Island, 271.
Sterling, Earl of, 29, 30.
Sterling, George, 219.
Sterling, Lord, 122.
Stewart, Alexander T., 303.
Stewart, Mrs. Alexander T., 303.
Stiles, Dr. Henry, 198.
Stony Brook, 221, 258, 259.
"Story of the Maltese Cat," 280.
Stranahan, James, 242, 262, 270–271, 296.
Stuyvesant, Peter, 8, 25, 44–47, 50–60, 67, 156; arrives, 43; punishes John Bowne, 162.
Submarine warfare, in War of 1812, 193; in Great War, 304–305.
Suffolk County, 64, 86; sympathetic to Whig cause, 114; called on for firewood, 152; leads in woodcutting, 232; men in Civil War, 246; radio stations, 303.
Suffolk County Fair, 89.
Sullivan, General, 119, 120.
Sunday school, first in Brooklyn, 206.
Surf Hotel, 269.
Surfcar, 227.
Suydam, Jacob, 154.
Swope, Dr. Eugene, 293.
Sylvester, Grissel, 70, 159.
Sylvester Manor, 70, 159.
Sylvester, Nathaniel, 159, 160, 162.

T

Tabor, Grace, 76.
Tallmadge, Major Benjamin, 139, 140, 141, 144.
Tappan's Inn, 271.
Taverns, 199, 200; Sag Harbor, 218.
Taxation of whalemen, 102; on tea, 110–111.
"Taxation without representation," 66, 107.
Telefunken Wireless Company, 303.
Terry, John Orville, 273.
Terry, Thomas, 35.
Tesla, Nikola, 302.
"The Maltese Cat," 280.
Thorn, William K., 278.
Three Mile Harbor, 65.
Throg's Point, 18.
Tiger, the ship, 13, 14.
Tile Club, 281.
Titus, Edmund, 166.
Titus, John, 166.
Titus, Mary, 167.
Tollgates, 180–182.
Tomassen, William, 27.
Tompkins, Governor, 193.
Tooker, William Wallace, 12.
Tory, 114, 133, 147; newspaper, 153.
Totems, 4.
Town Book, 35, 36.
Town Meeting, 33, 34, 35, 36, 49, 111.
Town records, 37.
Townsend, Audrey, 144.
Townsend, Henry, 99.
Townsend, John, 92.
Townsend, Peter, 145.
Townsend, Phœbe, 144.
Townsend, Samuel, 144, 145.
Townsend, Sarah (Sally), 144.
Townsend, Solomon, 316.
Townsend House, 316.
Townshend, Charles, 107.
Townshend Law, 110.
Trade with West Indies, 91, 103–104.
Transcontinental Airmail, 308.
Traveler's Inn, 199.
Traveling workmen, 78, 183, 184.
Treadwell, Daniel M., 180.
Treaty of Paris, 106.
Trees, 286; of Flushing, 189.
Trees and Shrubs of Prospect Park, 288.
Trees of Prospect Park, 288.
Trescott, Major Lemuel, 141.
Truck farms, 255–257, 304.

Tryon, Governor William, 116, 150.
Tulip tree, 201.
Turnpikes, 180–181.
Tyro, the, 238.

U

Underhill, Captain John, 9.
Union Hall Academy, 184.
Union Race Course, national races, 265–267.
United Hunts, 267.
United States Sanitary Commission, 251.

V

Valentine, Jake, 318.
Valentine's Day, 74.
Van Brunt, Adrian, 122.
Van Kortlandt, Oloffe, 15, 28.
Van Twiller, Wouter, 8, 18.
Van Varick, Margharita, 71.
Vandeveer House, 25.
Verity, Uncle John, 268.
Villipigue, Joe, 271.
Vlissengen becomes Flushing, 64.
Von Linne, Carl, 172.
Voss, Franklin, 283.

W

Wading River, 64.
Wallabout Bay, 154.
Wallace, Amy Tuthill, 215.
Walton, Rev. Mr., 42.
Wampum, 4, 5–7, 25, 26, 90.
Wantagh, Quaker Meeting-house, 168.
War of 1812, 191–197.
Washington, George, 106, 113, 122–124, 125, 127, 130, 139, 170; made commander of American forces, 114; plans to fortify Brooklyn Heights, 117; calls for a volunteer to act as spy, 128; tour of Long Island, 172–173; in Roslyn, 186.
Washington Race Course, the, 264.
Water Mill, 64.
Waterbury, Lawrence, 278.
Waterbury, "Monty," 278.
Weeks, Frances, 45.
Wenoncombone, 31.
West Brighton, 272–273.
West Hills, 240, 286.
West India Company, 13, 22, 44.
West Indies, 91; trade with, 103–104.
West Point, chain stretched across Hudson for protection of, 145.
West Riding, 64.
Westbury, two Quaker meeting-houses, 166; settled by Quakers, 166; early settlers, 167; Quaker homes, 168; milk supply, 256; hunting center, 277.
Westbury Meeting, 164; disowns Effingham Lawrence, 167.
Westchester Cup, 278.
Whale oil, 33, 34, 216, 221.
Whale watch, 33, 35, 312.
Whaleboat men, 133, 137–138, 139, 148.
Whaleboat warfare, 136–139.
Whaleboats, 214.
Whalemen complain of taxation, 101; stories of, 218.
Whalemen's Monument at Sag Harbor, 218.
Whales, 33, 211.
Whaleships, preparations before sailing, 213–214; list of provisions, 214; crew of, 214; departure of, 215; arrival of, 215; ownership of, 216; from Cold Spring Harbor, 220.
Whaling, 20, 171; first boom, 211; second, 212; Sag Harbor, 212–221.
Whaling stories, list of, 229.
What Bird Is That?, 294.
Wheatley Hills, 278.
When We Were Little, 317.
Whig, 114, 133, 147.
Whitman, Walt, 21; meets Lafayette, 208, 238–240; in Washington, 253–254.
Whitney, Harry Payne, 278.
Whitsuntide (First Monday in June), 74, 209.
Wild Bird Guests and How to Entertain Them, 294.
Wild Flower Preservation Society, 288.
Wild flowers, 286–289.
Wild fowl, 289.

Willets, Henry, 267.
William, King, 93, 94.
William, King of England, 88–90.
"William the Testy," 44.
Williamsburg, 237.
Williamsburg Bridge, 263.
Willis, Henry, 166.
Willis, William, portion of the will of, 167.
Wilsie, Captain John, 221.
Windmill, on Battery of Manhattan, 27.
Windmills, 256, 312.
Winthrop, Governor, 56.
Wireless stations, 302–303.
Women, in World War, 307.
Wood, Colonel Leonard, 298.
Wood, Silas, 315.
Woodbury, 72; Walt Whitman and the schoolhouse, 239, 314.
Woodbury Road, 314.
Woodcutting industry, 232–233.
Woodedge, 166.
"Wooden Leg," 44.
Woodhull, General Nathaniel, 126–127.
Wool industry, 186.
Woolen factory, 185–220.
Worden, John L., 247.
Worthington, Erastus, 207.
Wrecks, 223–225; the "money ship," 224; the *Louis Philippe*, 224; *Bristol*, 224–225; *Mexico City*, 224–225; Maltese cats, 224.
Wright Brothers, the, 305, 309.
Wyandanch, 4, 31, 37.

Y

Yachts, 305.
Yaphank, 306.
Yorkshire, 64.
Youngs, Captain Daniel, 317; entertains Washington, 173.
Youngs, Rev. John, 36.
Youngs, Mary Fanny, 61, 317.
Youngs, Samuel, 316.
Youngs Cemetery, 316–317.
Youngs House, 317.

THE BEACON

WHALING

THE DUTCH

ND SOUND
ORIENT POINT
SOUTHOLD
GARDINERS ISLAND
MONTAUK POINT
MONTAUK FORT
SAG HARBOR
BRIDGEHAMPTON
SOUTHAMPTON
RIVERHEAD
COPIAGUE
COPIAGUE SOUND
BABYLON
NTIC
LONG ISLAND
THE BRITISH
A SHIPWRECK
THE OLD MILL
THE INDIAN